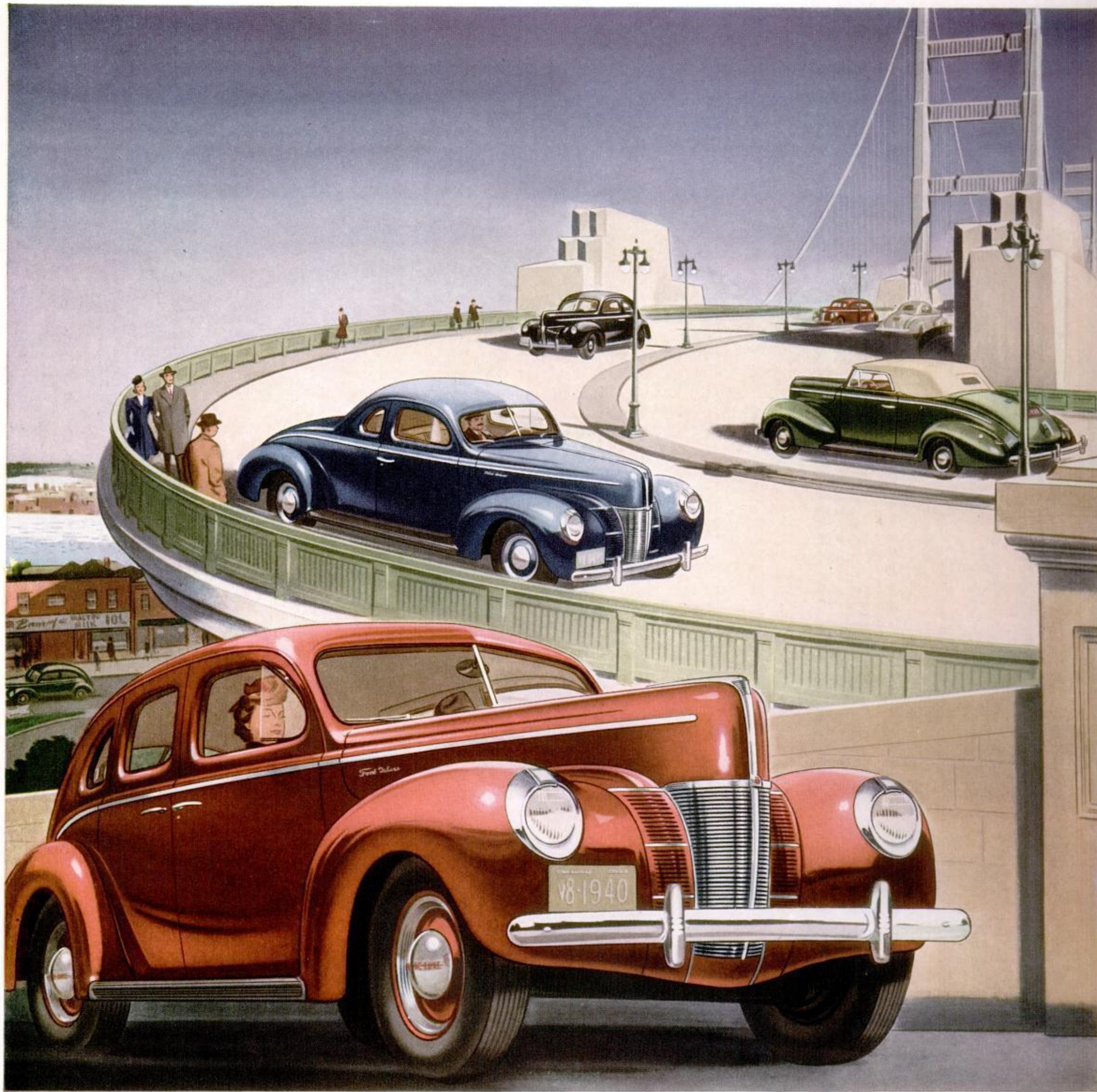


LIFE



SPRING SAILOR

MARCH 4, 1940 **10** CENTS



Modern Cars for Modern Highways

Watch the FORDS go by!

Through crowded city canyons . . . down busy small-town Main Streets . . . past pleasant country cross-roads . . . the 1940 Fords are going by!

Big cars, these — with long, low hoods and flowing lines. . . . *Colorful* cars — with lustrous, lasting enamel baked into the body metal and rustless steel shining bright. . . . *Comfortable* cars — with rich appointments, deep, soft seats and a quiet, restful ride.



Ten years ago, you couldn't have bought cars so fine at *any* price —

and you would have paid several hundred dollars more for a smooth, sweet-running V-8 engine!

More than 27,000,000 Ford cars — far more than any other make — have gone out to serve the world. The experience gained in building nearly one-third of all the cars *ever* built contributes to the excellence of today's Ford cars.

The low-priced 1940 Ford V-8 has all the honest value Ford owners have come to expect plus many modern features that make it more than ever The Quality Car in the Low-price Field.



“Take ‘em home, honey...I’ve had another raise”

A LOVELY set of furs for her birthday! How wonderful for Barbara that Charlie at last was really going places in the company... out of debt... a brand new home... and money for nice things. And only a year or two ago the firm was on the point of letting Charlie go. One failing kept putting him in bad with important people, both in and out of the company. Luckily a good friend tipped him off to what it* was and how easy it was to correct. It was the turning point in his career... as it may also be in yours.

How About You?

In business, just as in social life, there are two strikes against you when you have a case of hali-

tosis (bad breath*). You can't blame a firm for not wanting a man thus afflicted.

At this very moment you may be guilty of this condition without realizing it—that's the insidious thing about halitosis. But why run unnecessary risks of offending?

Use Listerine Antiseptic

Some cases of bad breath are caused by systemic conditions. But usually, and fortunately, say some authorities, it is due simply to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth, and gums—here *Listerine Antiseptic* affords quick and delightful relief.

This wonderfully pleasant antiseptic halts such

fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, more agreeable, less likely to offend.

Before All Appointments

As a health measure and a precaution against offensive breath, get the hygienic habit of rinsing the mouth with full strength Listerine Antiseptic every night and morning. It gives your mouth a welcome feeling of freshness and invigoration.

Keep a bottle handy in the office and use it before business and social engagements at which you wish to appear at your best. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



THE VATICAN OF PIUS XII



TIME MARCHES ON!

Again The March of Time scores a picture triumph and brings to the screens of U. S. theatres one of the great stories in newsreel history—the first complete motion pictures of the Vatican and Vatican City.

"The Vatican of Pius XII" took more than seven months to photograph, and to make a complete record of day-by-day happenings within the Holy See more than 30,000 feet of film was exposed by March of Time cameramen.

Because for years movie-makers have sought in vain to record the story of the Vatican in motion pictures, this March of Time is being called one of the greatest newsreel stories of all time.

And because for five years The March of Time has been presenting greater and greater achievements in picture journalism, more and more people make it a point to see each new issue at their favorite theatre—every four weeks.

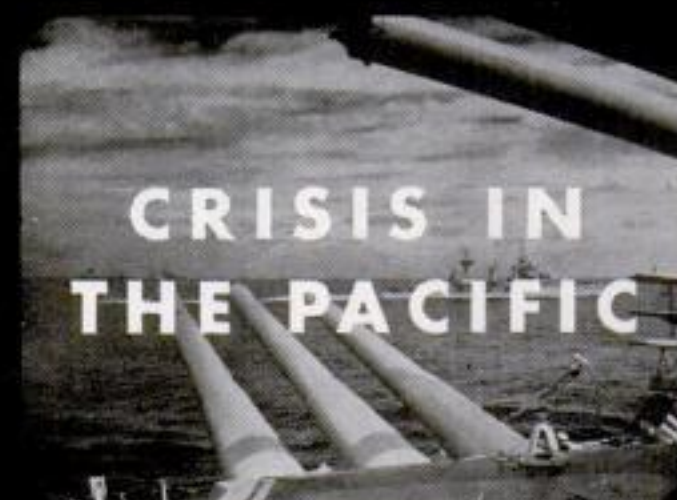
OTHER ISSUES CURRENT IN U. S. THEATRES



THE REPUBLIC OF FINLAND

1919-1940

"It's vivid and enlightening."—*San Francisco News*. "... A brilliant documentary film."—*Miami Herald*.



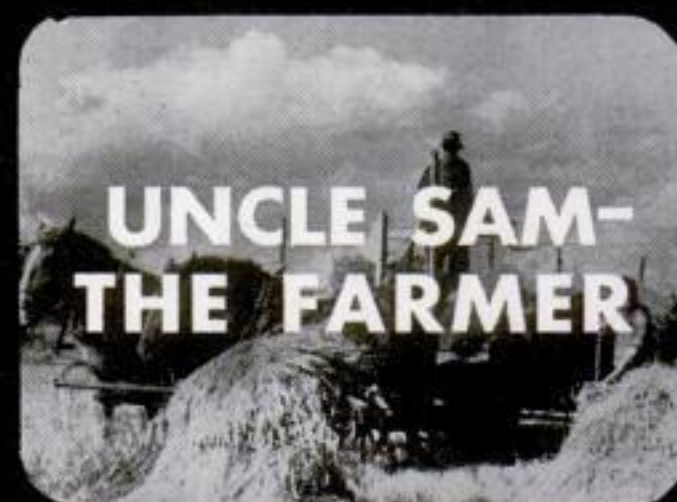
CRISIS IN THE PACIFIC

"Don't miss this, best yet."—*Dallas Times-Herald*. "It quite outstrips both features."—*Columbus Citizen*.



NEWSFRONTS OF WAR-1940

"It's tops, up-to-the-minute."—*New Bedford Times*. "... Again excellent, informative."—*Ashville Citizen*.



UNCLE SAM- THE FARMER

"Everyone should see it."—*Rochester Times*. "... A great document."—*N. Y. World-Telegram*.

YOUR THEATRE MANAGER CAN TELL YOU NOW WHEN HE WILL PLAY HIS NEXT ISSUE OF

THE MARCH OF TIME

PRODUCED BY THE EDITORS OF TIME

Win THIS STUNNING VACATION WARDROBE Free!



The wardrobe of your dreams! Complete from sheerest foundation garments to the most gorgeous gowns and wraps! Enter this exciting contest now. Nothing to buy and it's easy to win! Enter each week!

The most flattering shoes you can buy! The only shoes with the exclusive "Flare-Fir" innersole to help take the wobble out of walking. Other precious hidden features to keep your feet pretty!



\$6⁷⁵ AND UP
slightly higher in Western States

Read these Rules

1. Nothing to buy. Just have store manager or salesperson at your Styl-EEZ store sign your entry blank.
2. Prizes are awarded for best and most original endings to this sentence, in 25 additional words or less: "I like the (name of model) Styl-EEZ shoe because..."
3. No entries returned. All entries become the property of The Selby Shoe Company.
4. Each week of the contest 50 pairs of Styl-EEZ shoes will be awarded for the fifty best entries received before midnight, Saturday of each week. If your letter arrives too late for one contest, it will be automatically entered in the following week's contest. Winners of weekly prizes will automatically be eligible for major prizes.
5. To assure thorough and impartial consideration of each entry, The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation of Chicago will judge all entries. Their decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
6. All women above age 15 residing in continental United States are eligible except employees of The Selby Shoe Company, its advertising agency, and of Selby Styl-EEZ dealers.
7. Mail entries to Styl-EEZ Shoe Contest, P. O. Box 0, Chicago, Illinois. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, March 30, 1940.

Contest Closes Midnight, March 30th... ENTER NOW!

Grand Prize \$500⁰⁰ COMPLETE WARDROBE!

SECOND PRIZE - \$300 COMPLETE WARDROBE

THIRD PRIZE - \$100 COMPLETE WARDROBE

**PLUS - 200 Additional Prizes of Beautiful Styl-EEZ Shoes
50 Pairs to be Awarded Each Week of the Contest**

Just imagine! In a few, quick, easy minutes of your time you may win the grand prize in this thrilling contest... the complete \$500 vacation wardrobe... or the \$300 or the \$100 wardrobe!

Think what fun it would be to have all the clothes your heart desires for a glorious summer of fun, without spending a single cent. How thrilling to be the envy of all eyes wherever you go!

And best of all... you choose your clothes yourself... when you win! It's so easy and so much fun. Nothing to buy at all. And you have 203 chances to win. For each week 50 pairs of beautiful Styl-EEZ shoes will be given away absolutely free! So, enter each week.

Read the simple rules... find out how easy it is to win... then come on into this exciting contest now!

HOW TO WIN... Nothing to Buy... Anyone Can Enter. This is all you do. Go to your favorite Styl-EEZ store for your contest entry blank. See the entire line of Styl-EEZ shoes. Get the name of the model you like best. Then write 25 additional words or less to complete this sentence: "I like the (name of model) Styl-EEZ Shoe because..." Just think, your letter may be the very one that will win the stunning \$500 vacation wardrobe! Call in or phone for your contest entry blank today and enter this thrilling contest to win!

If you don't know the name of your nearest Styl-EEZ dealer, write for it and your contest entry blank to

Styl-EEZ
A SELBY SHOE
THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

Can you hold
the Century
5 minutes?
... it's a matter
of \$10,000!



IT WAS 5:40 by my watch when Miss Brown burst in with: "Good Heavens! It's ten to 6. You'll never make that train—and there's not another plane tonight!"

"What?" I yelled. "Where's my hat? Quick! Phone Grand Central! Ask them if they can hold the Century 5 minutes!"

They couldn't. I found out why—waiting for the next train. Over 500 trains a day come in and out of New York City's Grand Central Station. Four trains a minute during rush hours! Any wonder timing is what railroads live and breathe by? That's why the watches of over 300,000 railroad men are under rigid and regular *Time Inspection**. . . and why so many of them carry Hamiltons.

Well, I lost the order—\$10,000 worth. But it won't happen again. Thanks to my wife, I'm wearing a handsome Hamilton myself. I only wish my birthday had come sooner.

All Hamiltons have 17 or more jewels, precious metal cases, \$37.50 to \$5,000. Made in U. S. A. Write for folder, Hamilton Watch Co., 435 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.



HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



WHITMAN. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. With 18K applied gold numeral dial only. . . . \$45

BROCK. 19 jewels. 14K natural gold. With two tone gilt inlaid marker-numeral dial. . . . \$77.50

ROSALIE. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold. White decorative relief. 18K applied gold numeral dial. . . . \$60

GEORGIA. 17 jewels. 14K white or natural gold-filled. 18K applied gold numeral dial. . . . \$45

*Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in every other size and grade that Hamilton makes.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Corpses Don't Grow Hair

Sirs:

In the Feb. 12 issue of LIFE, the letter from one Charles Wilson concerning "Silent Smith" contains a statement that hair on the body (which has been dead and embalmed for 25 years) continues to grow. Such a statement is obviously erroneous, because once the hair-root cells are deprived of a blood supply they cannot continue to grow. The embalming fluid, however, in time, does cause the tissues to shrink, giving the appearance of growth of hair and beard.

DONALD CLARKE

Cincinnati College of Embalming
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

Your letter and picture concerning Silent Smith remind me of the rhyme about the little dog named Rover: "When he died he died all over, all but his tail and it rolled over."

It seems that Mr. Smith's hair is like Rover's tail inasmuch as it did not die either, which is very, very foolish.

FOY PEIRCE

Licensed Embalmer 1623
Houston, Tex.

Sirs:

It would be wise to throw away your wife's fur coat, or you will be cleaning out Junior's bank to pay for its hair cuts.

C. SHERMAN GAVETTE

M. L. Gibbons Mortuary
Mesa, Ariz.

● The idea that hair continues to grow on a corpse is an old wives' tale, exploded by many people and publications, including LIFE ("The Cases of Dr. Gonzales," LIFE, Nov. 27).—ED.

Felix's Brother

Sirs:

BELIEVE OTTO N. FRANKFURTER OF PHILADELPHIA RATES AN APOLOGY FROM LIFE. . .

D. J. MAY

Beverly Hills, Calif.



OTTO N. FRANKFURTER

Sirs:

Your Felix Frankfurter story in the Feb. 12 issue of LIFE, and pictures of my brother Felix, my youngest brother Paul, my second brother Fred S. and reference to our two sisters, Ella and Estelle, did, indeed, interest me much. And surprised me, too. Because, as scores upon scores of friends, fellow workers and business acquaintances remarked, phoned, wrote and wired, the first-born of the Frankfurter clan really has no reason to shine by his absence in the pages of LIFE.

The boy LIFE neglected,

OTTO N. FRANKFURTER
Philadelphia, Pa.

● LIFE's apologies to Otto N. Frankfurter, who richly deserves mention.

(continued on p. 6)

Most for your Money
in finest
ink



10¢

FOR FULL-SIZE
TWO-OUNCE CUBE

These grand, deep-toned inks flow instantly, write smoothly, dry quickly. In smart "Cubes," wide mouthed for easy filling and dipping. Permanent and Washable—and "Sunset" Inks in colors.

Carter's Cube-Well

A fountain reservoir inkstand with self-starting pen—"writes pages at one dipping."



89¢
(98¢ Denver West)

Slightly higher in Canada

Carter's INK

Finest for Fountain Pens. Also Adhesives, Carbon Paper, Typewriter Ribbons, Cube-Well

Yes Indeed!

"LONGEST of the LOT!"

**and also the liveliest of all
lowest-priced cars!**

*The Special De Luxe Sport Sedan, \$802**



**It has extra length where length counts .. it's
181 inches long from front of grille to rear of
body .. It's the super-size motor car of its field!**

EYE IT..

TRY IT..

BUY IT..

**85-H.P.
VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX**

\$659

AND UP, *at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Bumper guards—extra on Master 85 Series.

Stop, look, *and listen to the praise* when this beauty of beauties breezes by!

It's the *longest* of all lowest-priced cars—measuring a whopping 181 inches from front of grille to rear of body—and *that* extra length means extra riding ease, extra roadability, extra safety!

It's the *liveliest* of all lowest-priced cars, powered by a super-silent Valve-in-Head Engine that *zips* it ahead of the field in acceleration, in hill-climbing, in all-round performance with all-round economy!

And it's also the *loveliest* of all lowest-priced cars, with more than a hint of custom beauty and luxury in its richly tailored Body by Fisher and its graceful new "Royal Clipper" Styling!

The name? *Chevrolet* for '40, of course! The car that's out-selling all others in all sections of the country for the ninth time in the last ten years. *Eye it, try it, buy it*, and join your friends in saying, "Chevrolet's **FIRST** Again!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

HOW TO RETIRE ON AN INCOME FOR LIFE

THESE FACTS may surprise you. They show how you can retire on an income 15 or 20 years from today.

For a new idea has come into this business of getting an income for life.

In the old days, there was only one way to retire—you had to be rich. To get a life income of \$100 a month, you had to have something like \$30,000 in good investments. And that was too much money for most of us. Unless you could save it, or inherit it, or make a "killing" in the stock market or sweepstakes, you had to resign yourself to a lifetime of work. And you had to trust your earning power to keep up forever.

You Don't Have to be Rich

But today, without dipping into your present savings, you can get a retirement income for life through the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. If you will send the coupon below, we will mail you our free booklet describing this Plan in detail.

Here is an example of what the Plan will do for you. Suppose you are 40 now and you qualify for the following Plan, paying \$150 a month at age 55. This Plan will guarantee you:

1. A check for \$150 when you reach 55, and a check for \$150 every month thereafter as long as you live.
2. A life income for your wife or beneficiary in case you die before you reach 55.
3. A monthly disability income for you if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for six months or more.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to \$150 a month. It can be any amount from \$10 to \$200 a month or more. You can retire at any age: 55, 60, 65, or 70. Similar Plans are available to women.

This Is All You Do

How can you get all this? How does the Plan work? Let's take a typical case. We'll call our man Mr. Jackson.

Mr. Jackson turned 40 back in 1923. He had a wife and two children and though he had a pretty good job, he found it hard to save money. He was apt to get discouraged about his future security.

Somehow he heard of the Phoenix Mutual Plan and called in one of our men. Together they set up a Retirement Plan for Mr. Jackson which would pay him \$150 a month when he reached 55. With this comfortable future guaranteed to him, Mr. Jackson breathed easier.

Then, as each year passed, Mr. Jackson sent us a check to build up his retirement income plan. The amount was no



"My money worries are over for life," he said. "I'll get \$150 a month as long as I live."

strain on his budget, and he had no trouble in sending it to us.

That's all there was to it. And meanwhile, Mr. Jackson had *full protection for himself* in event of total disability—and for his family in case of his death.

Then, in 1938, we sent Mr. Jackson his first retirement income check for \$150. We had a nice letter from him. "Thanks to you," he said, "my money worries are over for life. I find it a little difficult to realize, for the Plan worked out so simply and easily. Though I never was president of my company, I'm going to enjoy life from now on as a successful retired business man. Incidentally, please send next month's check—and all future checks—to my new address: Lakeland, Florida."

Wouldn't you like to make sure of your own future? It makes no difference if your plans for saving were upset during the past few years. This Plan is an opportunity for you to get the things you want—without risk, without big investment, and without fear of having your plans upset by emergencies such as death, disability or sudden needs.

Furthermore, every Plan is backed by Phoenix Mutual, a conservative New England company in its 89th year and with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force.

Send for Free Booklet

Our free illustrated booklet explaining the Phoenix Mutual Plan has been read by thousands of people all over America. In fact, more than 38,000 people have already decided to retire through this Plan.

Send the coupon below and we will mail you this booklet without cost or obligation.

In a simple, illustrated way, it shows how you can retire on an income guaranteed to you for life. Mail the coupon today—now!



PHOENIX MUTUAL
Retirement Income Plan
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company
411 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me by mail, without obligation, your book describing the PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.

Name _____

Date of Birth _____

Business Address _____

Home Address _____

HOW TO GET A GUARANTEED INCOME FOR LIFE



THE PHOENIX MUTUAL Retirement Income Plan

COPY, 1939, OF PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

A well-known radio and advertising executive, he is now a member of the staff of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.—ED.

Prophecy of Doom

Sirs:

The German censor must obviously have been lax, to overlook a possible prophecy of doom when he released that shot of the sinking British fishing trawler (*LIFE*, Feb. 5, see picture).

If it weren't just a mirage, then the wind, tides, fate and the plane's photographer must have conspired to make the smoke issuing from the explosion a near-perfect replica of the map of England.

MURRY HARRIS
Woodmere, N. Y.



TRAWLER'S SMOKE

Oomph and the Academics

Sirs:

Did you know that the words in *LIFE* are evidently making as great an impression as the pictures? In my light reading over the weekend, I came across this in a bibliography in the December 1939 issue of *American Speech*, a quarterly of linguistic usage.

Busch, Noel F. *America's oomph girl*. *LIFE*, 7, no. 4, pp. 64-69. July 24, 1939. On p. 64, a note on the meaning of "oomph."

The academics certainly are busy with a fine-toothed comb. Don't you say so?

EDWARD L. BERNAYS
New York, N. Y.

● Oomphatically.—ED.

Father and Son

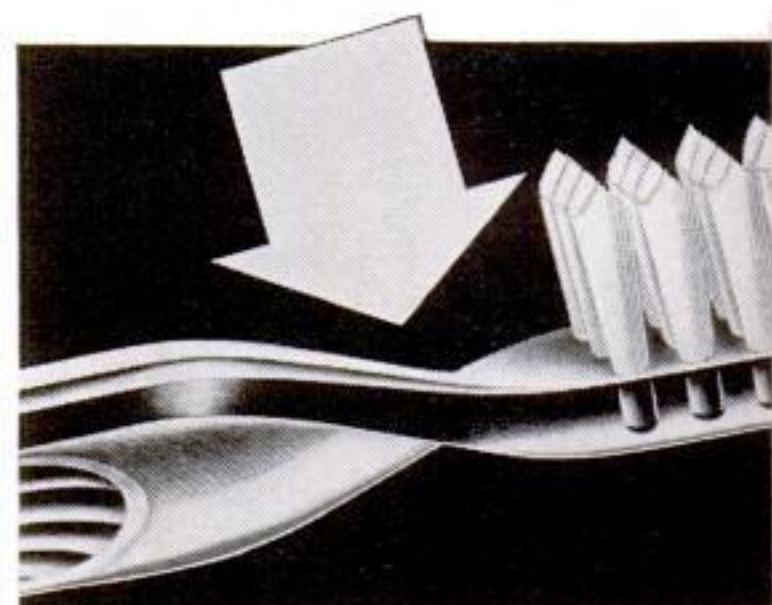
Sirs:

After reading your issue of Jan. 29 and the excellent account of the movie of the week (*The Fighting 69th*), I wasted little time getting down to the local theater to see it.

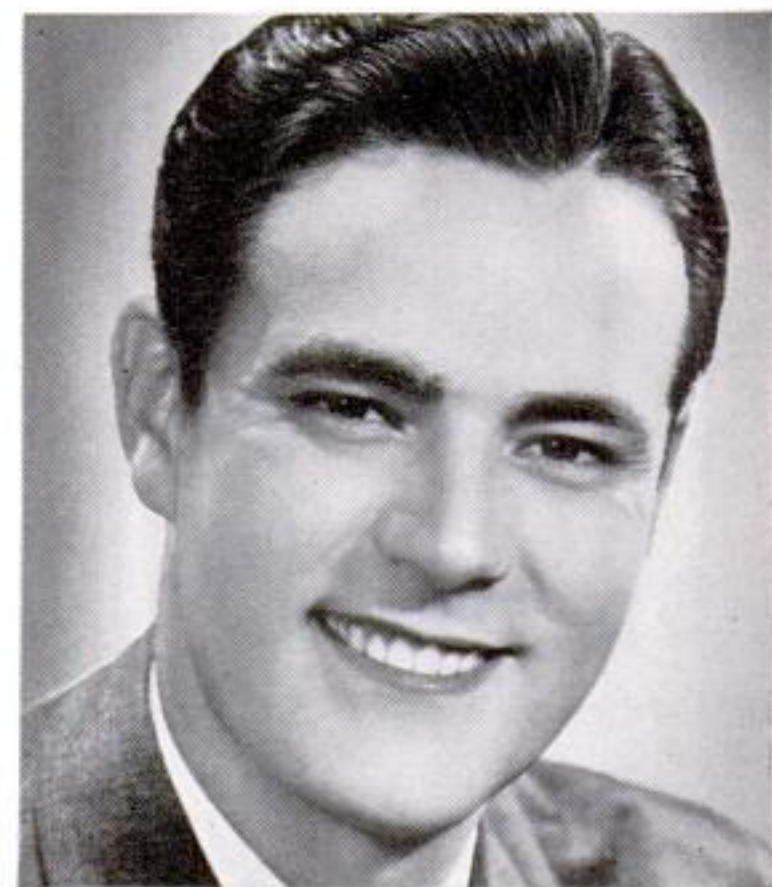
In the same issue there appeared an article captioned "G-Men arrest 17 men for plotting revolution," failing however to mention the fact that the military men involved in this capture were members of the 165th Infantry Regiment, New York, National Guard. The regiment around which the movie of the week was produced was the 69th New York Infantry, which, after arrival at Camp Mills, N.Y., was designated as the 165th Infantry, A.E.F., the regiment of which the Christian Frontiers were members.

The oddest thing about the situation is, however, the fact that the technical adviser for the picture was Captain

Exclusive
TWIST
makes it easy to



BRUSH
your teeth



CORRECTLY

NO OTHER tooth brush looks like the new D.D. tooth brush. No other tooth brush is more efficient in cleaning teeth.

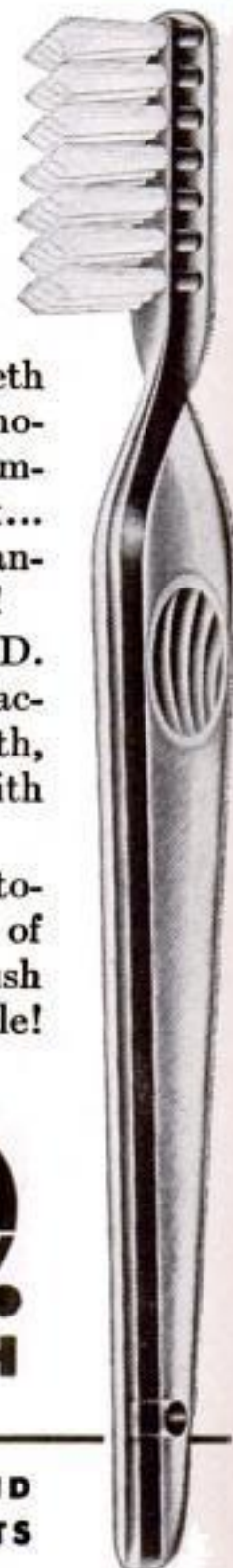
For the *exclusive twist* in the D.D. handle enables you to clean your teeth with the correct brushing motion that your dentist recommends. It's so easy...so quick...to give teeth a thorough cleaning with this modern brush!

What's more, the new D.D. makes gum massage more practical. As you brush your teeth, you massage your gums with the same easy motion.

Try the D.D. tooth brush today. Designed with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, it's a brush that can really help your smile!

D.D.
DOUBLE DUTY
TOOTH BRUSH

DESIGNED WITH THE AID
OF OVER 1,000 DENTISTS



(continued on p. 8)



“Homer, darling... you brought down the house!”

MRS. GRIBBIN: Oh, Homer, I'm so proud of you! The way your voice choked as you bent over her—and that wild look on your face! So much better than rehearsal.

HOMER: Khp! glmmph! Listen—(PUFF)—I've got to get out of this shirt. I can't breathe—I can't—

MRS. GRIBBIN: Homer! You mean you weren't acting in that death scene?

HOMER: Acting? I darn near was the death scene. (PUFF) Gladys, if you don't stop buying me those so-called “pre-shrunk” shirts, I'm going to divorce you!

MRS. GRIBBIN: Why, aren't they what you like?

HOMER: NO! I've told you time and again it's SANFORIZED-SHRUNK you have to ask for. And if you don't get me one pretty quick, I won't go on in the third act.

MRS. GRIBBIN: Oh dear! What do I get? Shrunk-what?

HOMER: SANFORIZED-SHRUNK! Patented process! Takes all the shrinkage out of the fabric down to a measly 1% by standard tests. Shirts can't shrink out of size!

MRS. GRIBBIN: Homer, will you please stop shouting, and tell me where to go—

HOMER: Anywhere! They sell this Sanforized-Shrunk

stuff all over town—shirts, shorts, pajamas—all makes—at regular prices. Get one my size—and hurry!

MRS. GRIBBIN: Oh Homer—I hate to!

HOMER: Why?

MRS. GRIBBIN: Once you get a Sanforized shirt on, you'll just talk natural—and ruin the whole play!

Your cue, Mrs. Gribbin!

Other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas are Sanforized now. Look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon—



Women's Dresses



Children's Garments



Work Clothes, Overalls



Slip Covers, Draperies

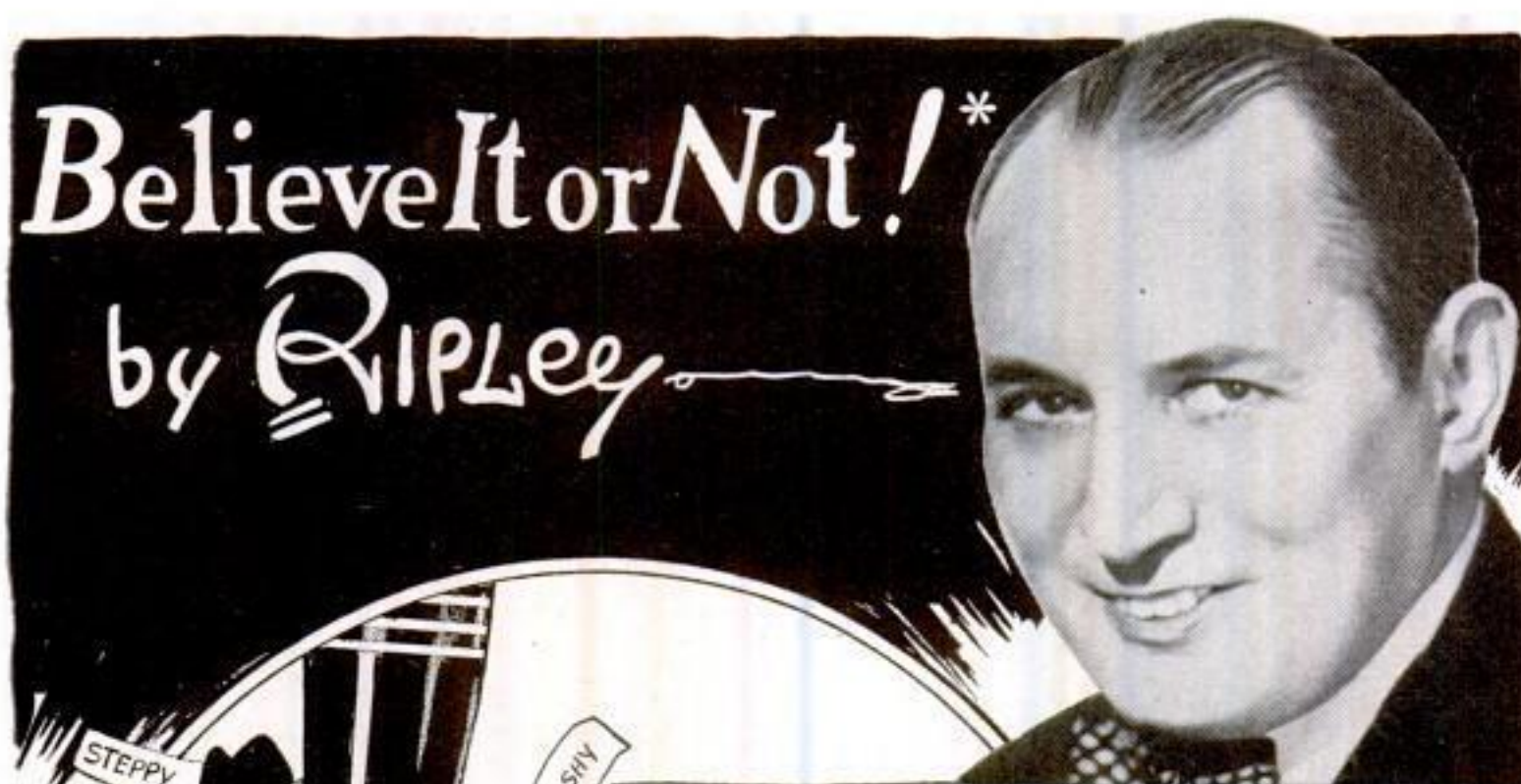


Utility Dresses



Trousers, Slacks

*For permanent fit... look for the words... **SANFORIZED-SHRUNK***



Believe It or Not!*

by *Ripley*



5 SECRET AGENTS

NOT IMAGINARY GENII, BUT
ACTUAL SECRET INGREDIENTS
COME OUT OF THE BOTTLE AND
INTO YOUR PEN WHEN YOU
FILL IT WITH PARKER
Quink

HERE'S AN INK THAT **CLEANSSES YOUR
PEN AS IT WRITES DOES WHAT
NO OTHER INK CAN DO!**



THIS REVOLUTIONARY PEN-CLEANING INK
WAS CREATED BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
TO GUARD THE FAMOUS PARKER PENS FROM
PEN-CLOGGING INKS. GET **Quink** AT ANY
STORE SELLING INK AND TRY IT—ONLY 15¢ UP.
IT MAKES ANY PEN WORK LIKE A CHARM—
A PARKER OR ANY OTHER PEN.

Believe It or Not!
Robert L. Ripley

Parker Quink

The pen-cleaning ink — Quick-starting — Quick-drying

TWO KINDS: PERMANENT and WASHABLE



15¢
25¢ and up

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

John Prout. One of G-Men captives also answered to the monicker John Prout. The writer is wondering if these two men are one and the same?

GILBERT A. JOHNSON
Milwaukee, Wis.

● Captain John Prout, the technical adviser on *The Fighting 69th*, is the father of the Captain John Prout who was arrested in the Christian Front "plot."—ED.

Puukko

Sirs:
In *LIFE* for Feb. 12 you write of the famous Finnish knife as a "puukka." That's terrible. It is not spelled that way nor is it pronounced "pucker," as your spelling would indicate. The word is *puuko*, and it is pronounced something like this: Poo-oo-ko—three syllables and softly. Each vowel in Finnish means a syllable.

J. D. GUTHRIE
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
It is spelled *Puukko*, not *Pukka*.
ELMER S. ANNTONEN
Hancock, Mich.

● Mr. Anttonen is right.—ED.

Fiddler Crab

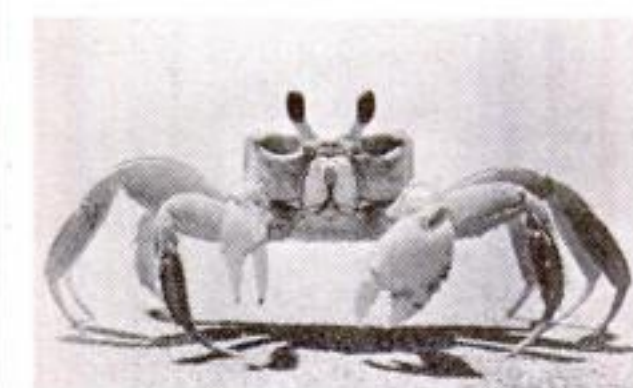
Sirs:
The crab which you have pictured on page 9 of the Feb. 5 issue would be called, along the coast of North Carolina, a sand crab, and not a fiddler. Our fiddler is a tiny crab, about an inch long or so, with one very large claw, hence the name fiddler. He lives in mud flats and salt water near the ocean, but not in it. The sand crab is much larger, and lives in the dunes near the ocean.

G. A. HARRER III
Chapel Hill, N. C.

● *LIFE*'s crab was identified as a fiddler by naturalists who ought to know. They now agree with Mr. Harrer, however, that it is a sand crab with an over-developed claw. An authentic fiddler appears in upper picture.—ED.



FIDDLER CRAB



LIFE'S SAND CRAB

Sirs:
You show a "fiddler crab" and state that it gets its name "from its abnormally large claw." Ask any oldtimer from down Tampa or Key West way how the fiddler got his name. He'll tell you:

The fiddler crab travels in armies, numbered by the thousands. They cover the sands of beaches and small islands. As danger approaches, such as a person or persons, they dive underneath the sands with amazing rapidity. As you approach what seems to be a seething, moving mass, a wide path is automatically cleared for yards ahead

Cool Ingram's Cream

Is really twins —
A foe to beards,
A pal to Chins!



**Thrifty Ingram's
brings you smooth,
face-comforting shaves**

LIGHTNING-FAST, Ingram's wilts down bristly beards. And from the first cool contact of lather to the finishing razor-stroke, you enjoy that soothing Ingram's difference . . . that far-famed Ingram's kick. But Ingram's ace asset is its bracing, freshening after-effect! Ingram's helps relieve shave irritation. Long after your whiskers have departed, your face feels comforted and COOL. Get Ingram's in economical tube or jar—to-day at your druggist's.



INGRAM'S Concentrated SHAVING CREAM

A little goes a longer way

I'm certainly glad to know that!



JIM: I'm going to get a Motorola again this year. Do you think they can fit and match my car?

TOM: I'll say so! And don't let anyone tell you that Motorola can't fit and match your car perfectly. They make push-button radios also, with specially designed controls that exactly match your dash panel. While you're at it, get the finest.

INSIST ON

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST AUTO RADIO

Your Dealer Can Get One For You First Again in 3 Big Ways

RICHER RADIANT TONE: From the shrill notes of the flute to the deepest bass tones, Motorola brings you everything with crystal clearness and with volume to spare.

GREATER DISTANCE: Motorola engineers, the acknowledged leaders in auto radio, have built into every Motorola the extra sensitivity that brings in far-distant stations with unbelievable ease. You'll boast about it—you'll thrill to Motorola's miraculous radio reception.

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AMERICA'S FINEST Radio
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

—the fiddlers diving downward to safety.

In the old days, there was a saying on the frontier that fiddlers (musicians) were no good, and all ended up in Hell eventually. Thus, because of the multitude of crabs, they were supposed to be "thicker than fiddlers in Hell," plus the fact that they all dived Hellward when threatened with danger.

The fiddler's long legs do not look like a fiddle, a fiddler or a bow, and had nothing to do with his name.

FELIX HOLT

Detroit, Mich.

Channel Tunnel

Sirs:

Every time LIFE mentions British shipping losses and German air strength I shudder for the Allies and wonder why in hell the British never built a train tunnel connecting France and England under Dover Strait. Has such a scheme ever gotten beyond the stage of Jules Verne imagining? It doesn't sound silly to me, and at least it's worth a gamble.

After the submarine terror of 1917, coincidental with the expansion of air power and the further shrinkage of the Channel, England's historic shield, the English were crazy not to tackle a project which, if successful, would in time of stress permit British food ships to dock at distant Bordeaux or Marseilles, instead of in the hazardous British waters. It could have been built during the twenties, and in peace or war would have been cheap at a billion dollars.

What's an expert's opinion on the matter?

ROBERT RIDGWAY JR.

Los Angeles, Calif.

● The project for a tunnel under the English Channel is older than Jules Verne. Napoleon proposed it to Charles Fox in 1802 but before anything came of it France and England were at war. In 1874 the project was revived with the blessing of Queen Victoria, who told its promoters that if they succeeded they would win the gratitude of an Englishwoman subject to seasickness. Money was raised, shafts were sunk at both ends and the bores were actually started out from Dover and Calais. At this point the London Times and other forces began a campaign against the tunnel, arguing that it would make England a part of the Continent and open a route to an invading French army. The project was dropped and the shafts filled in, but the bores, each about a mile and a half long, remain at both ends. Every few years since then the project has been revived and each time vetoed. Last December the Allied Supreme War Council was reported to be considering it, but on Feb. 2 the British knocked it on the head again, with the intimation that it would cost too much. The cost is estimated at £60,000,000.—ED.

Rumania's Blood

Sirs:

In the midst of your admirable article on Rumania in your issue of Feb. 19, you made a slip. On page 70 you say "Rumanian service is spoiled by Slav slovenliness." Of course, the Rumanians are not Slavic but Latin or Romance.

PRESTON SLOSSON

Ann Arbor, Mich.

● The Rumanians are one of the most mixed-up racial stocks in Europe. Their Slavic blood, however, though not predominant, is the likeliest source of their slovenliness.—ED.

How every woman can SATISFY A SECRET YEARNING



Every woman, deep down in her heart, has a real and abiding love for sterling silver—not only for what it is, but for what it symbolizes.

Because sterling is more than just a metal of imperishable beauty. Sterling, through countless centuries, has gathered to itself a tradition of romance and gracious living. And the longer you live with your sterling silver service, the more you will cherish it. It will become a treasured part of your family "background."

"Right!" you may say. "But sterling is beyond our means." And you try to forget it.

Is sterling expensive?

Actually sterling isn't expensive—not even gorgeous International Sterling made by America's foremost silver house—if you acquire it slowly, as most fine things are acquired.

Even in International Sterling you can have a complete place setting—knife, fork, salad fork, teaspoon, cream soup spoon, and butter spreader—for only \$16.75. Complete 36-piece services for six start at only \$100. And jewelers will gladly arrange a budget payment plan.

Yes, International Sterling is well within your reach. Why not drop in at your jewelry store and start selecting your "family silver" today? Your jeweler will enjoy showing it, without obligation. He admires it himself!



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MINUET

NOW..AMERICA'S FAVORITE PORK SAUSAGE IN BIG *DINNER-SIZE!*



An amazing Swift discovery gives you extra-plump Brookfield Sausage —super-tender through and through

● It's the same Swift's Brookfield Sausage you've loved for years . . . with the flavor of truly fine pork cuts, delicately spiced. But now Swift gives you *bigger, plumper, dinner-size links* . . . delicately tender *even* to the skins!

For by a new Swift method (patent pending) **THE SKINS ARE TENDERED IN FRESH PINEAPPLE JUICE!** You don't taste the pineapple juice . . . but you see the

magic it performs when each juicy sausage cuts at the touch of your fork!

Here's a new *dinner meat* to help get variety into your weekly menus. A treat the whole family will cheer. Have these plump, super-tender dinner sausages today or tomorrow. Remember to order Swift's Brookfield Pure Pork Sausage — *Dinner-Size!*

The little Brookfield Sausages you've always known are still available



SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD *Pure Pork* SAUSAGE

FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS

Few foreigners ever talk to Joseph Stalin and those who do are seldom in a position to tell about it. Among the most recent to have seen Stalin at close range were the members of the Finnish delegation to Moscow last fall. Now, because their country is at war with Russia, they are free to talk. LIFE, therefore, asked Dr. Juho Paasikivi, head of the delegation, to write an account of his trips to the Kremlin. His story follows.

Helsinki, Finland

We arrived in Moscow on Oct. 11 and the next afternoon at 5 o'clock we had our first conference at the Kremlin. Stalin sat at the head of the table, with Molotov and the other Russian gentlemen at his left. I took my seat on Stalin's right. It was the first time I had set eyes on Stalin, of whom I had read so much, and the meeting was brimful of interest for me. Stalin took a very active part in the negotiations at every session, being present at all meetings except one. Stalin always dressed in the same costume: gray coat with buttoned-up throat and top boots—the costume which the world knows from pictures. He is sturdily built and of medium height.

At a press interview immediately after my return from my third journey to Moscow, I said: "I regard Stalin as a comfortable man to get on with, a man with a sense of humor." He is now waging a bloody, and in my opinion altogether unpardonable, war on Finland. This, however, cannot alter the



JUHO PAASIKIVI

impression made on me during the negotiations.

When we began the conference, we had no knowledge of what the Russian demands were. The previous winter the Russians had proposed exchanging certain islands in the Gulf of Finland and we were ready to agree to this. Now, only a few months later, the Russians expressed quite new and extremely far-reaching demands.

"Do you fear attack on the part of Finland?" we asked. "We do not fear that," was the answer. "Then what do you fear?" The answer to this question remained vague. The Russians would speak now of a possible attack by England, now of an attack by Germany which might also come via Finland.

"But you have an agreement of friendship with Germany," I said.

"That is the case now, but in this world everything can change," said Stalin.

The Russians showed us a map on which a new frontier had been drawn across the Karelian Isthmus, a frontier which to our mind was far beyond what the security of Leningrad required. The Russians demanded also the cession of a military base on the Hanko peninsula, at the entrance to the Gulf of Finland, and territory on the Arctic coast. We

*Typing's a strain
... I always take
"BC" when a
HEADACHE
strikes!*



Yes, "BC" brings *quick* relief from headaches, neuralgia and muscular pains. It is composed of several prescription-type ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Follow the simple directions on the package and consult a physician when pains persist.

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WORSTED MILLS

PASSAIC NEW JERSEY

BEWARE!! EVEN YOU MAY HAVE GINGIVITIS



4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS

So many people today are afraid of Gingivitis with its sore, tender, bleeding gums. And they have a right to be if warning is unheeded! Clinical investigation shows more than 4 out of 5 men, women and even young folks may have this inflammation where gums join the teeth which, IF NEGLECTED, is often a precursor of ravaging Pyorrhea. Only your dentist can help Pyorrhea; but you, yourself, can help guard against Gingivitis.

Join Forhan's "Save Your Teeth" Program

See your dentist every 3 months for tooth and gum inspection and twice daily brush teeth and massage gums with Forhan's Toothpaste—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for massaging gums. A recent clinical investigation showed over 95% of Gingivitis patients were remarkably helped in just 30 days by following this method.

And what a marvelous cleaner! Brushing with Forhan's not only helps brighten dull, dingy teeth to their "natural" lustre—but it helps REMOVE ACID FILM THAT SO OFTEN STARTS TOOTH DECAY. Get a tube of Forhan's TODAY. Note the difference. 39¢, 19¢ at drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.



FREE →
50¢ GUM MASSAGER

Send empty carton from 39¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. C-5, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS

(continued)

said we would have to return to Helsinki to confer with our Government.

Stalin and Molotov apparently did not like the methods of negotiation to which we north Europeans are accustomed. In their opinion, matters should move with great rapidity. Finally Stalin said: "We expect you back on the 20th or 21st of October." And Molotov remarked: "We shall sign the agreement Oct. 20, and the following day shall give you a dinner." I replied that I doubted whether events would develop with that speed although I rarely refuse a good dinner. I also said that all such matters have to be dealt with by Parliament and these were of a nature which under the Constitution require a two-thirds majority. Stalin and Molotov answered: "You'll get a majority of 99% in Parliament and our votes in the bargain."

On my second trip to Moscow I was accompanied by Finance Minister Tanner. We reached Moscow on Oct. 23 and held two conferences at the Kremlin that same day, the first beginning at 6 p.m., the second at 11. Russians are not afraid of late night conferences, an old habit of theirs. Tanner asked if he might speak English or German but Molotov replied he understood neither. I spoke Russian the whole time. Stalin did not have his familiar pipe but smoked Russian cigarettes.

We presented first the reply of our Government to the Russian proposals, which made certain concessions. The concessions failed entirely to satisfy the Russians. In the case of the Isthmus frontier, Stalin slightly adjusted his previous demand on a map, saying his soldiers demanded much more but "soldiers always ask too much." Divergence between their idea of a frontier and ours continued large, so once more we returned to Helsinki.

On Nov. 3 we were back in Moscow for the third time. We made new concessions, agreeing to move the Isthmus frontier further back from Leningrad and cede Russia an area on the Arctic coast, which seemed to satisfy the Russians. On the other hand our Government could not see its way clear to cede any foreign power a military base on either the north shore of the Gulf of Finland or on islands in the vicinity.

The conference was held at the Kremlin at 6 p.m. Molotov was present with Potemkin, but Stalin was absent. His assistant, Molotov, said at once that our reply did not satisfy him. Finally, he said: "Now that civilian authorities have failed to reach agreement, they must be referred to the military." The following day we were summoned to another conference at 6 p.m. Stalin remarked that Finland was too small and weak to defend itself against a great power.

On Nov. 9 we attended our last conference at the Kremlin. I said that on the basis of the Finnish Government's proposals, an agreement could be concluded extremely favorable to the Soviet, adding jokingly that Stalin could be assured that after such an agreement, neither Tanner nor I would be hailed in Finland with song. Stalin answered in similar joking tone, "They'll sing to you."

At the end of the conference, Tanner observed that differences of opinion were so large no agreement could be reached. We got up and said farewell. Our adieux were friendly. Stalin wished Finland "everything good."

It is notoriously difficult to understand the mentality of an alien nation. From the viewpoint of northern countries, a resumption of negotiations after events such as those described is by no means unthinkable, providing agreement is desired. We believed resumption possible in the present case. Stalin and Molotov, however, held another opinion. They chose to resort to arms. On the Finnish side, we were, and still are, ready to negotiate.

JUHO PAASIKIVI



THE "PRESS-AND-LIFT" TEST SHOWED ME HOW I WAS RUINING MY FIGURE!



FIRST PRESS! Place your hands at the waist, press down hard. That's the crowding at waist, the cramping downward pressure so many corsets give you. It causes Figure-Sag... a menace to health and lovely lines.



NOW LIFT! Lower your hands, fingertips under abdomen and lift. Notice the grand feeling of lightness and up-lift. That's the right kind of support for muscles that want to sag... and that's what Spirella does for you.

I MIGHT have gone on forever, getting droopier every year, if Dick hadn't started to rave about Sue's figure. And I knew she was 5 years older than I!

I asked her how she got her school girl figure and she said "Press and Lift test".

"A new kind of Swedish exercise?" I asked doubtfully.

"No, it's the new way to find out about corsets." She went into action. "Put your hands on your stomach and press down. See? Doesn't that feel awful! All hunched up. That's the usual corset for you. Pressure squeezing your insides out of place."

"Now lower your hands and lift up. Isn't that a swell feeling? Like you're walking on air. That's because you're giving your body natural lifting support!"

"All you need to do", Sue went on, "is phone the Spirella number and ask to have a Corsetiere call. She'll fit you in the patented Spirella Modeling Garment that

shows how you'll look and feel in your made-to-measure Spirella."

"Made-to-measure?" I exclaimed. "One hundred percent", said Sue.

"The corsetiere takes careful measurements of your new figure, and when your Spirella comes it fits like a deb's evening dress. It smooths away bulges. Lets you bend and twist without getting jabbed in the ribs. Spirella Stays are so flexible you forget you have a corset on. Those tired muscles are getting grand support."

"But it must cost like mischief" I said. "It does not," Sue told me. "And what's more, it outlasts any corset I've ever worn."

She was right. I called the Spirella number right away, and everything worked out just as Sue had told me. I'm ordering another one right away.

FREE BOOKLET! Make the Press and Lift Test tonight and send for 16-page illustrated booklet "The New Art of Figure Grooming." Tells all about diet, exercise and correct corseting. Just clip the coupon and mail it today!



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Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "The New Art of Figure Grooming" without obligation.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

*PRIESTESS DUELS
WITH A KING COBRA
IN ANCIENT RITUAL*



BURMESE PRIESTESS PRAYS AT MOUTH OF COBRA'S CAVE, OFFERS SYMBOLIC SACRIFICE OF FRUIT TO SNAKE GOD

DARING PRIESTESS LURES SNAKE TO MAT, WHERE ITS ABDOMINAL SCALES GET BETTER TRACTION FOR STRIKE



PRIESTESS AND COBRA WATCH FOR OTHER'S FALSE MOVE.

FULLY REARED, ONE-THIRD OF ITS TOTAL LENGTH, COBRA



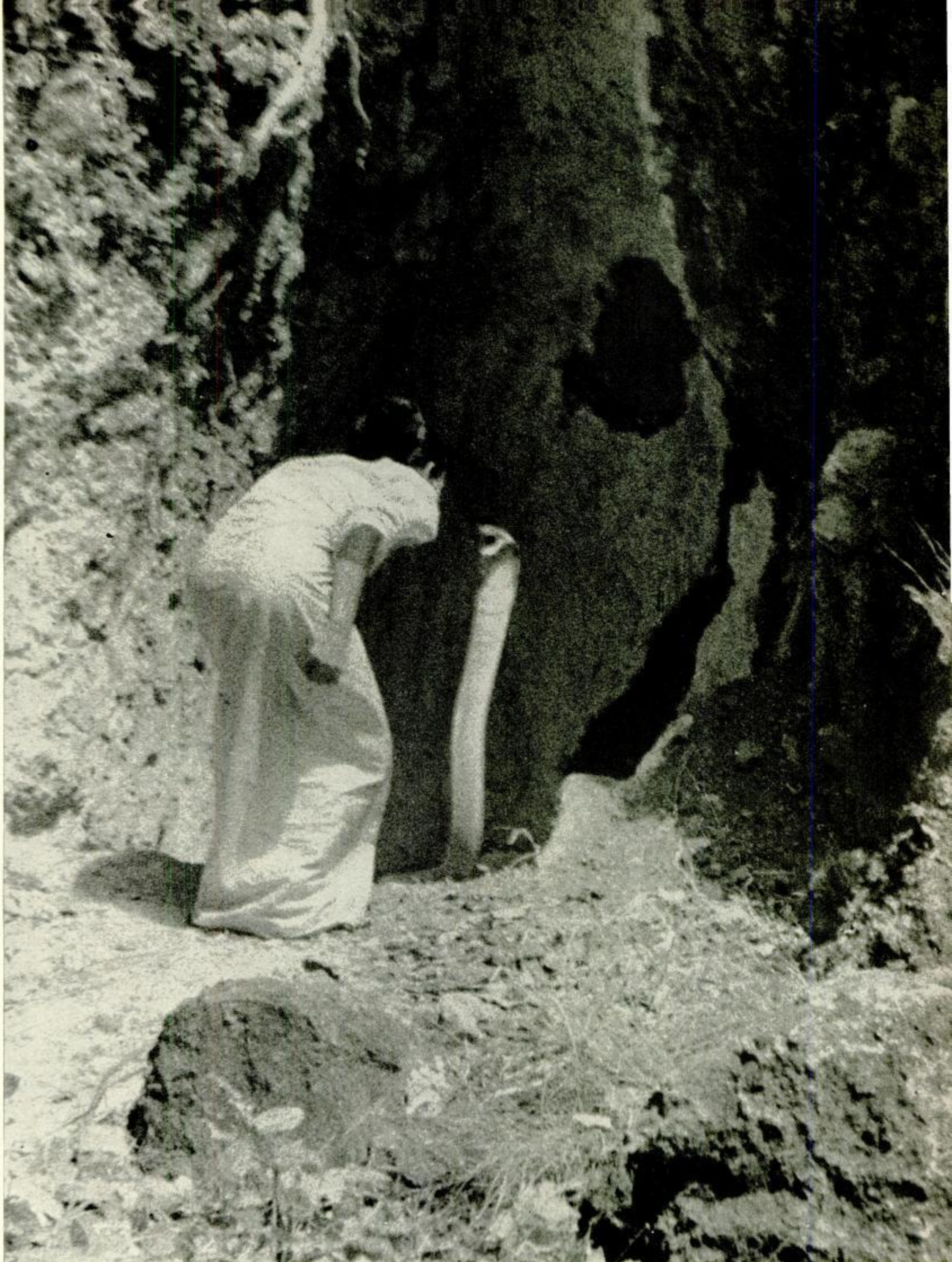
Snake charmers, with their baskets of de-fanged, venom-milked cobras, are a standard sideshow on all the highways of India. Their performance is the shabby vestige of a long-forgotten religious ritual performed in worship of the Hindu snake god Naga. Shown here, in a picture series taken by Hassoldt Davis on the recent Armand Denis-Leila Roosevelt expedition through Burma, Nepal and India, the ancient ritual proves to be an exciting duel of savage speed and cool wits.

Principals are a Burmese priestess in the back country of Burma and a wild, 12-ft. hamadryad or king cobra, deadliest of oriental reptiles. From its mountain lair the priestess lures the huge serpent, taunts it, dodges its whip-lash strikes, brings it into bewildered submission, finally kisses it three times on the head. Secret of her art is not hypnotism, but nerve and thorough knowledge of the snake's mechanics.



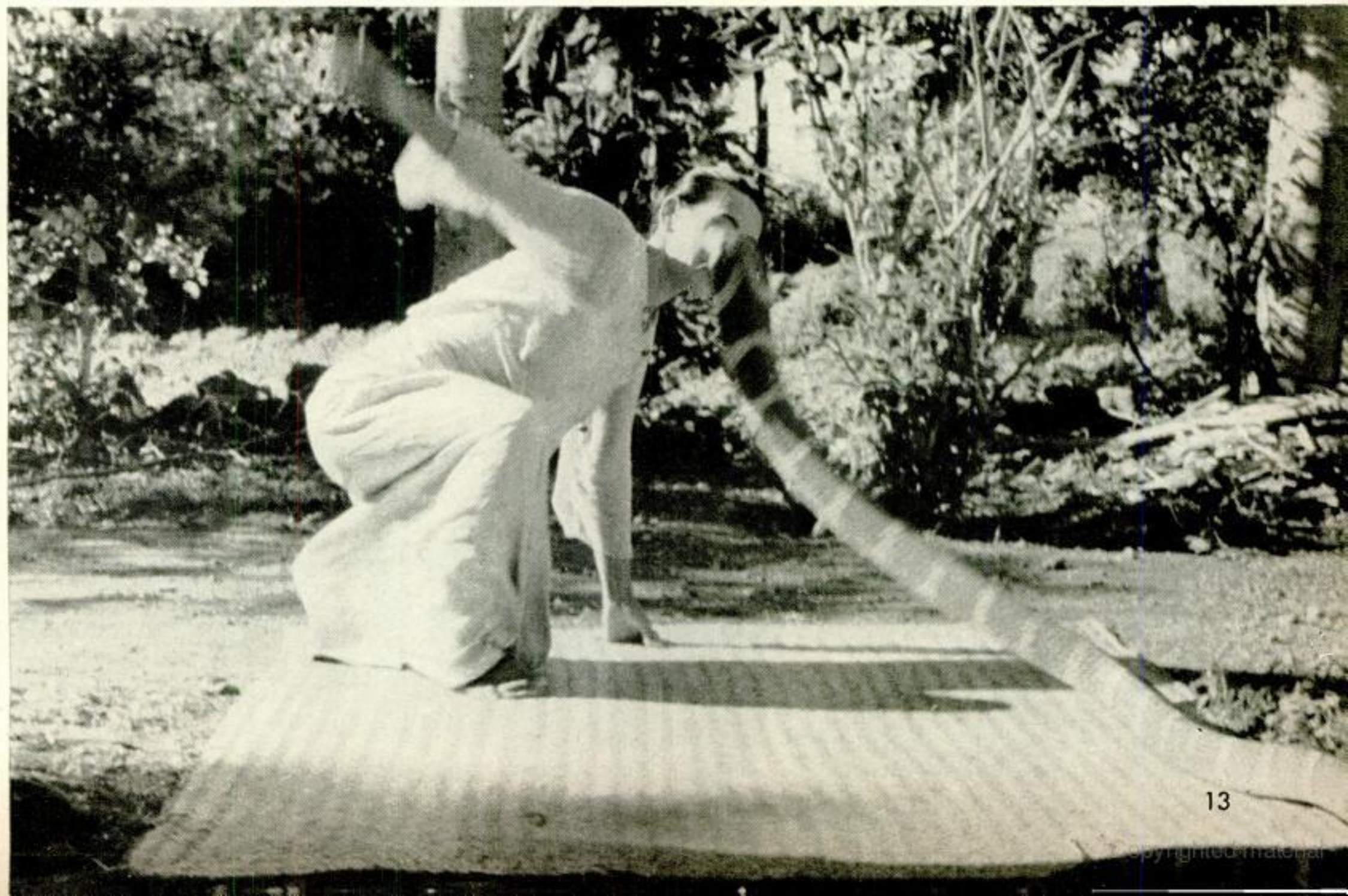
COBRA'S VENOM, IF IT GETS INTO EYES, CAN BLIND

BARES FANGS TO STRIKE AT PRIESTESS' TAUNTING HAND

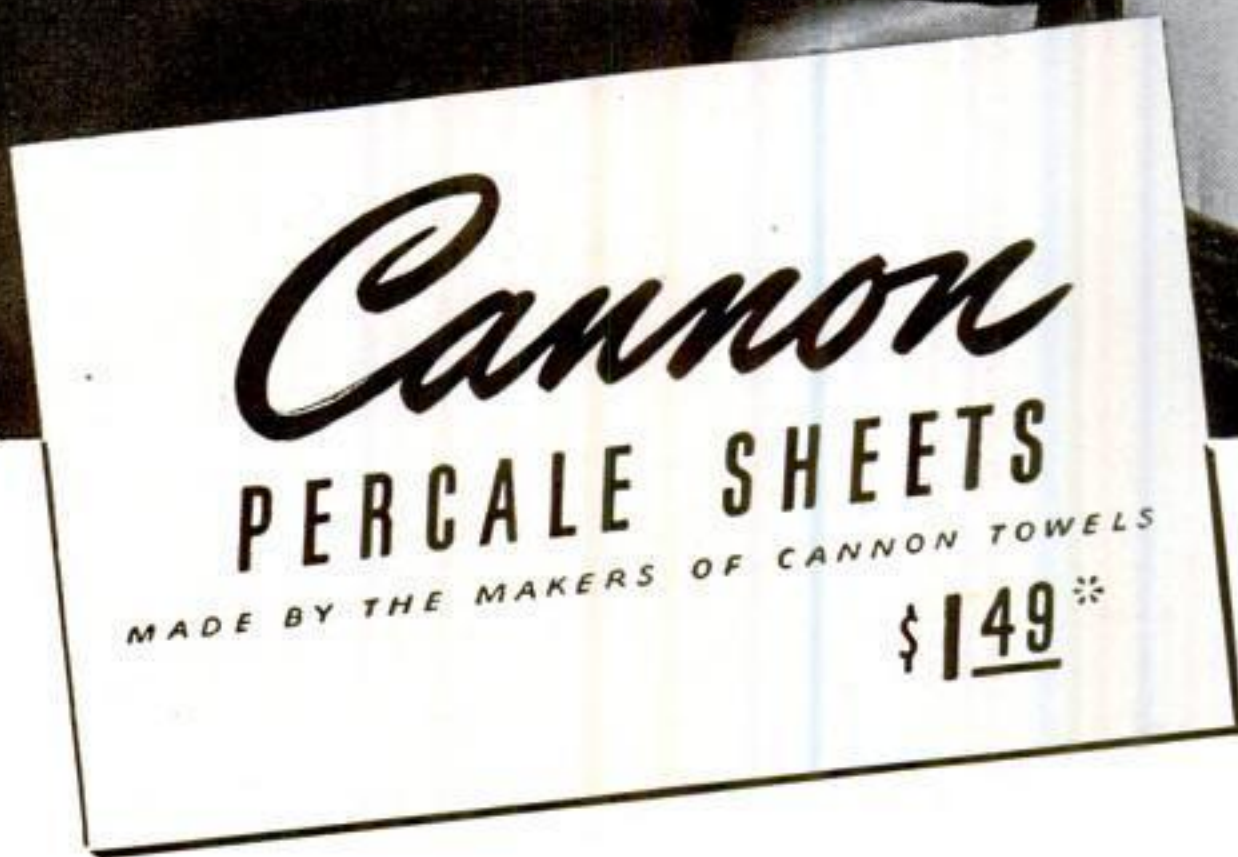


KING COBRA, ONE OF FEW SNAKES THAT WILL ATTACK A HUMAN UNPROVOKED, EMERGES, SEES PRIESTESS

COBRA STRIKES VICIOUSLY. PRIESTESS FLICKS HAND AWAY, PIVOTS BODY BACKWARD AND ESCAPES



Heiress-brides have percale sheets, of course... Now Cannon brings them to budget-brides too!



TIME WAS when percale sheets were a luxury that only RICH GIRLS could afford to have in their trousseaux.

But now...even the girl who buys her trousseau out of a limited budget can afford these soft, petal-smooth sheets.

For Cannon is making a percale sheet that costs just about the same as heavy-duty muslin!

Lucky...today's bride-to-be! Lucky any woman whose linen closet is about to be replenished.



Beauty and a Long Life! Cannon Percale Sheets will wear for years, because they're woven with 25% more threads to the square inch than even the best-grade muslin. Laundry tests have proved that Cannon Percale Sheets can take four years' washings and *still* come up white and smiling and ready for more!



Lighter Weight—Lighter Work! Because Cannon Percale Sheets are so very much lighter than heavy muslin, you'll find them much easier to handle in the tub. And if you send your laundry out at pound rates, this lighter weight can save you as much as \$3.25 per year, per bed!

In Decorator Colors, Too! Cannon Percale Sheets are also available (at slightly higher prices) in peach, azure, maize, pink, jade, dusty rose. All Cannon Percale Sheets come to you packaged—immaculate—ready for use. A convenient "size label" is sewn into the hem of every sheet.

Cannon Muslin Sheets are another superior value. They sell for about a dollar...an outstanding product at a low price. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Magazine as advertised therein.

NEWS! Cannon Hosiery! Pure silk...full-fashioned...sheer and lovely...better made to cut down "mystery runs"! Ask about Cannon Hosiery at your favorite store.

**Prices may vary slightly due to different shipping costs and seasonal fluctuations of market prices.*



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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Hand on cobra, priestess fends it off, frustrates its attempt to strike. Cobra cannot bend forward at sharp enough angle across priestess's hand to reach her upper arm.



Priestess kisses cobra, which is now thoroughly bewildered. Cobra cannot strike upward. Area into which the cobra can strike from given position is also limited.



"Good appearance, ability, and experience okay, but cannot recommend him because of..." **SO THAT'S WHY POOR DON LOST OUT... BAD BREATH!**



THAT NOON

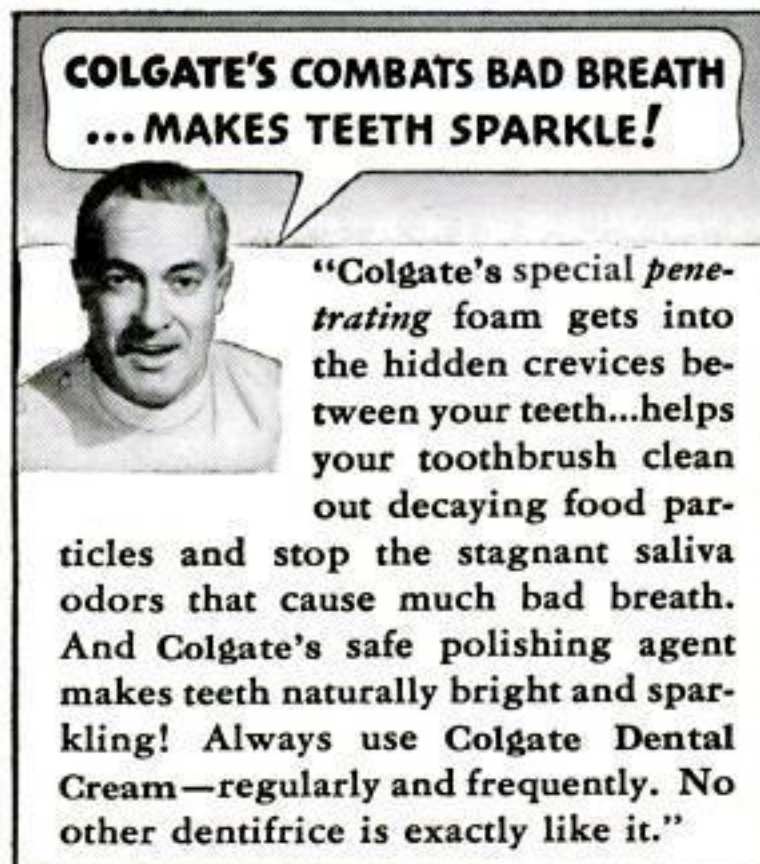
AND DON, I THINK YOU **MIGHT STILL HAVE A CHANCE AT THE JOB IF--** WELL, **WON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST?**

YOU BET I WILL, KAY!



DON SEES HIS DENTIST

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**. ITS SPECIAL **PENETRATING FOAM** REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth...helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."



LATER--THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

KAY? LISTEN, HONEY, I GOT THE JOB! AND GUESS WHAT IT PAYS! SA-AY! NOW WE CAN AFFORD TO GET MARRIED!



BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

20¢
LARGE SIZE
35¢
GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

Men say she has
Vitality!



Eunice. Vitality elasti-
cized step-in for Spring.
Tulip Black crushed kid
and patent. Glamorous
Continental heel. Also in
Bluejacket or Gardenia
White. Send for your free
copy of new style book.



Neysa. Vitality gabardine
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In gorgeous Tulip Black,
with Cuban heel, cutouts,
and scallops. Also in Blue-
jacket gabardine and calf.
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open toe. Also in Blue-
jacket or Gardenia White
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LIFE'S PICTURES



To get the story of the Santa Fe's new
fast freight No. 39 (pp. 50-55), LIFE
sent its staff photographer, Bernard
Hoffman, on No. 39 from Chicago to
Kansas City. It was a tough job
technically since No. 39 makes the
run at night and good night shots of
trains require careful work. It was also
a wearying job. Hoffman rode in
the caboose at the rear of the train.
Almost every time the train stopped,
he would get out of the caboose, run
down the length of four dozen freight
cars to the engine end carrying his
equipment. Then he would have to
dash back to the caboose before the
train started again. What with this
and staying up all night, Hoffman was
a very tired cameraman when he
finished the story on No. 39.

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90, 91, 92, 93—WALT SANDERS from B. S.

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800 holes in wide Roto-
Shaver head plus 4
blades that make over
15,000,000 cutting
operations a minute
give you a remarkably
quick, close shave.

**Not a miniature Hair
Clipper—Roto-Shaver is
the ONLY Electric Razor
that actually SHAVES with
4 Razor-Sharp Blades**

(Cannot Possibly Cut or Pinch the Skin)

UNLIKE most electric razors,
ROTO-SHAVER uses four razor-
sharp blades. Driven by a powerful
rotary motor, these blades revolve at
tremendous speed. Closely, cleanly—
off come your whiskers. Doesn't leave
whisker "dust" on your face.

Test Roto-Shaver Yourself

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LIFE'S COVER. The huge halo sailor on pretty Anita Colby makes news because it is worn plumb on the back of her head. Designer Sally Victor knows that in the spring-time every woman loves a sailor but most of them are sick and tired of pancakes that threaten to fly away with every breeze. This is her solution. Since war discourages style-survey trips to Europe, Mrs. Victor gets her ideas from plays and newspapers, in New York museums. A 14th Century Flemish painting was inspiration for this hat. For more sailors, turn to page 72.

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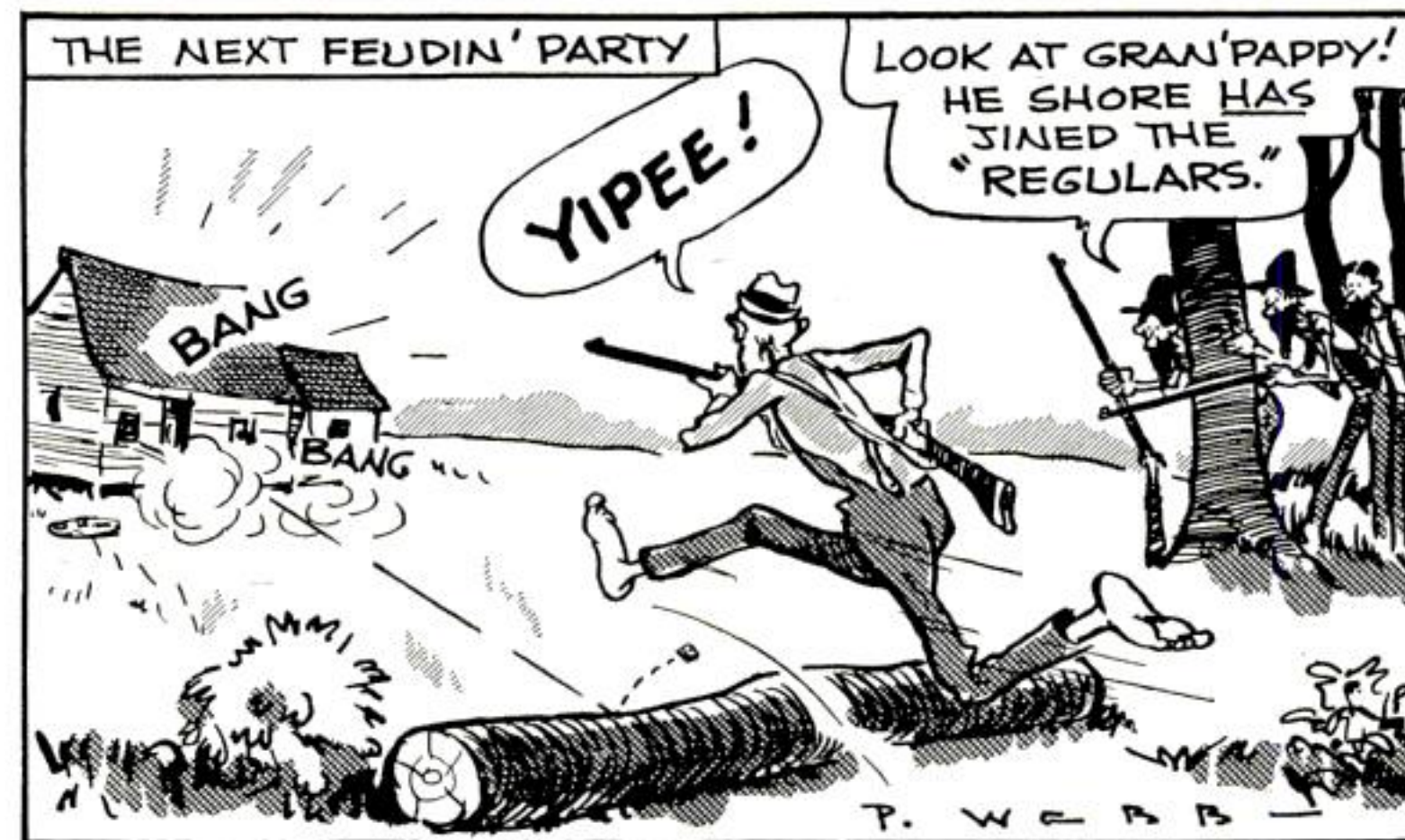
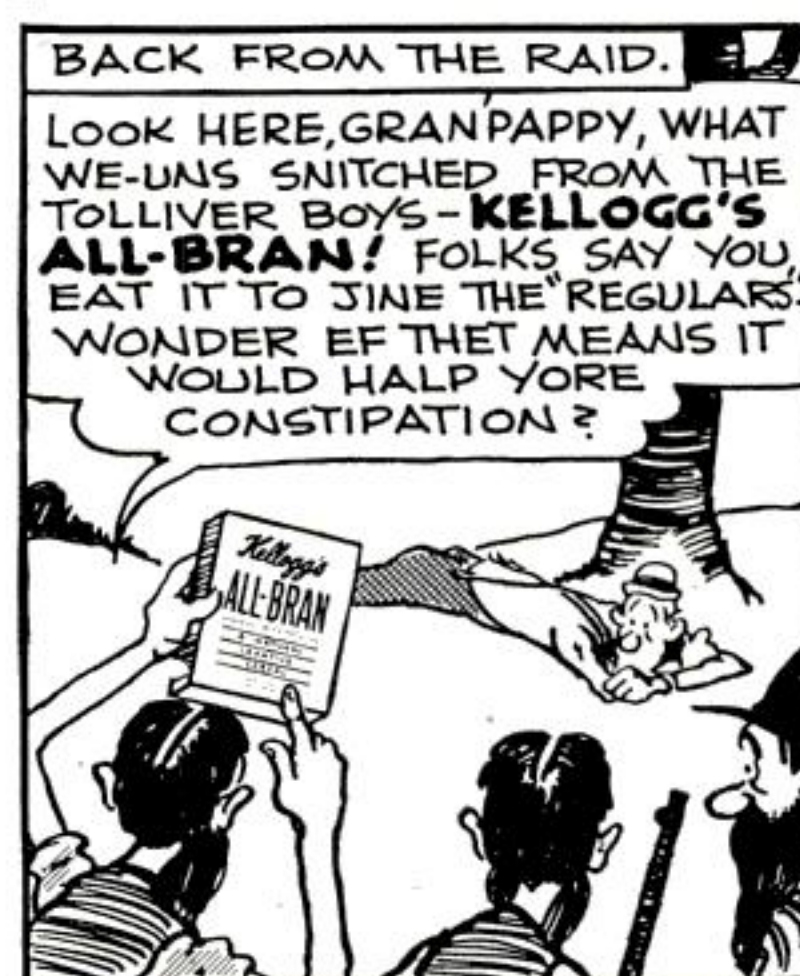
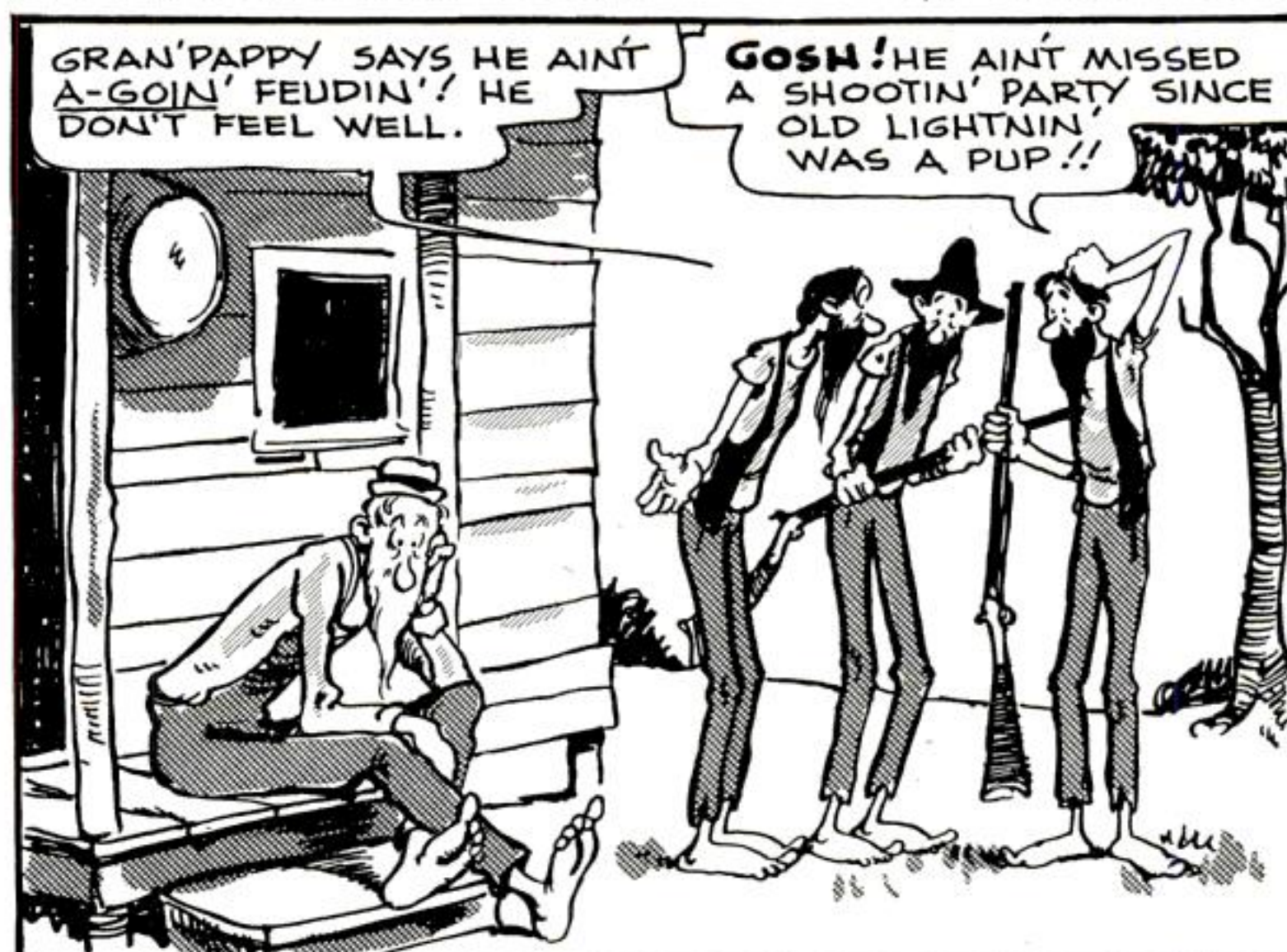
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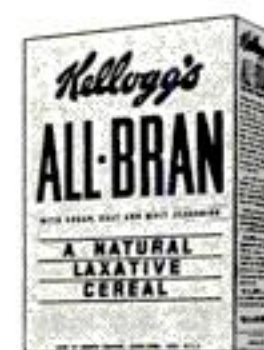
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THE MOUNTAIN BOYS

by PAUL WEBB

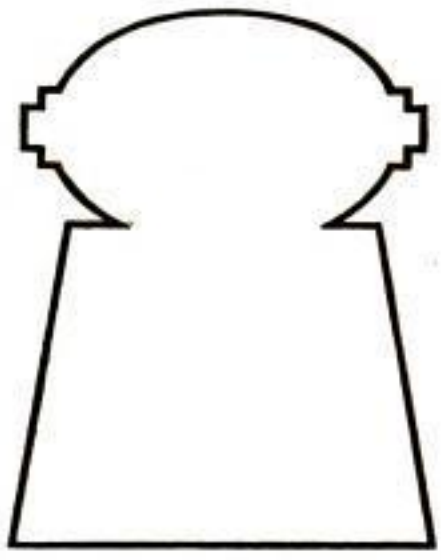


YES, folks, the modern idea about constipation is not to bear it first and try to cure it later. If it's the ordinary kind (due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet), the better way is to prevent it. How? Eat a crisp, bulk-rich cereal—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Eat it daily, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars"! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.



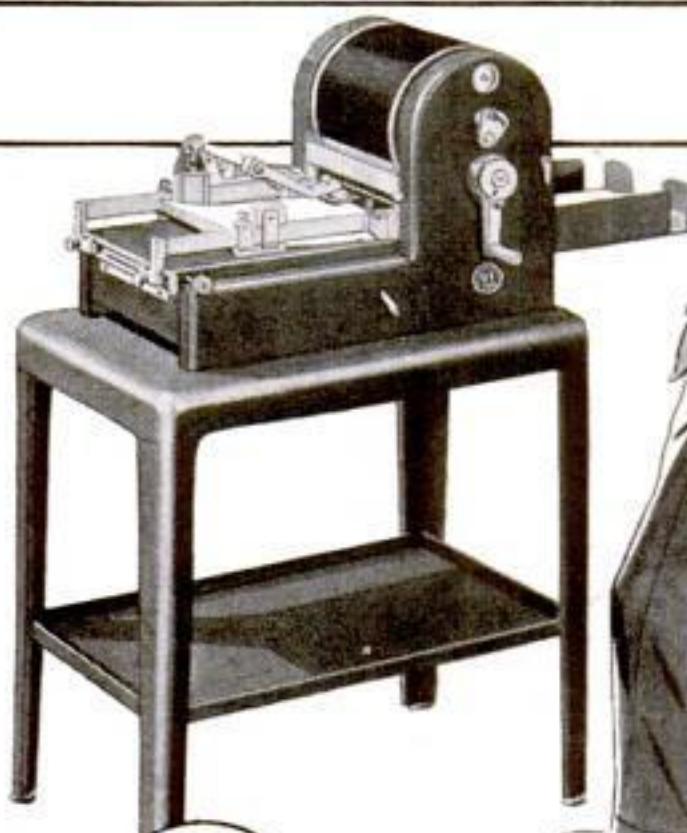
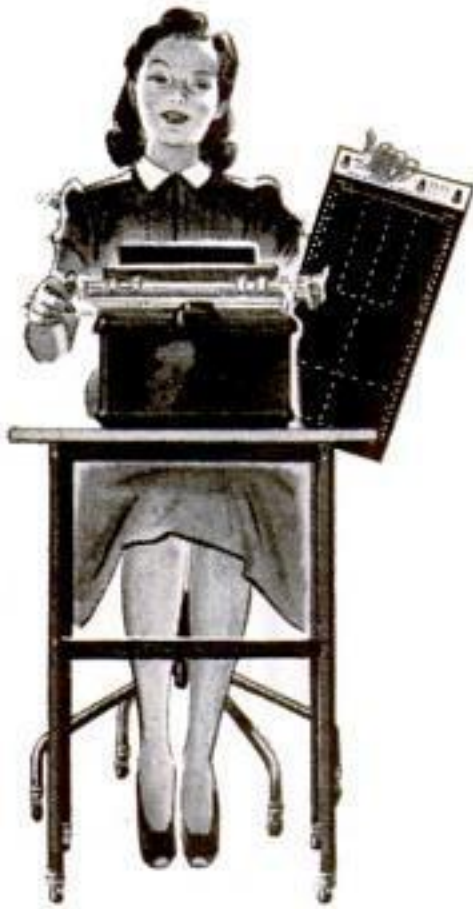
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DEWEY, THE FAMOUS CRIME BUSTER, MAKES TRIUMPHAL TOUR THROUGH THE WEST

One big jump which Thomas E. Dewey has on all the other Presidential candidates, except Franklin D. Roosevelt, is that he is a national celebrity in his own right, fully as famed in every notch and hamlet of the land as Clark Gable, Henry Ford, Charles A. Lindbergh, Joe Louis or Joe DiMaggio. That fact was never better demonstrated than from Feb. 8 to 19, when young Mr. Dewey swung across the West in a 7,500-mile vote-hunting expedition. Bigger than those drawn by any political figure except President Roosevelt, bigger than those drawn by any Republican since 1928, biggest in political history, reported his enthusiastic local backers, were the crowds that turned out all along the way to see & hear New York's famous crime-busting district attorney in person.

At Webster, S. Dak., school children got a half-holiday so that all could be at the station when the great man passed through. At The Dalles, Ore., Judge Fred W. Wilson adjourned court in mid-trial for the same purpose. At Helena, Mont., a dinner for him had to be moved from the small Consistory Temple to the big Civic Center Ballroom when the first 500 tickets were snapped up overnight. At Portland, where he made the most important of his 46 speeches en route, 27,000 applicants for tickets were turned away. Everywhere the crowds pushed forward to press gifts on him—flowers, ten-gallon hats, —and to shake his hand. Most significantly, the youngsters demanded his autograph—a distinction rarely accorded a mere candidate for nomination.

And the West liked him, on inspection. They liked him because he is young and brave and vigorous, a man of action. "Thomas Edmund Dewey is a regular 'he man,'" wrote a Portland *Oregonian* reporter. "He looks a fellow in the eyes during a chat, shakes hands like a blacksmith's helper, and if he doesn't want to answer a question he never hems or haws about it. When Dewey says 'No,' the answer is 'No.'"

They liked him, too, for his fine, deep voice and deft, ringing speeches, for the shrewd way he kept hammering at the New Deal's weak spots (over & over, "the one big issue is 9,000,000 men who can't get jobs after seven New Deal years.") And they liked him especially, in the wide open, forward-looking West, for the challenging message of hope he brought, his repeated affirmation that U. S. stagnation is not permanent, that U. S. growth is not finished, that greater things are yet to come.

All this was enormously impressive to political observers, and especially to Republican bosses who above all want a winning candidate. The Dewey tide was running high. But a rip tide was developing last week, too. Unflattering things which acquaintances have been saying about Mr. Dewey for a long time began appearing in print. Louder & louder grew a solemn question. For all his popularity and vigor, is 37-year-old Mr. Dewey, whose only experience in public office has been as a prosecutor of criminals, provenly much better qualified in any absolute sense to be President of the U. S. than Clark Gable, Henry Ford, Charles A. Lindbergh, Joe Louis or Joe DiMaggio?



Candidate Dewey, with Idaho's Governor Clarence Bottolfson, strides briskly up to the Union Pacific railroad depot in

Boise after a side trip. In the distance, down Capitol Boulevard, is Idaho's State Capitol. Beyond are the Boise Foothills.



WHILE THOUSANDS CHEER, CRITICS SAY "PHOOEY!" TO DEWEY AS PRESIDENT

These are a few highspots of Hero Dewey's triumphal progress through the West. At left: he gets a five-gallon hat at Cheyenne. At right: he gives one of the trip's 15,000 hearty handshakes at Helena. Meantime, as thousands cheered, some New Yorkers who know Mr. Dewey by more than reputation, but have held their fire while he confined his efforts and ambitions to crime-busting, began to open up. Some public comments last week:

Robert Moses, able New York public servant and Republican political scholar, in the *Saturday Evening Post*: "The compelling argument against Mr. Dewey has little to do with his comparative popularity. . . . He has a weakness which might not survive a hot



PORTLAND



SALT LAKE CITY



SPOKANE



BOISE



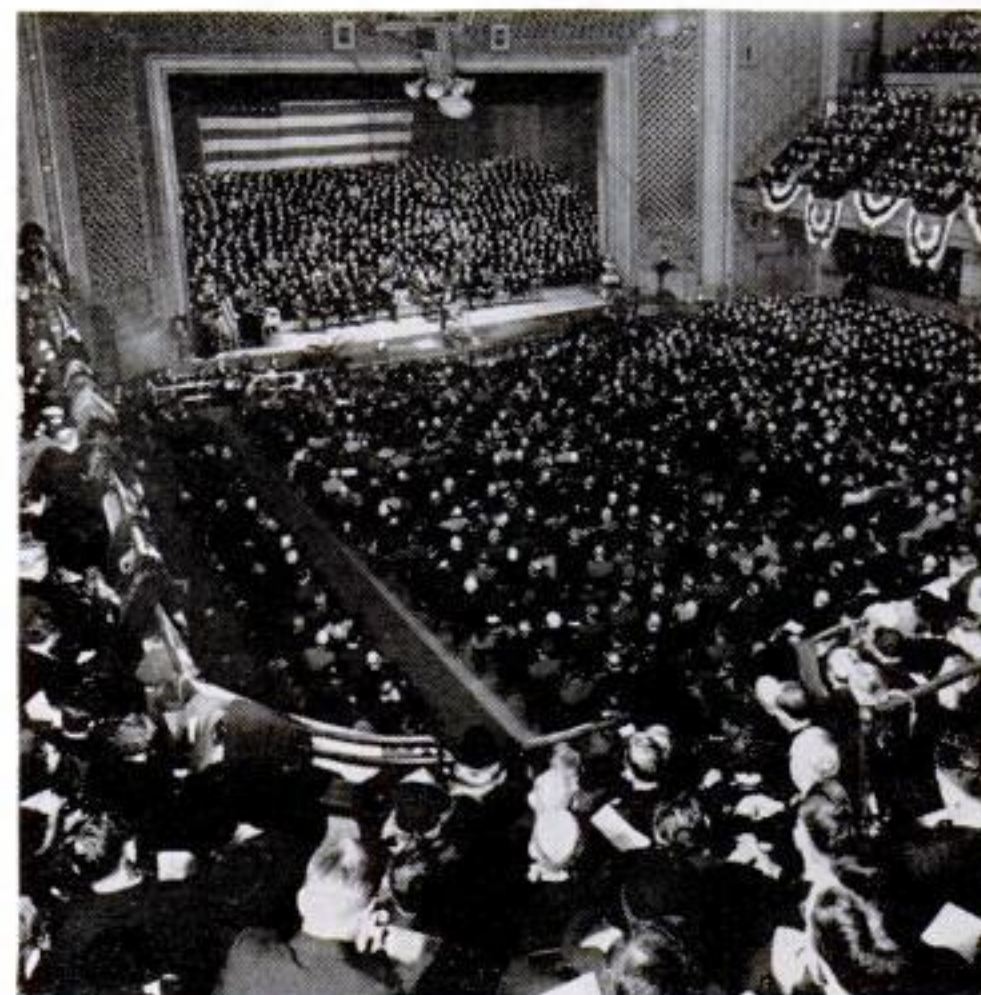
Braving snowstorm at Butte, Mont., Candidate Dewey made one of the 36 railway-station speeches of his Western junket.



A "good-luck book" containing historical pictures and sign language of Montana Indians was given to him at Helena.



A young admirer, Miss Aida Mozzinini, greets the candidate with a bunch of roses at Portland.



8,000 people of Portland hear Thomas Dewey proclaim that the nation has suffered a \$7,000,000,000 "erosion of capital" under the New Deal.



On U.P.'s "Portland Rose" Candidate Dewey puts on his spectacles, works on a speech.



Young autograph hunters besiege the crime-busting hero at La Grande, Ore. He obliges on the chest of his executive assistant, Paul E. Lockwood.

campaign in which no quarter will be given. This weakness lies in the fact, which cannot well be argued or disputed, that he has no manifest experience or probable qualification for the job."

Oswald Garrison Villard, oldtime liberal editor, in the *Nation*: "Mr. Dewey . . . has made an excellent District Attorney. . . . But he has been arrogant, very egotistical, and, if my information is correct, not popular with his own subordinates, for he seeks in every case all the praise for the achievements of his office. . . . He has been extremely high-handed in dealing with witnesses whom he has detained. . . . Some of his acts along this line have been so censurable that representations have been

made in Washington by those who are on the lookout to protect the public from breaches of the Bill of Rights and infringements of civil liberties."

A shotgun blast, but particularly stinging to Mr. Dewey because it came from the colleague who launched his campaign for his first and only elective office, was New York's Mayor LaGuardia's announcement: "I went and saw a movie called *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, and I looked over the present crop of Republican candidates, and I said, 'Phooey!'"

Also last week there appeared for the first time in print (*TIME*) the famous wisecrack made by one of his New York acquaintances: "It's almost impossible to dislike Tom Dewey until you know him well."



Nez Percé Indians put on a dance for Mr. Dewey at Grand Coulee. Their chief refused, however, to take him into the tribe.



Labor leaders gather for a conference with Candidate Dewey in Spokane. The *Oregon Labor Press* (A. F. of L.) denounced him.



Up on a baggage truck hops Mr. Dewey at Pendleton, Ore., famed round-up town, for a 15-minute lambasting of the New Deal.



At Grand Coulee, the candidate inspected the New Deal's biggest dam with its engineer, tactfully approved it as near-finished proj-

ect but angered public power advocates by denouncing "public operation of power projects in competition with private industry."

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Bermuda bayonet story angers U. S.; England puts squeeze on Rumania; Long machine takes licking

On the western flank of the Mannerheim Line, the Russians pushed deep into Finnish defenses. Swinging out on the coastal ice of the Gulf of Finland, they besieged the island fortress of Koivisto and got within a few miles of Viipuri, now reduced from a city of 75,000 people to a front-line shambles. The Finns halted the Russian frontal attack and made the most of Karelian Isthmus geography, which enabled them to shorten their defense line from 70 miles to 55. But the Russians were still advancing.



GUSTAF

The governments of all the countries that might help Finland were standing firm against intervention aid, but in so doing they were bucking a strong tide of public feeling. In Sweden, Premier Per Albin Hansson's blunt refusal to send troops to Finland caused such a bad reaction that King Gustaf had to step in to save the Government. Rebuking his premier for not stating Sweden's case better, the 81-year-old king spoke of the arms and volunteers which Sweden has already sent but declared "with sorrow in my heart" that he must keep Sweden out of this war as he kept it out of the last one. Public feeling was not lessened on Feb. 21 when seven planes dropped bombs on the Swedish border town of Pajala. Swedes were sure the planes were Russian, though Russia denied it.

Sweden fears a German invasion if it goes into the Finnish war, a Russian invasion if it doesn't. Its final decision may well depend on the Allies' decision in the same matter. The "inside story" told last week was that the Finns had obtained a promise of Swedish help if England would help too. After a week's deliberation, Chamberlain decided not to go in, so Sweden refused. Last week, however, Leslie Hore-Belisha, Britain's ousted war secretary, plumped for the fullest aid, "by sea, air and land."

"A Hell of a Note!" Isolationist leaders of Congress licked their chops over the juiciest hate-England story of the war to date. The story concerned the British seizure of U. S. mails at Bermuda and eyewitnesses told it as follows: On Jan. 18, Bermuda censors boarded the Pan American Airways *Clipper* and demanded all its mail. Captain Charles A. Lorber of Baltimore said: "You can't do that. This is a United States vessel," and ordered the censors ashore. At this, the chief censor blew a whistle and a launch filled with marines came out from shore. They carried rifles with fixed bayonets. Captain Lorber submitted to this show of force and the

censors seized half of the *Clipper's* 5,200 lb. of mail.

"This," roared Senator Truman of Missouri, "is a hell of a note!" Other Isolationists were rolling out their heavy artillery when the State Department sought to head them off with a cautious statement that "no mention was made in our reports" of guns or bayonets. British Ambassador Lord Lothian said the bayonet story was "complete eyewash," but eyewitnesses corroborated it and on Feb. 25, Pan American announced it would no longer stop at Bermuda.



LORBER

Just before Washington's Birthday, Lord Lothian sought to make up for recent affronts to the U. S. by advancing the extraordinary theory that Washington was one of the founders of the modern British Empire. This is so, the noble lord said, because Washington's victory ended the stupid policies of George III and his advisers, which might otherwise have lost England the rest of her colonies. Lord Lothian thought this one up while taking a ride around Williamsburg, Va., in a colonial carriage with John D. Rockefeller III and Governor Price of Virginia.

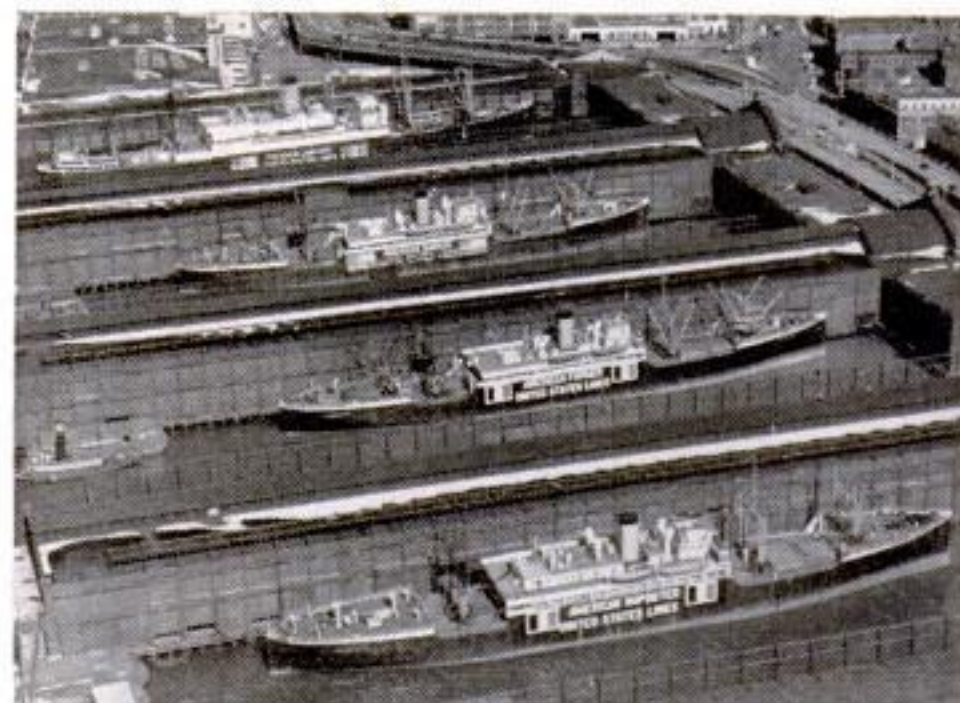
Word-of-the-week was coined by the Royal Air Force. In a memorandum pointing out that Germany's failure to attack had given the Allies time to build up their strength, the R. A. F. thanked Hitler for waging a "Sitzkrieg."



JONES

Long Machine Out. Four years after Huey Long's death, Louisiana at last got rid of the political machine that Huey built. Huey's noisy little brother Earl put up a hard fight to keep the governorship but the cloud of graft and corruption that hung over the Long machine was too much for him. He lost by 20,000 votes to Sam Houston Jones. Out with Long went most of the State officials and a majority of the "potato legislature." ("I buy them like sacks of potatoes," Huey used to boast.)

Oil Squeeze. To keep Rumania from making good on its promise to ship Germany 1,680,000 tons of oil this year, England has been quietly but firmly applying an economic squeeze. First the British withdrew all licenses for exports to Rumania. Then cargo ships bound for Rumania were held up at British control ports. This caused such a shortage of metals and rubber that Rumania's only tire factory had to shut down and the Army was handicapped. After a few weeks of this, Rumania cried "enough" and last week gave her word that the British, French and neutral companies, which control 80% of Rumanian oil production, will not be forced to ship any oil to Germany. This triumph for the British blockade so angered Germany that Dr. Karl Clodius, ace economic fixer, was sent posthaste to Bucharest.

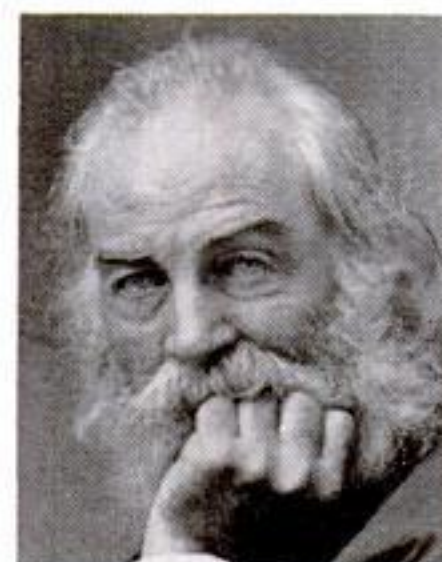


AMERICAN SHIPS SOLD TO BELGIUM

Under new flags. Side by side at adjoining docks in Hoboken lay four of the biggest U. S. ships laid up by the Neutrality Act. Along came painters one day last week, painted out the Stars and Stripes and painted in the tricolor of Belgium. They had finished two ships when the picture above was taken. These ships and four others, all belonging to the U. S. Lines, had just been sold to a Belgian syndicate to trade between the U. S. and Belgian, French and English ports. While Germany fumed at Belgium for conspiring with the U. S. to circumvent the Neutrality Act in the Allies' favor, the new owners gave Belgian city names to three of the four ships: for the American Importer: *Ville de Gand*; for the American Farmer: *Ville de Liège*; for the American Banker: *Ville d'Anvers*.

The \$4,000,000 or so which the U. S. ships brought last week, a fat price for vessels 15 to 20 years old, will go towards new ships when the war is over.

Rejected Whitman. The Walt Whitman Society of America released for the first time a picture which it said was the poet's favorite portrait of himself.



WHITMAN

Taken in 1872, it shows Whitman with his whiskery chin in his hand, looking thoughtful. The Whitman Society had saved the picture especially for the new Walt Whitman 5¢ stamp that the Post Office issued last week. But the Post Office turned it down in favor of a picture showing Whitman with his hat on.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

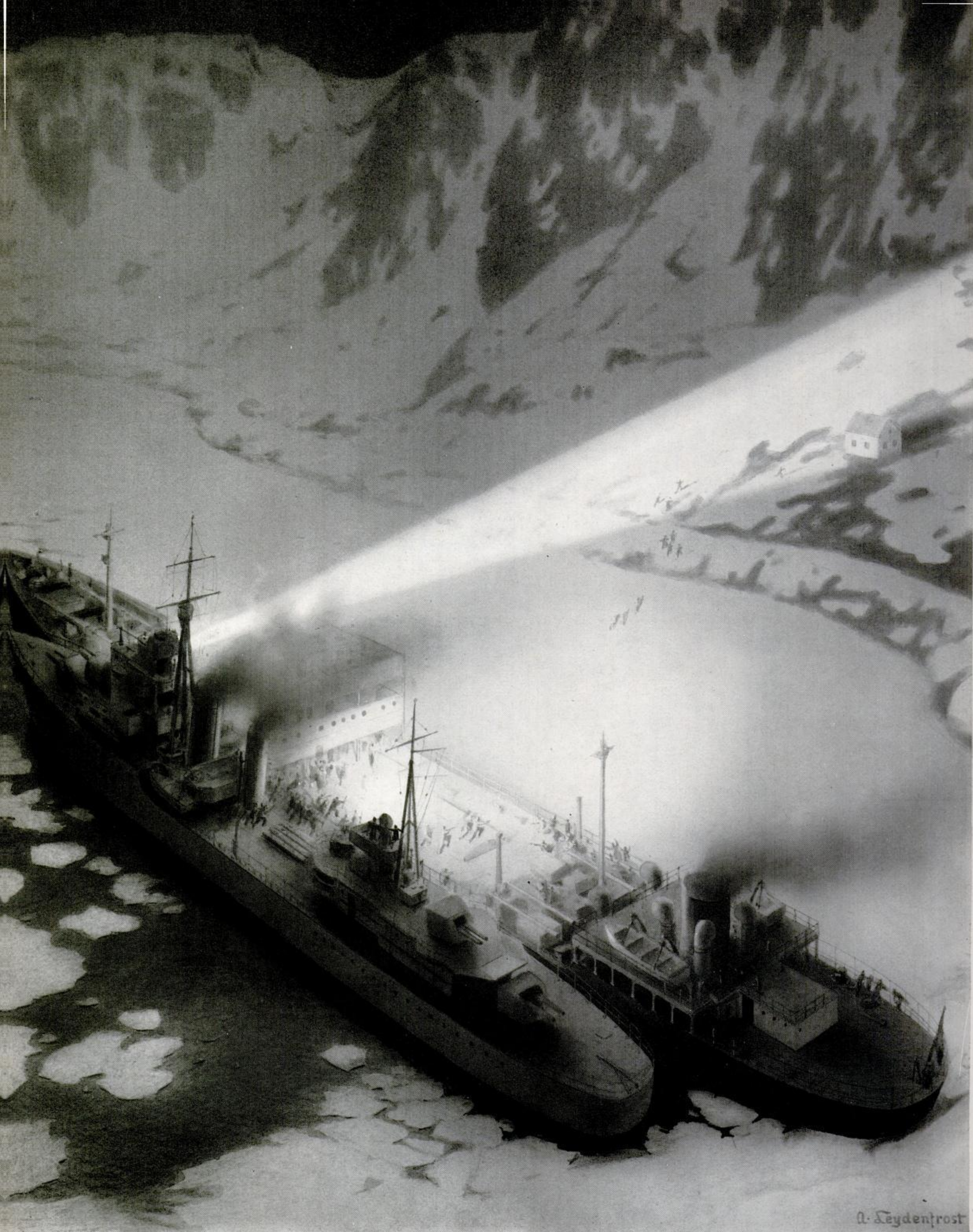
Soccer is the national sport of Argentina. Important matches draw crowds of 150,000 fans who sometimes cascade out of their seats and storm erring players in the field. It was a serious matter, therefore, when José Molina, goalkeeper of the Cordoba team, muffed a surprise kick from midfield in a championship game against Santa Fé a fortnight ago. Crowds in the 80,000-seat Buenos Aires stadium (second largest in Argentina), gasped when they saw the ball arch unexpectedly past Molina into the goal. Then they saw Molina burst into tears, hurl himself to the ground and start chewing dirt. Behind Molina in the picture opposite, you see a teammate tearing his hair. Despite Molina's error, his team won 2-1.



ROCKEFELLER, PRICE, LORD LOTHIAN



Soccer goalie bites the dust in Buenos Aires championship



In Jösing Fiord, bright with searchlights on snow, occurred the battle of the *Altmark* and the *Cossack* at 11 p. m., Feb. 16. The British destroyer trailed the German up the narrow gap

in the cliffs, maneuvered out of the way when the *Altmark*, six times the weight of the *Cossack*, tried to ram it ashore, and then boarded the *Altmark*. At this point in a blaze of

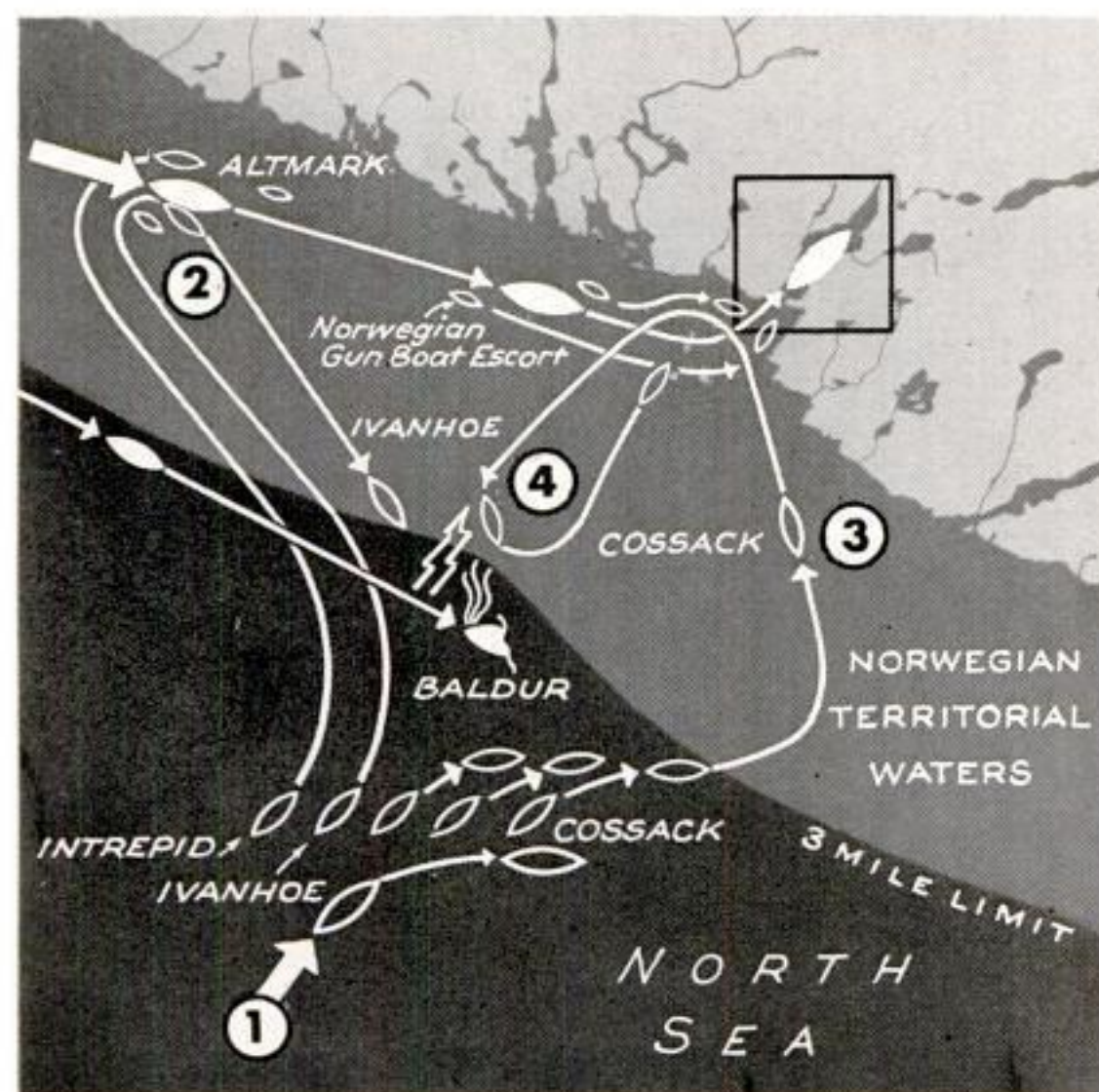
gunfire, the British leap the 8 ft. down to the *Altmark*'s deck, mow down ten German seamen, seize the bridge. Germans flee across 4-in. ice. British prisoners below decks yell for joy.

ALTMARK AND COSSACK

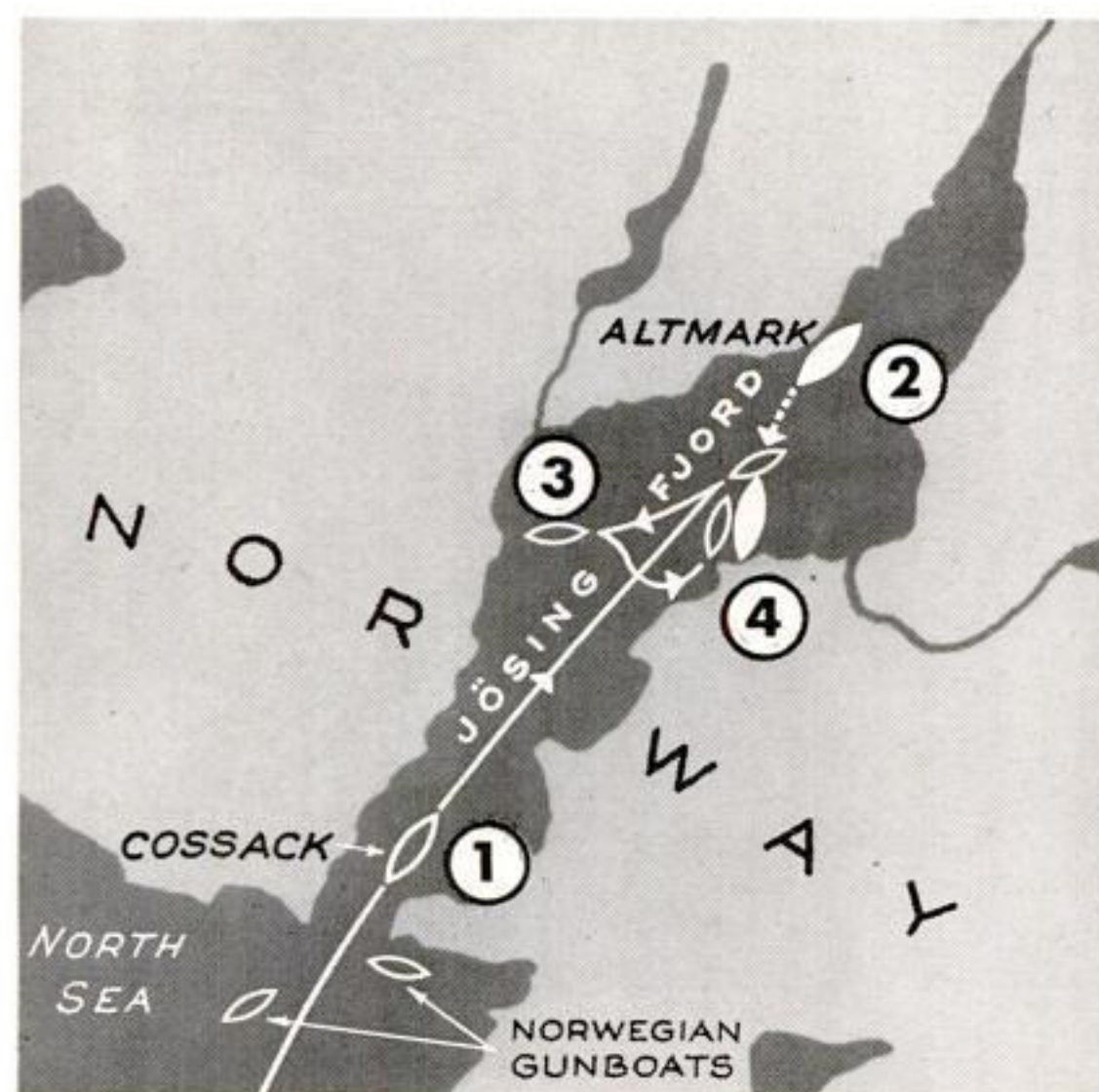
A BRITISH DESTROYER INVADES NORWAY TO RESCUE SEAMEN FROM GERMAN PRISON SHIP



A covered seaway for German ships is Norway's steep, island-dotted, fiord-broken coastline. On Feb. 16, a British plane spots *Altmark*, calls up a "conveniently disposed" British patrol of five destroyers and cruiser. Norwegian gunboats accompany the mysterious *Altmark*.



Striking for the kill, British patrol (1) intercepts *Altmark* and Norwegian gunboat guard (2). They are warned off, catch German tanker *Baldur*, which scuttles itself. Destroyer *Cossack* makes another try (3), turns back, gets "go-ahead" order from British Admiralty (4).



On Admiralty's orders to take the *Altmark*'s British prisoners with or without Norway's permission, the *Cossack* after dark slips past the Norwegian gunboats into Jösing Fjord (1), is almost rammed by 12,000 ton *Altmark* (2), dodges (3), grapples and boards the *Altmark* (4).

Hard luck for Britain is the fact that the coast of Norway with its steep, fiord-wrinkled shore is as good as a covered seaway for German ships sneaking in or out of German waters. Down this protected sea lane from the Arctic in mid-February skittered a big gray tanker bearing the foot-high letters ALTMARK. Unknown to the world, the eyes of three governments watched her. The Norwegian Government, still nervous over having seized the American *City of Flint* last November from a German prize crew (see pp. 78-85 for the complete story of the "Flint's" captain), had no wish to be reminded that the *Altmark* was carrying below deck 299 British merchant seamen captured by the German pocket battleship, *Admiral Graf Spee*, before she was defeated off South America. Anyway, the law was on Norway's side because a belligerent ship carrying only defensive weapons may take its time carrying war prisoners through neutral waters and, if it is not a merchantman, the neutral government need not search it.

More frantic were the thoughts of the British Admiralty. Having gloriously beaten the *Spee*, they had visions of 299 British seamen being paraded abjectly through German cities, just as though the *Spee* had won. Furthermore there were horrid stories of German mistreatment and brutality toward these British civilians packed into the *Altmark*'s hold. These thoughts finally overcame Britain's respect for Norway's sovereignty in its own territorial waters. This briefly was the law and morality of what instantly became the *Altmark* incident.

A swarm of British destroyers from the North Sea Patrol swooped down on the *Altmark*, now

accompanied by two Norwegian gunboats. The Norwegians told the British craft to get out. They did so until nightfall. Then, on new orders from the Admiralty, the British destroyer *Cossack* invited the senior Norwegian officer to accompany a boarding party to search the *Altmark* for British prisoners. Protesting the illegality of such action, he agreed to go along. It was a moonlight night when the *Cossack* followed the *Altmark* into a frozen dead-end fiord, breaking a 4-in. crust of ice. It pretended for a time to be Norwegian. Suddenly the *Altmark* came full speed astern, trying to crush the *Cossack*, which nimbly dodged and let the *Altmark* run aground.

The *Cossack* came alongside. A wave of Britons poured over the side. Somebody started firing and bullets swept both ships and shore. A British officer rushed to the *Altmark* bridge and signaled "full astern," further grounding the ship. The Norwegian observer angrily returned to his own ship in the midst of the fighting. Some of the Germans crossing the ice to the shore ran ten miles inland. The British opened the hatches, led the prisoners aboard the *Cossack*, carried them back to Scotland where they were welcomed as heroes.

On straight international law the British had clearly committed a crime against Norway. But the world was in no mood to resent an incident that made law-breaking Nazi Germany squawk about "a state of lawlessness among the community of nations." But the theory that Nazi criminality in international affairs justifies an official British crime against a friendly neutral was instantly rejected by all neutrals, even the Belgians. Nevertheless, Britain refused to apologize to Norway or return the prisoners.

"ALTMARK" LIES IN JÖSING FJORD, EIGHT OF ITS CREW DEAD AND BLOODSTAINS ON THE ICE



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND RELAX FROM WAR DUTIES AT "FUNNY SIDE UP"



Perched high in the royal box at His Majesty's Theatre in London recently, King George and Queen Elizabeth enjoyed a new revue called *Funny Side Up*. Since the war began, it was one of their few moments of relaxation from dutifully visiting hospitals,

air-raid precaution posts, training camps, factories, recruiting centers. The King felt fine, having thrown off a cold that had bothered him earlier in the winter.

Seated beside them in the royal box were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Directly beneath them,

in a lower box, were the King's youngest brother, the Duke of Kent (*right*), his pretty Greek-born wife and her cousin, Prince Philippe of Greece. Now 18 and a cadet in the British Royal Navy, Prince Philippe is an intimate friend of beautiful Cobina Wright



Jr., American society singer (LIFE, May 29, 1939).

On the stage the royal party saw a gay wartime revue starring Florence Desmond (*right*), famed as a mimic of Hollywood personalities, and Stanley Lupino (*left*), whose pancake hat and wrinkled trou-

sers have made him a popular comedian in England. Together they brought down the house when they sang tunes from the last War.

True to his dislike of kingly fanfare, George VI was dressed modestly in a naval uniform, which was

scarcely distinguishable from the uniforms worn by his brother Kent, by the men in the audience or by one of the actors on the stage. The royal ladies wore dinner dresses. Only the Duke of Gloucester, who serves as a major general in the Army, wore tuxedo.



↑ **"Exeter" funnel** still shows the marks of *Admiral Graf Spee's* shell splinters. Big jagged ones are where the splinters came out, the neat round ones where they went in. Rear Admiral Harwood, hero of the battle, returned to work in the South Atlantic.

↓ **Welcomers of "Exeter"** are (from left) Chancellor of Exchequer Simon, First Sea Lord Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, Winston Churchill and Plymouth's Commander, Admiral Sir Dunbar-Nasmith, hero of World War I, who ran a submarine through Dardanelles.



BRITISH HEROES

THE HOME FRONT ACCLAIMS

MEN OF "AJAX" AND "EXETER"

The young man at right, who, between his parents, is taking the cheers of his neighbors, is a brand-new British hero. His name is Frederick Nay and he is 19. He served in the control tower of the British cruiser *Ajax* when that warship, with the *Exeter* and the *Achilles*, drove the German pocket battleship, *Admiral Graf Spee*, into the Plate River off Montevideo last December. The neighbors had prepared a much bigger welcome for Frederick but he got caught in the London blackout and missed it. Last week the British Government wisely made haste to give hero-hungry Britons their fill of heroes like Frederick Nay.

Both the *Ajax* and the *Exeter*, battle-scarred heroes of the *Spee* battle, put in at Plymouth's naval base of Devonport. The *Exeter* arrived with patched holes showing through its fresh paint, its depleted crew dressing ship and a cheerleader atop a turret. First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill stood on a chair on the quarter deck and made the ship's company a rousing speech about Drake and Raleigh. A canary hatched from egg laid during the Battle of the Plate was raffled off and the *Exeter's* yellow tomat mascot strolled ashore.

On Feb. 23 all London went wild when the *Ajax* and *Exeter* crews paraded and 131 of them were honored by King George VI, with the recurrent phrase, "Beyond all praise." One widow came for her late husband's medal. The bands played *Hearts of Oak* and Churchill outdid himself in naval oratory. Cried he:

"The warriors of the past may look down on us now, as Nelson's memorial looks down on us now, without any feeling that the island race has lost its daring or that the examples they have set in bygone centuries have faded as generations succeeded one another.

"To the glorious action on the Plate, there was recently added an epilogue—the rescue last week by the *Cossack* and her flotilla, under the noses of the enemy, amid tangles of one-sided neutrality—the rescue of British captives taken by the sunken German raider.

"Their rescue, at the very moment when those unhappy men were about to be delivered over to indefinite German bondage, proves that the long arm of British sea power can be stretched out not only for foes but also for faithful friends." (See pp. 24-25.)

Observers noted that "the sailors looked shy and the captains self-conscious." Seamen of the *Ajax* squadron had fraternized in Buenos Aires bars with the German crew of the sunken *Graf Spee*, found them not such a bad lot.



Battle honors on the *Ajax* after-turret get addition, "The Plate," for *Spee's* defeat. Previous victories are for ships of same name.



吴佩孚

PEKING GIVES WU PEI-FU, CHINA'S HONEST WAR LORD, A FINE PRINCELY FUNERAL



MARSHAL WU PEI-FU

On Dec. 4, Marshal Wu Pei-fu, China's only honest war lord, died mysteriously in Peking, just after he had refused to be a Japanese puppet. On Jan. 24, the day being judged favorable for such an event, Wu was given the most impressive funeral ever seen in republican China.

The funeral took 200 people nearly two months to prepare, nearly all day to run off through the streets of Peking and cost 20,000 Chinese dollars (\$1,400). It called for the meticulous preparation of paper facsimiles of nearly everything he owned: cars, motorcycles, bodyguards, beds, as well as things he had long since lost, like soldiers and gold and silver ingots. All these were carried in the procession and burned afterward, in the consciously humorous thought that perhaps Wu might be able to use them in heaven. There is no sure heaven in Buddhism but like any cautious Chinese, Wu tried to arrange to get into any heaven there may be, Buddhist, Taoist or Lamaist. The funeral cortege marched in bitter cold and stopped to drink tea at intervals. The number of carriers for the catafalque was raised to 80, a number once reserved for imperial princes. Half a dozen bands played.

Wu was the strongest power in China, off and on, between 1918 and 1927. If an old-style war lord could have united China then, Wu would have done it. He was the only one who was personally fearless and incorruptible, who never offered or accepted a bribe. A little, brown-eyed, mild-mannered man, he had absolutely no personal ambition but he could be ruthless toward his enemies. His only vices were love of gold plate and strong liquor. He preferred true friends to good laws, a poem to an economic program.

Defeat came to him at last, by treachery, and his power was broken by Chiang Kai-shek. Wu did not flee to a foreign concession. Instead he retired to a monastery and later to Peking where he lived out his life writing such poems as: *Death to our Oppressors. Should I too die, let me enter the Spirit Gates with fearless integrity, not as a ghost which shrank at death. This has fate decreed to me, alone.*

The fate he actually got was a little Japanese general who tried to persuade him to become Japan's chief puppet in conquered China. After the general had threatened to commit hara-kiri in Wu's front court in Peking, Wu agreed to pass the buck to Buddha. He prayed before an urn in which had been put slips giving possible courses of action, then reached in. But his own attendants, bribed by the general, had filled the urn with only one answer. It read: "Emerge and save your people; otherwise you might meet unexpected mishaps."

On reading this Wu Pei-fu flew into a rage and cried, "The answer is still no!" Two days later he got a "toothache." Two weeks later he was dead.



Eighty palbearers, rather than the 64 usually reserved for war lords, carry Wu's catafalque past Coal Hill be-

hind Forbidden City. The monogram says "Buddha." Arch says: "Ancestors' heaven brightens the realm."



Wu's friends, robed in mourning white and chrysanthemum button-holes, hold onto rope and carry sprays

supposed to represent snow. Because of Peking's January cold, some wear scarfs and Mongolian fur hats.

HIS MOURNERS FURNISH WU'S HEAVEN WITH THESE DUMMIES MADE OF PAPER



His car, an old De Soto, has been copied in paper, complete with paper chauffeur and footman inside, and is carried in the procession.



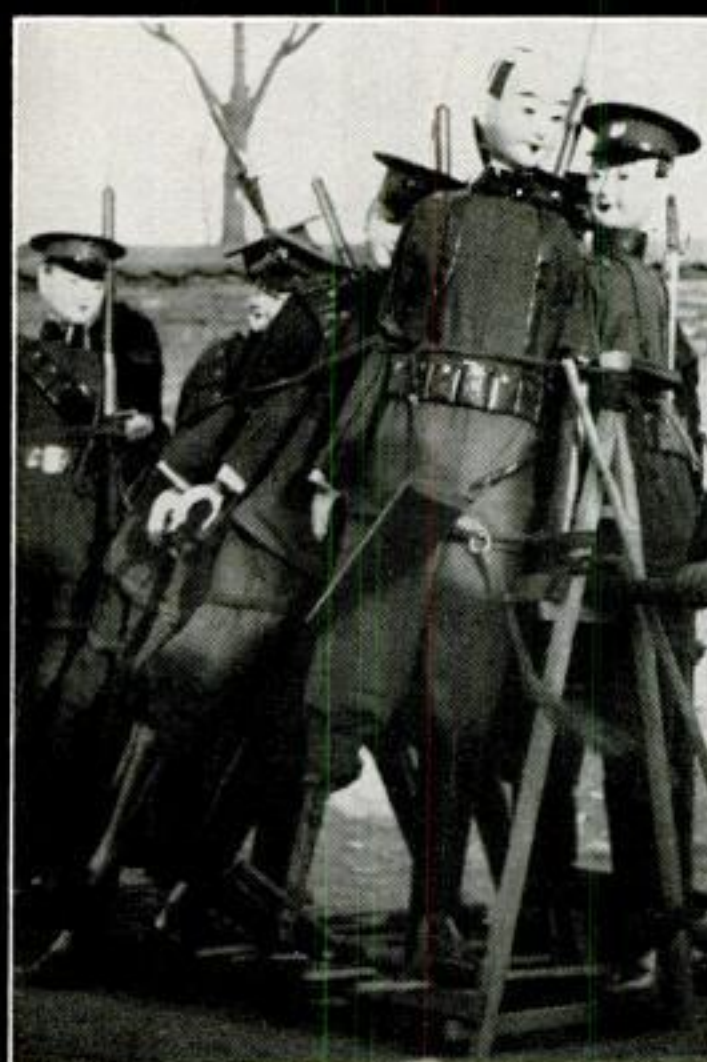
His cavalymen mounted on fuzzy little Mongol ponies are of paper too. At far right is "golden horse of wealth" carrying paper bullion.



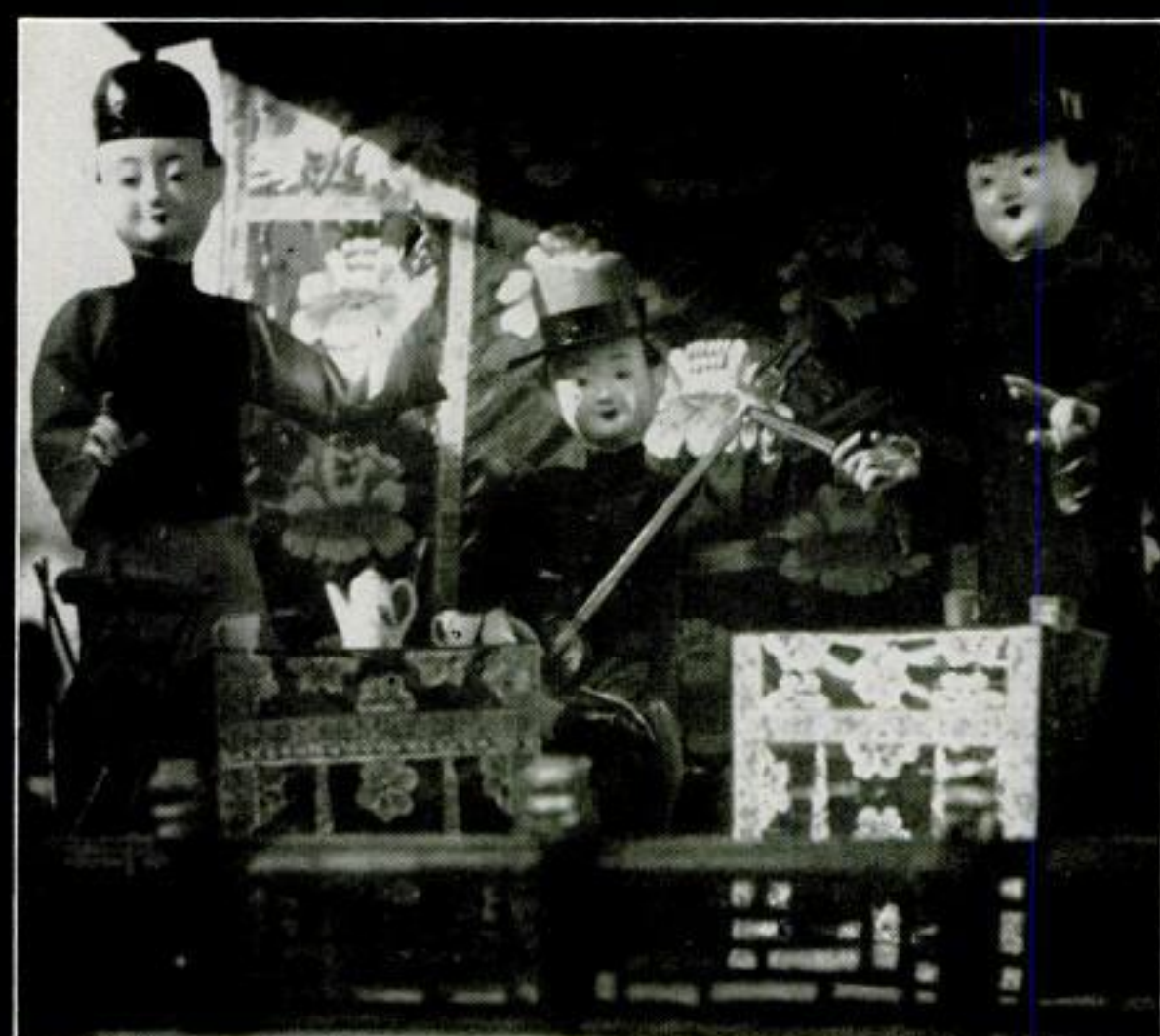
His sword of cardboard is here carried by a young kinsman in a glow of pride.



His bodyguard, smartly uniformed in paper, ride a paper motorcycle with a cardboard machine-gun on side car and paper tires.



His army is a perfect imitation, even to cartridge belts and cardboard stump legs.



His private theater includes drummer, guitarist and narrator, and stage embroidered with almond flowers and peonies. Notice the foreign hats.

WU'S FUNERAL PAYS OFF DEVILS AND GODS IN BLIZZARD OF FAKE MONEY



Rope of imitation money is carried by expert thrower to placate hostile gods and devils.



Into the air along line of march goes a blizzard of imitation paper money. The cowled figure at the left is one of hundreds of Buddhist monks.



Children scabble for paper with which Wu's cortege has bought from the other-world its passage through Peking.



"Prince of Lo," says plaque, "who illuminated the cold world." Lo is old name for Wu's province of Shantung.



Wu's portrait is carried. Other scrolls said, "Riches could not tempt him; power could not subdue him."



Guardian god of Buddhists outside his house has a Mongol face and chain armor. It is made of wood.



Wu's womenfolk ride in white-draped sedan chairs. Carrier is lighting pipe from pouch. Wu left a widow and several concubines, an adopted son, two grandsons.



A real Mongol pony found the long march in the bitter cold too tough, fell in his shafts. Wu's funeral party lasted all day, and was an ordeal for man and beast.



End of the funeral was this bonfire in which paper car, cavalry, sword, motorcycles, soldiers, theater, bullion, and gray stallion, all burned merrily to ashes, thus

effectually transporting them to heaven, in case there should be a heaven, for Wu Pei-fu's use through all eternity. If there is no heaven, no harm is done.

Helen wants good shoe looks
 Ellen wants good shoe feel
 You get both in_____



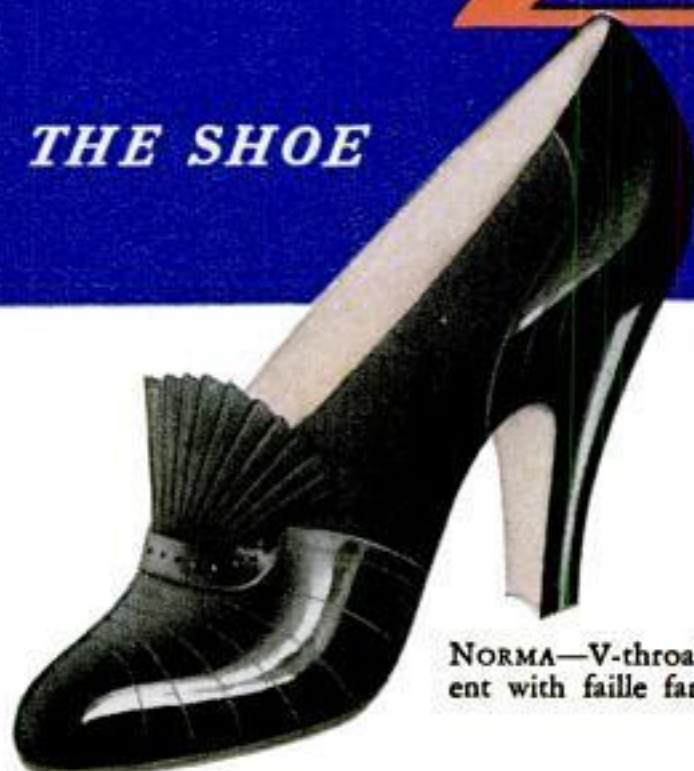
Air Step

THE SHOE

WITH THE MAGIC SOLE



ROBERTA—with new
"lace paper" cut out toe



NORMA—V-throat patent
with faille fan-pleat



SWING HIGH—you'll like
its foot-slimming way



SMART—there's news in
its airy, opened-up look

\$6.00
 Some Styles
 Slightly Higher



DELHI—with that
open-on-the-top look



BANCROFT—a fine "walker"
—fine town and country shoe

LOOK a second time at these Air Steps. What you see is a look of lightness—the gay, graceful lightness that makes a shoe feminine. What you don't see (because it is a deep-inside secret of designing) is an exclusive kind of construction that makes a light-and-dainty shoe as cushion-y and comfortable on grim pavements as a bare foot on grass. Air Steps have a Magic Sole, a shock-absorbing honeycomb of air cells, designed-in and hidden away. It takes up the jolts; smooths out the bumps. Keeps your feet so rested—and your nerves so soothed—that you're always "Fresh at Five". For name of a nearby Air Step store, write BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis.



Fresh at Five... Put on a pair of Air Steps and step your hardest on a pebble. Where a lump should be, ground feels smooth. The Magic Sole is the shock-absorber that takes the punishment, instead of feet.

"I'm the gal who knows her beans!"



1. I've always been a ninny in the kitchen. So you can imagine how nervous I was when Joe sat down to the first dinner I ever cooked. But as he started on the lima

beans, a far-away look came into his eyes. And I knew I made a hit. "Sugar," he said, "am I dreaming! Or did you really pick these limas off a vine!!!"



2. Even if I say so myself, those limas were really *delish!* Teeny, tender little things so fresh-looking you'd have sworn a farmer had just picked 'em. I told Joe they were the New Birds Eye Quick-Frozen Lima Beans everybody was raving about. And that swell, garden-fresh flavor was something we could enjoy every day of the year!



3. You should have seen Joe's face. He wanted to know how anybody could turn out such tender, farm-fresh vegetables in winter. So in my best know-it-all manner I told him that Birds Eye picks these limas at the season's peak, and *seals* in the freshness only four hours after picking... by Quick-Freezing. (My, did I sound smart!)

4. "Gosh, Sugar," says Joe, "those limas must cost plenty!" But in two seconds I proved that Birds Eye Limas really *cost less*. "They come all shelled," I told him. "So I didn't have to pay for any pods." I showed him how one box of already-shelled Birds Eye Limas was equal to two pounds of limas in the pod.



5. "And, Precious," I went on, "don't think it wasn't a treat to buy limas all shelled and washed for me! All I had to do was dump the limas into the boiling water... saving me 30 minutes' kitchen work."



6. Joe looked at me sort of proud. "Sugar," he said (Joe always calls me Sugar), "Sugar, you sure know your beans! If those Birds Eye folks put out other foods as good as these limas, let's try them all!" (As though he needed to tell *me* that!)



7. Where can you buy these glorious foods? ... You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these wonderful foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only the *top* quality in quick-frozen foods. Therefore, be sure you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

Here are a few of these luscious foods:

Ocean-Fresh Flounder Fillets	Delicious Cauliflower Tips
Fancy Fresh Scallops	Broccoli (Tender Green Shoots)
Real, Down-East Lobster Meat	Roasting Chickens (All cleaned)
Tender Green Asparagus Tips	Garden-Fresh Peas (All shelled)
Luscious Ripe Red Raspberries	Blueberries (for Desserts or Pies)

And there are more than 50 others—all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today!

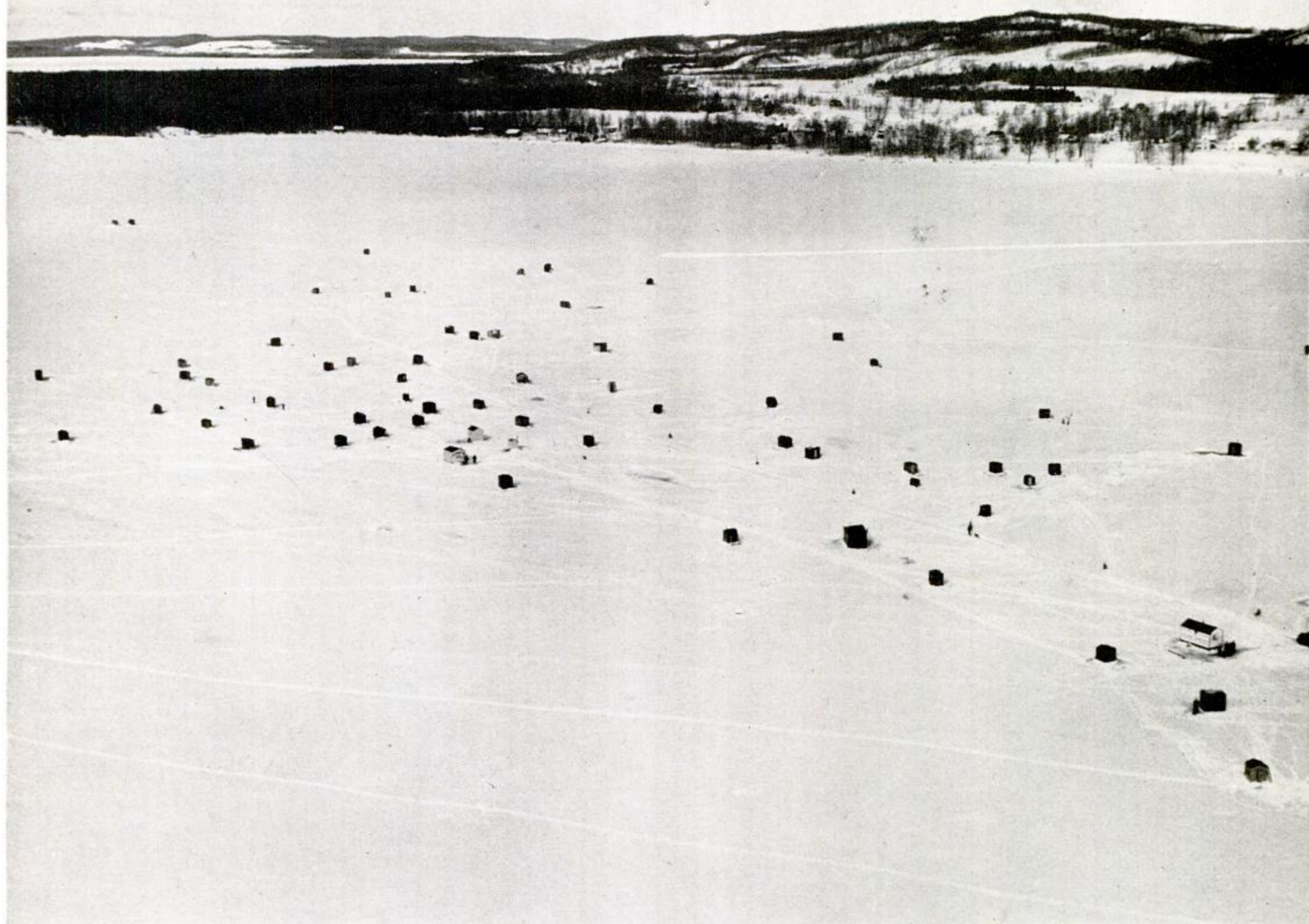
FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES

For more information about them, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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SMELT FISHERMEN BUILD CITY ON ICE



SMELTANIA IS ON LAKE CHARLEVOIX, MICH., A MILE OFF-SHORE. IT NEVER LOOKS THE SAME TWICE BECAUSE SMELT FISHERMEN'S SHANTIES MOVE ABOUT ON RUNNERS

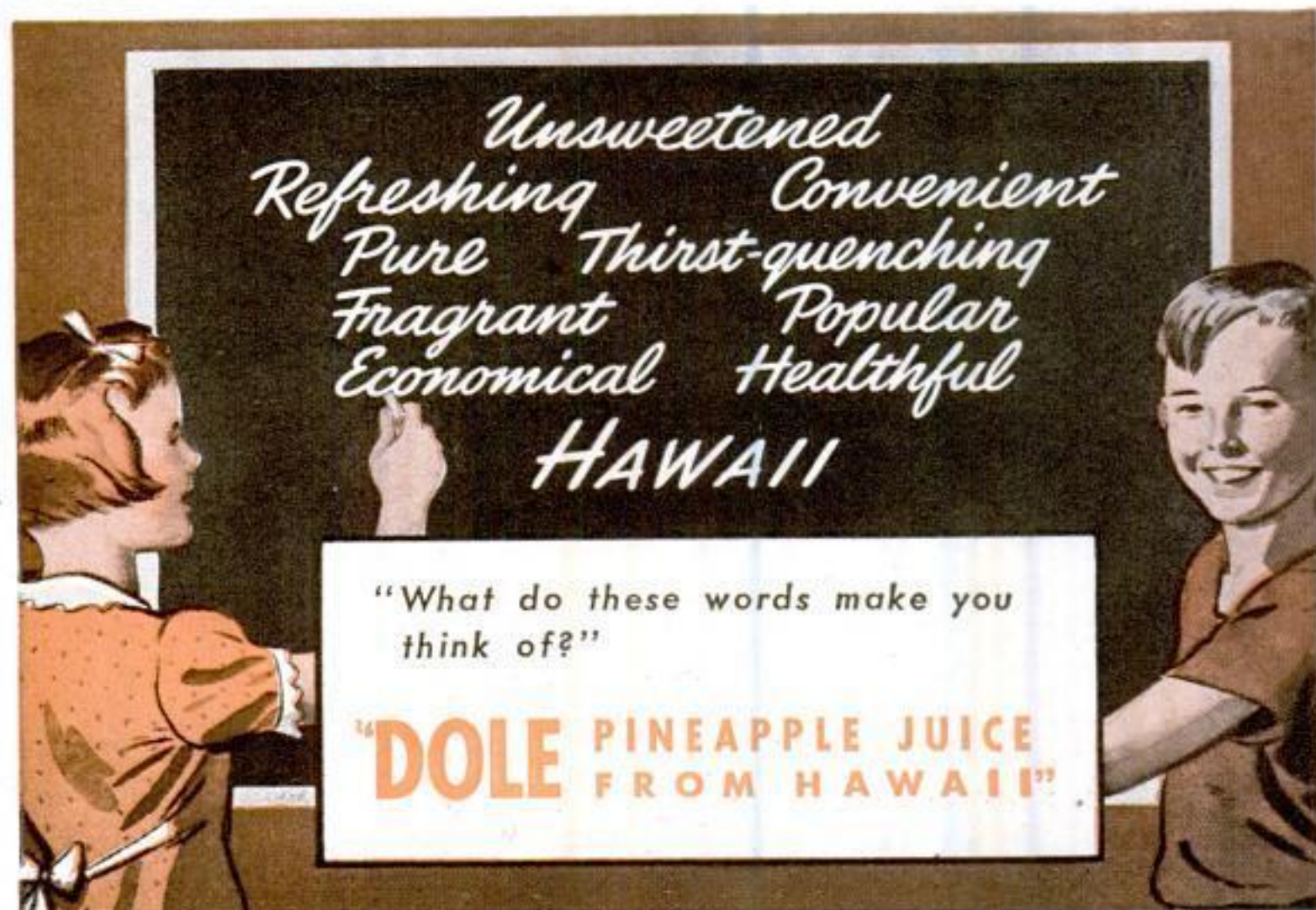


Smeltania's city hall is headquarters for "Mayor" Smith, elected by the fishermen last year, and "City Manager" Shealler, who settle fishing disputes, decide when ice is safe.

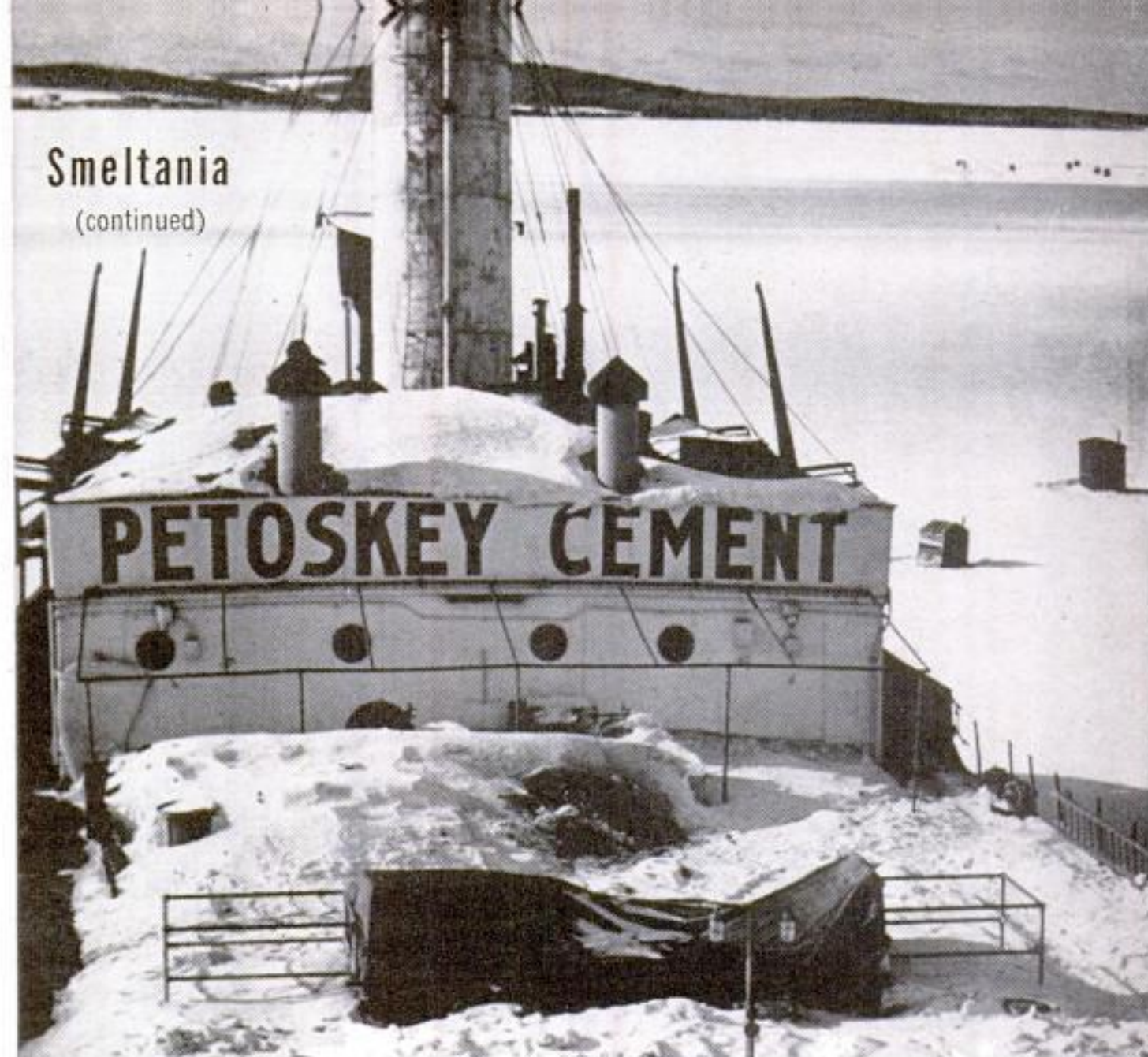
Smeltania boasts that it is the only city on ice in the world. Its residents are some 500 smelt fishermen who defy the biting winter wind inside their movable, stove-heated shanties. Picking out good fishing spots on the advice of canny Mayor Bill Smith, Smeltania's squatters cut holes through the foot-thick ice of Lake Charlevoix, fish with small hook and line some 40 or 50 ft. deep, frequently catch as many as 300 smelts a day.

Smeltania exists only because the Michigan fish-and-game commission made an ichthyological error by placing Maine smelt, commonly a salt-water fish, in Michigan waters as food for its newly stocked salmon. Unexpectedly, the salmon vanished, but the smelts have been multiplying so furiously ever since that the annual Michigan catch runs to more than 1,000,000 lb.

The prolific smelts have brought new prosperity to the 2,650 citizens of the summer fishing resort of Boyne City, on the shore of Lake Charlevoix. As soon as thick ice forms, out pushes Smeltania, made up of some 300 wooden shanties. Smelts generally run 4 to 8 in. long and sell for 1¢ each, sufficient to mean a living for many Boyne City natives. More elaborate shanties are also rented to visiting sportsmen at \$1.75 a day, bringing many hardy souls from Detroit and Grand Rapids. The season lasts until about the third week in March, when the ice breaks up. Woe betide the Smeltanian who forgets to move before the spring thaw. Shortly afterward, on March 30, comes Boyne City's greatest annual celebration, the smelt "run," when the fish swim upstream to spawn and are caught by the hundreds in nets during the night by throngs of fishermen.



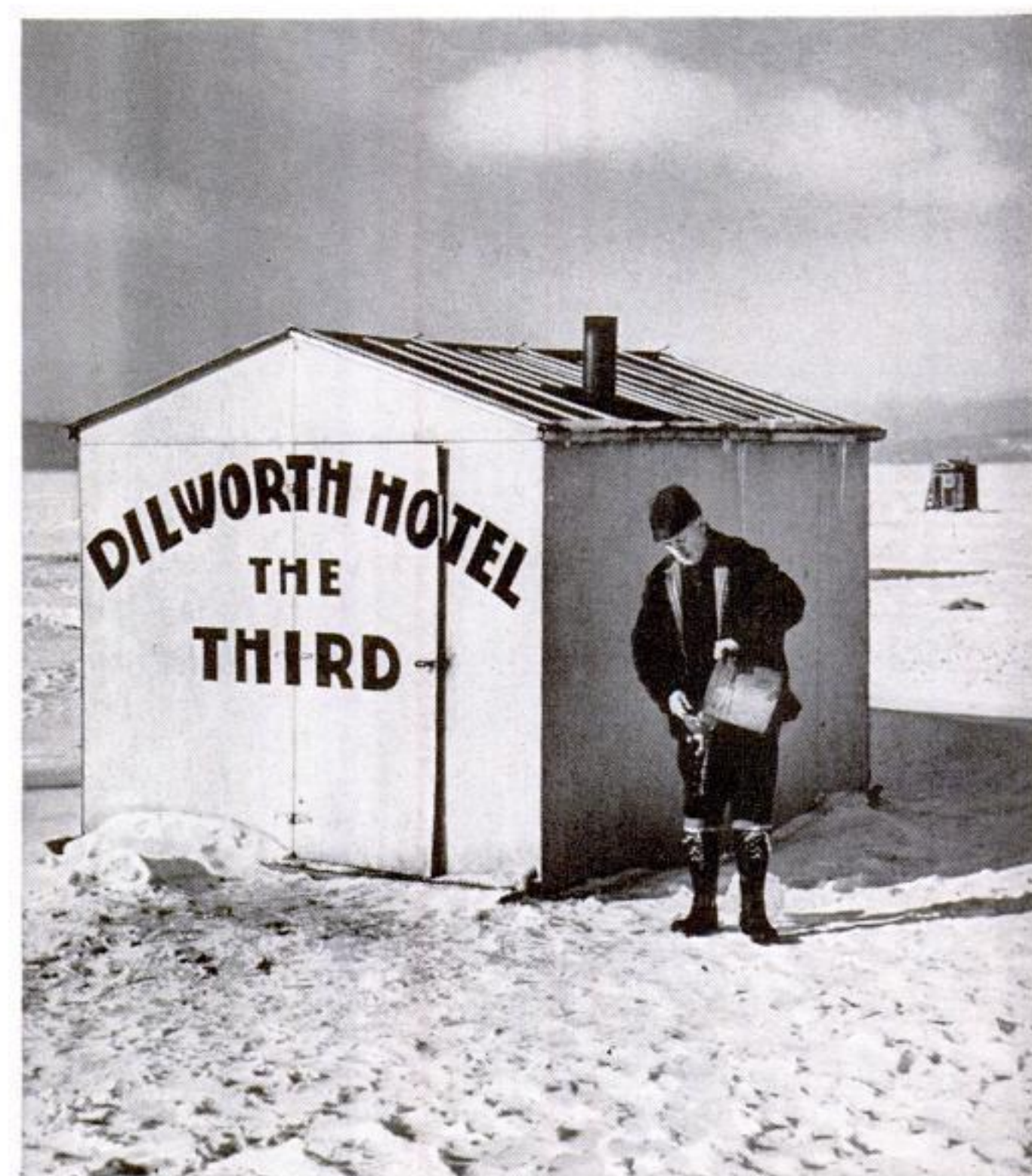
*Tune in on the Al Pearce Program every Wednesday night, Columbia Broadcasting System.



Ice-bound freighter is frozen for the winter at the edge of Smeltania. Line of old Christmas trees at right marks Smeltania's main street, Smith Boulevard, named



Moving to a better hole, Fishermen Bob Goodrich and Bill Enochs drag their shanty, equipped with coal stove and runners, to a spot where they smell better smelting.



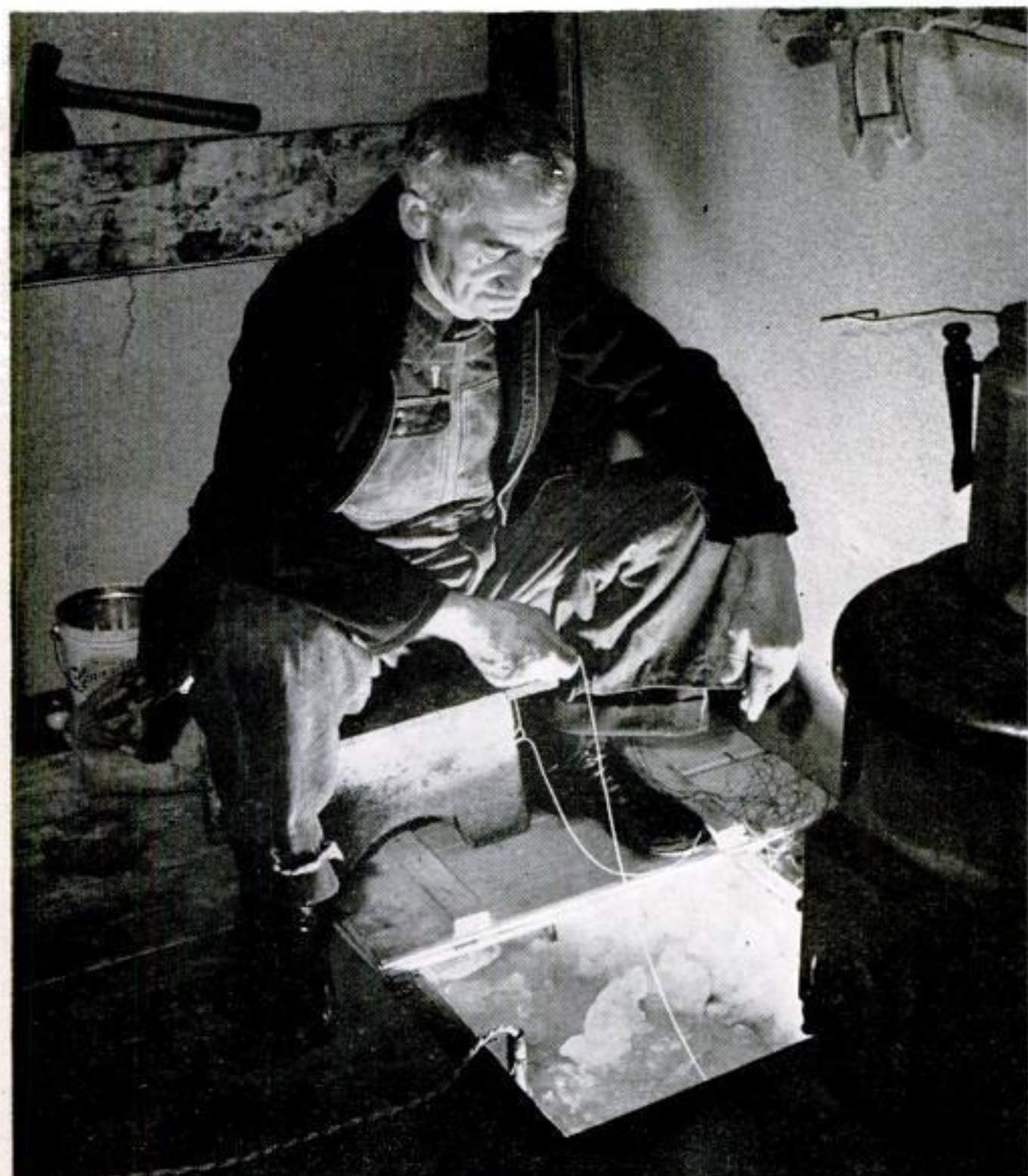
Pride of Smeltania, and its second largest edifice, is this offshoot of the Hotel Dilworth in Boyne City. From the pail, this fisherman strains minnows used for bait.



for Mayor, who put them there after he once missed his way. Autos are used on the ice to tow the shanties to new fishing grounds but must watch for air holes.



Leaving lake, Smeltanians go single file to avoid getting lost, here pass proof that ladies also fish. Other conveniences include amateur radio station, hot-dog shanty.



Snug by the stove, Fisherman Frank Kuhns can usually catch 300 to 400 smelts a day, possibly perch as well. Hinged trapdoor is shut over hole when shanty moves.

*Know what you pay
for financing!*



...FIGURE THE COST YOURSELF!



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General Motors Acceptance Corporation believes that every time-buyer is entitled to know in advance, in dollars and cents, the complete cost of financing his car. That is why the General Motors Instalment Plan is called the "Open Book" Time Payment Service.

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With all the figures before you, you can sit down quietly of an evening and figure the transaction for yourself. You can know in advance the plan you want and the cost, based on the amount of time *you* want and the amount *you* wish to pay monthly.

Further, you know there are no so-called "service fees" or other extras added. You know, too, that adequate insurance will be included to protect your car and your peace of mind.

Remember, it's worth taking time to figure if you take time to buy. So fill out the coupon below now and get the chart.



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GENERAL MOTORS Instalment PLAN



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GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION, 1775 Broadway, New York C-1
Please send without obligation copy of the GMAC Payment Chart for car checked below.

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☐ LA SALLE ☐ CADILLAC

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ County _____ State _____ U. S. A.

**NO SALESMAN
WILL CALL**

THE ANGEL

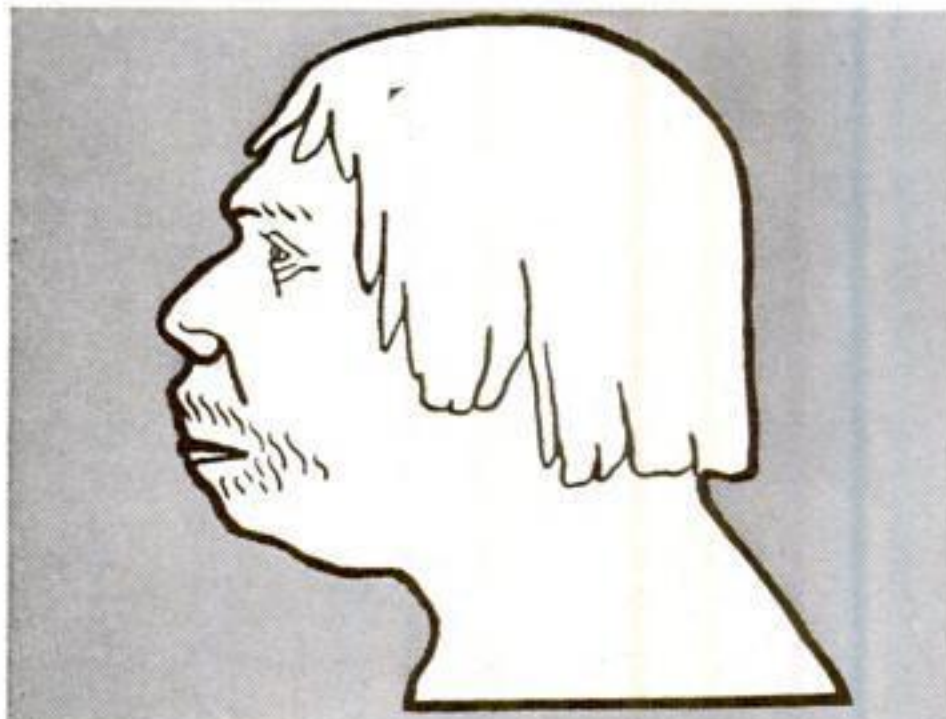
Scientists at Harvard measure unique specimen of *Homo sapiens*

M Maurice Tillet is an intelligent and unassuming Frenchman. At the age of 35, he has the misfortune to look like one of Primo Carnera's nightmares. Ex-rugby star, ex-petty officer in the French Navy, M. Tillet currently makes his living as a professional wrestler, billed ironically by his press agents as "the Angel."

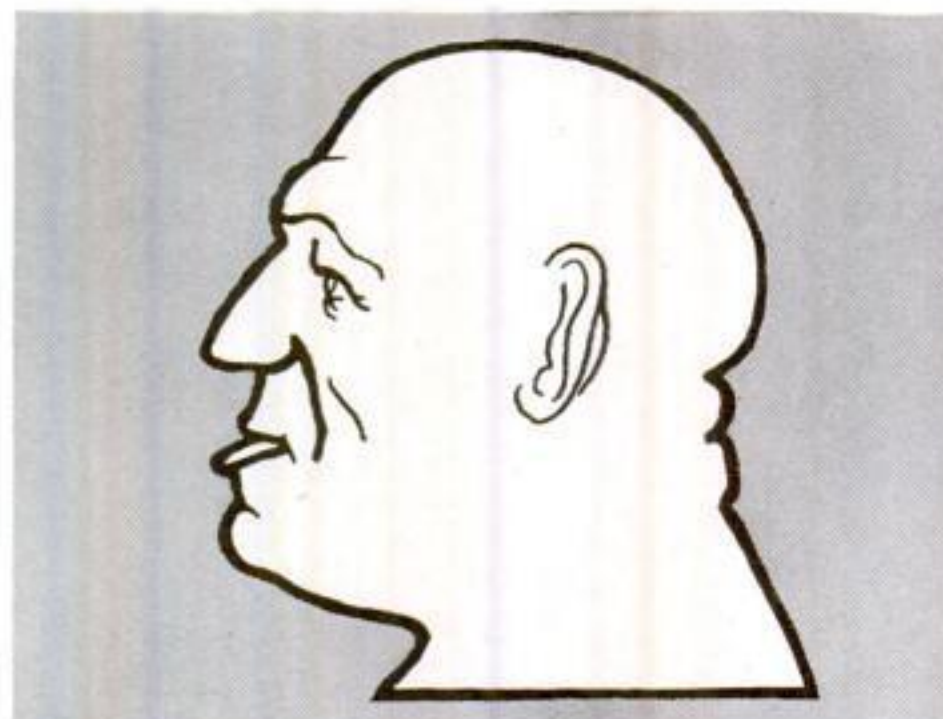
In ringside seats at the Angel's first U. S. bout in Boston last month (in which he flattened a beefy trial horse named Luigi Bacigalupi) were Professor Carleton Coon and other members of the Harvard University Anthropology Department. The anthropologists were even more excited than the gallery. They had never seen a man quite like the Angel, and they didn't think anybody else had either. After the bout they formally invited the Angel and his stablemates to Harvard to be measured scientifically.

What makes the Angel chiefly interesting to anthropologists is not his bogeyman face. His huge jaw, deformed head and enormous nose are familiar symptoms of a disease called acromegaly, caused by overfunctioning of the pituitary gland. Most acromegals, however, become weak as babies. The Angel, only 5 ft. 8½ in. tall, is the most powerful man the anthropologists had ever seen, with a 47-in. chest and a build so much like reconstructions of Neanderthal man (see below) that Professor Coon suggests he might be a throwback. The Angel weighs 276 lb., is all muscle.

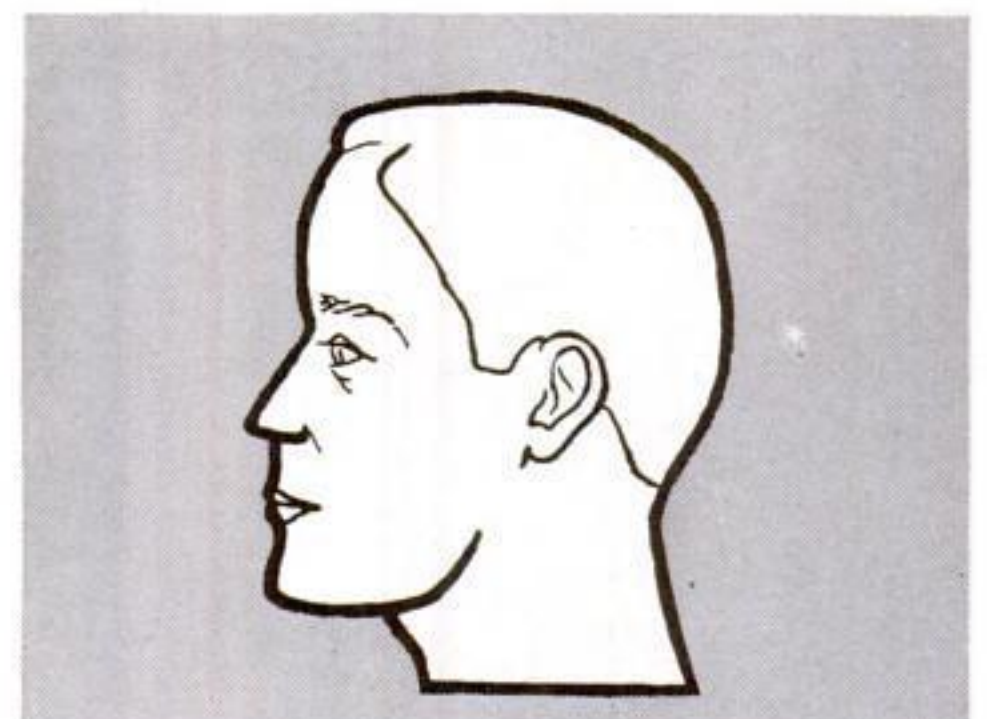
PROFESSOR COON MEASURES THE ANGEL'S HEAD, WHICH IS ONLY SLIGHTLY MORE THAN NORMAL



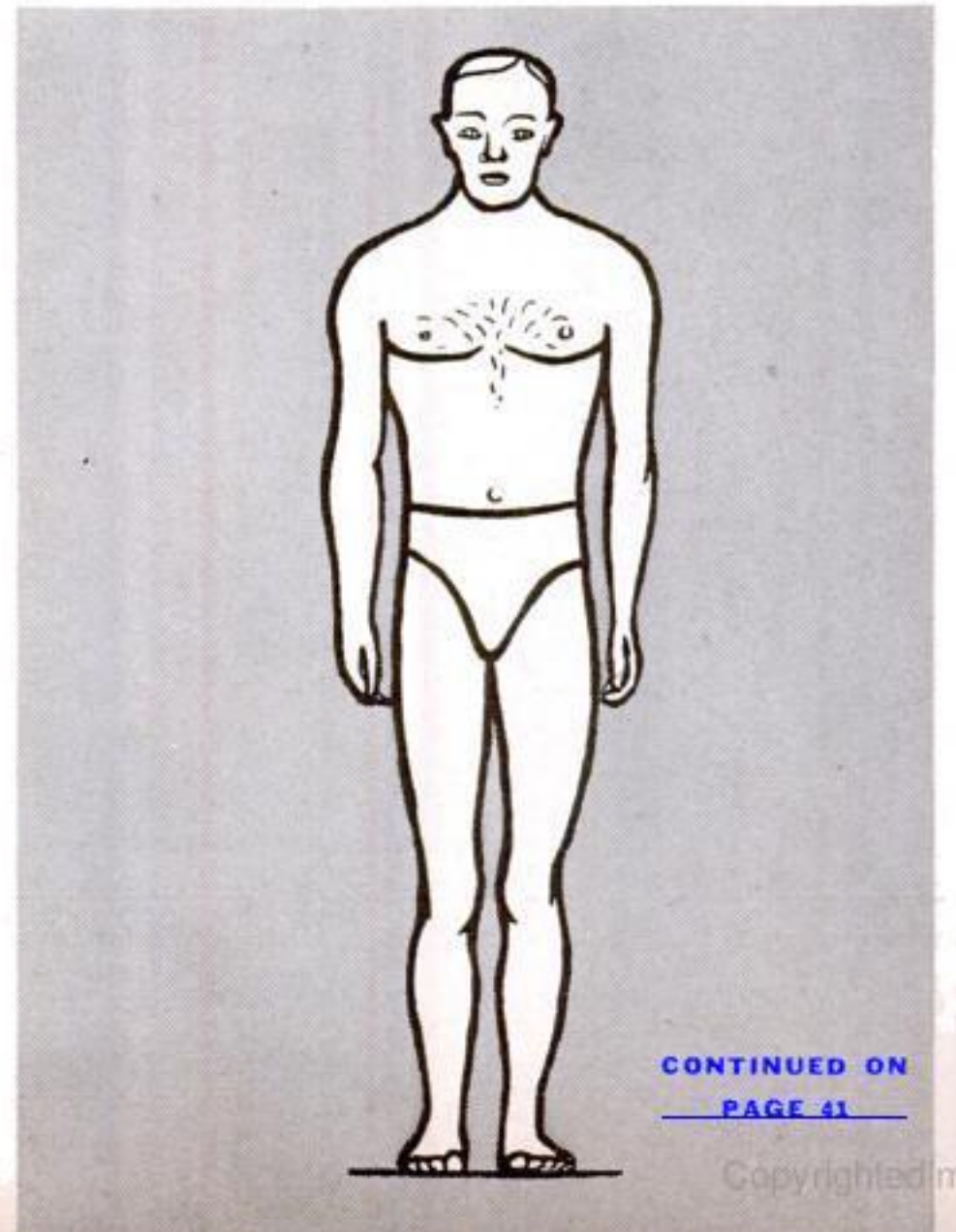
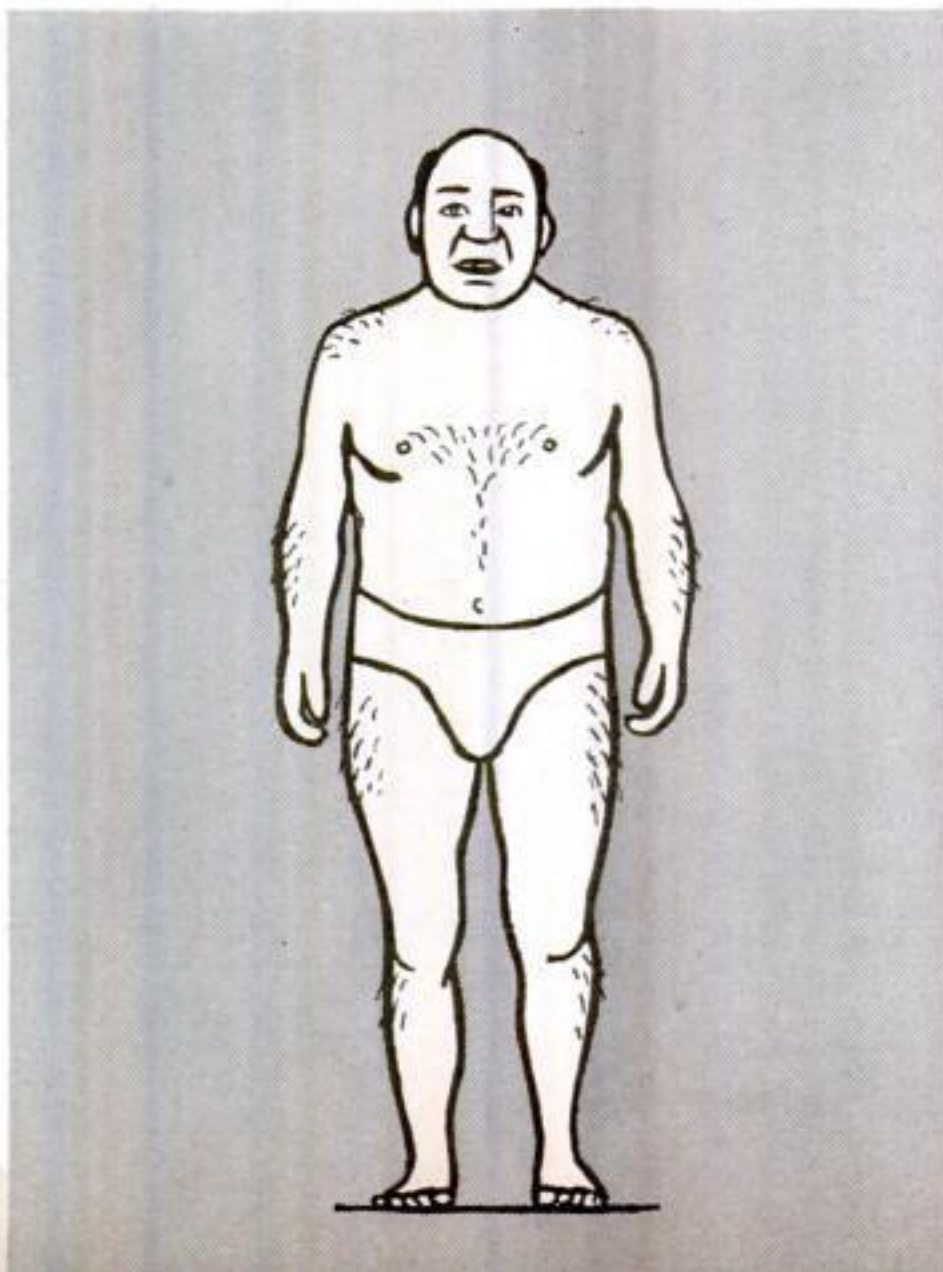
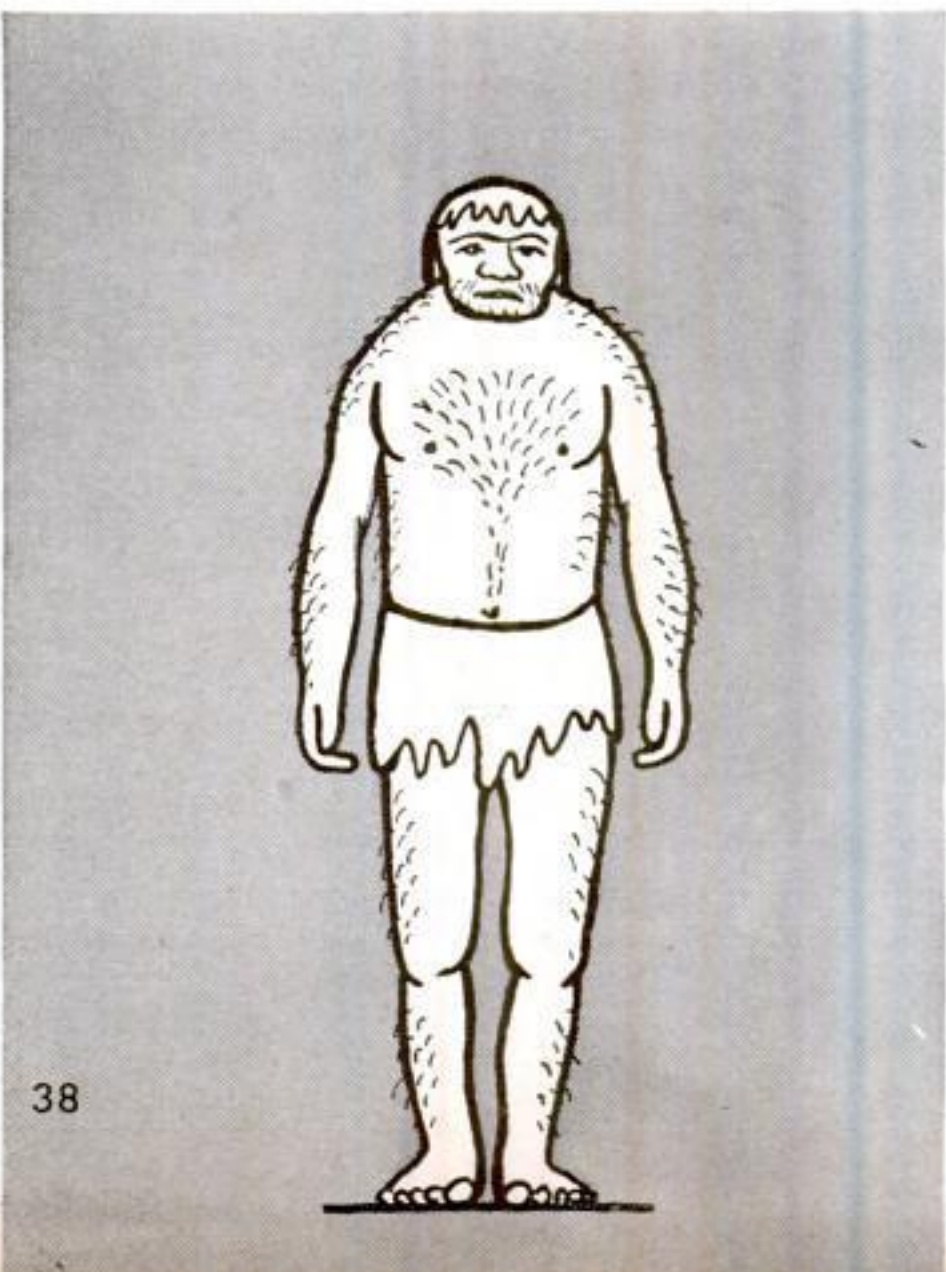
Neanderthal man had typical receding chin, slanting forehead and protuberant bone ridge over eyes. His body was squat and powerful, with spindly legs. Like the Angel, scientists think he may have had a maladjusted pituitary.



The Angel has a body much like that of a prehistoric Neanderthal man, with strong, sloping shoulders and barrel chest. His face, which was formerly perfectly normal, now has the hammer-jaw and big nose characteristic of acromegaly.



Modern man in many features recalls the fetal ape with relatively bulging forehead and small chin. His body is straight and tall and he walks erect. His whole build is slimmer and more delicate than that of his far-distant ancestor.



SPoonFUL AFTER SPoonFUL...



THEY HOLD THEIR
Crispness!



Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits

● Clap hands—here comes a cereal of sparkling originality. Something wonderfully crunchy . . . delicious . . . satisfying . . . and different!

Kellogg's Rice Krispies have made the word "crispness" famous. They're *crisp* in the package . . . *crisp* as they float on milk or cream . . . *crisp* to the last tantalizing spoonful.

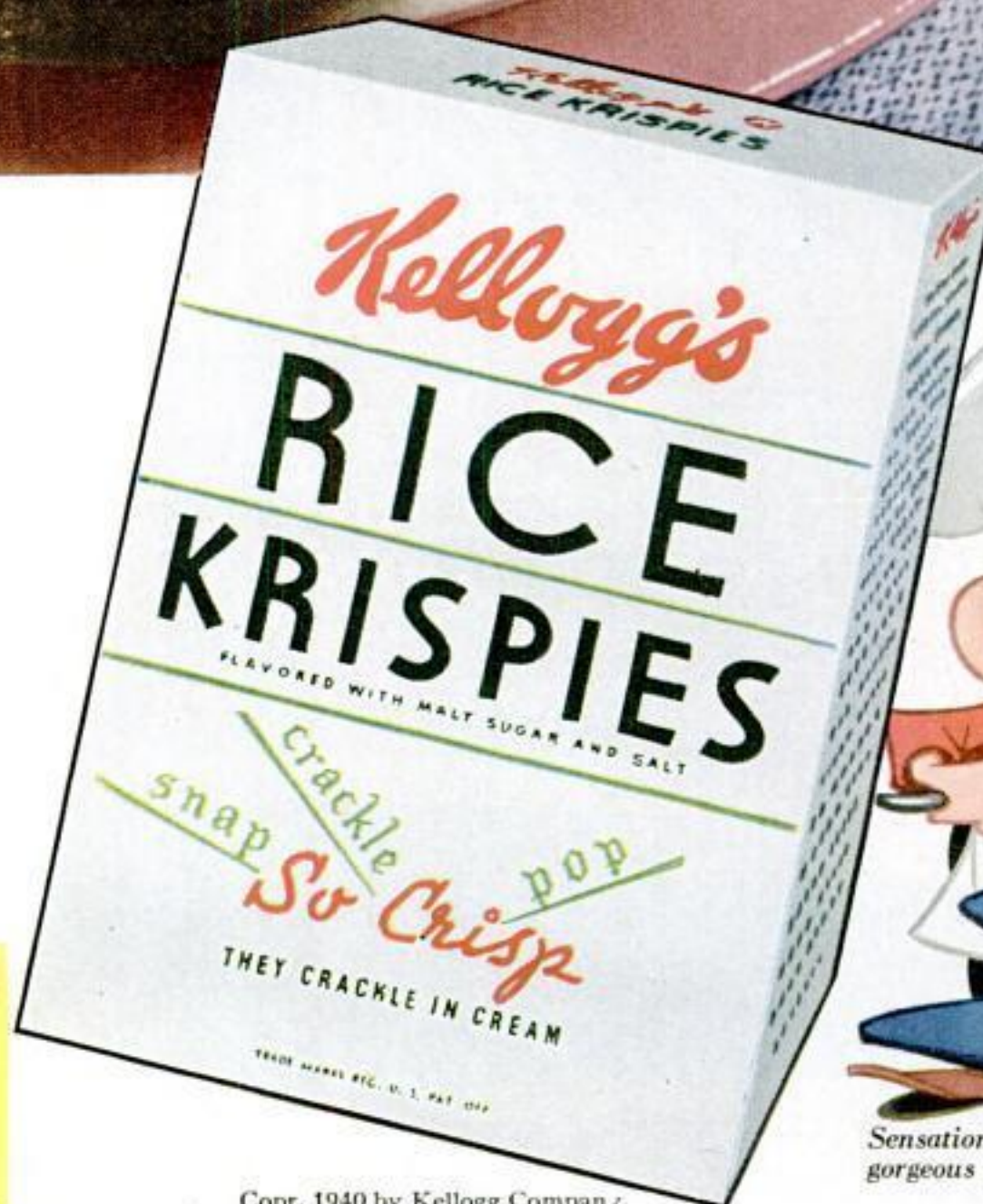
Their goodness starts with a special process of "oven-popping." Flavor is added according to Kellogg's own unique recipe. And Rice Krispies are toasted to fullest richness.

Join the millions who start the day happy—with Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Each generous package is equipped with Kellogg's exclusive inner-wrap . . . "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom to guarantee crisp freshness.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

"OVEN-POPPED" BY PATENTED PROCESS! Rice Krispies float for hours in milk or cream. The name "Rice Krispies" is Kellogg's trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice.



HEIGH-HO FOR LASTING CRISPNESS,
HEAR THE SHOUTS FOR "MORE"—
RICE KRISPIES' CRUNCHY FRESHNESS
NEVER FAILS TO SCORE.



Sensational offer! Attractive, nursery-rhyme wall plaques in gorgeous colors. Proper size for grouping. Six different subjects. See back of Rice Krispies package.

Copr. 1940 by Kellogg Company.



Snapshot of a Sky Chief start!

Copyright 1940, by The Texas Company

This new luxury gasoline proves itself in zero weather

PERHAPS you, too, have longed for a gasoline that snaps back at cold mornings with a crisp, business-as-usual start . . . that refuses to knock or ping as it glides your car over winter roads on summer schedule . . . that talks thrift when you check on your mileage.

Then try Texaco *SKY CHIEF* now . . . for a

complete revelation of its luxury. You'll find that even in the coldest weather *SKY CHIEF* is thoroughbred horse-power, always alert, mettlesome, eager. Its cost . . . no more than other premium gasolines. Its performance . . . outstanding. Go to your Texaco Dealer now for *SKY CHIEF*. Enjoy winter in your car.

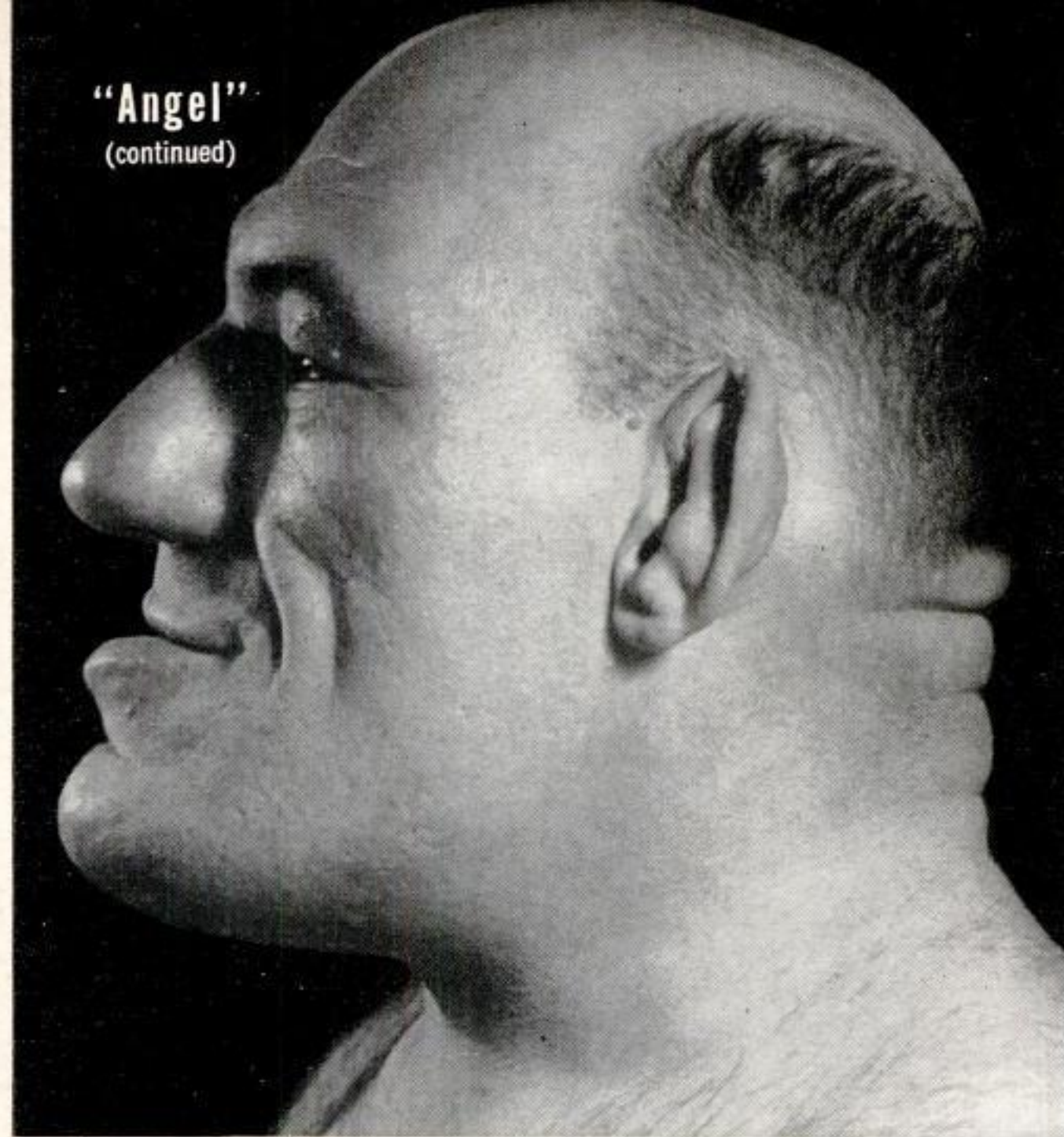


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"Angel"
(continued)



Angel's face and the shape of his head is typically acromegalic. Because of the overactivity of his pituitary gland, body tissues, internal organs and the bones of his extremities and skull grow larger. This results in a jutting oversized jaw, gigantic hands and feet. The ear is a Madison-Square-Garden-variety cauliflower.



A long powerful torso accounts for most of the Angel's 5 ft. 8½ in. height. His ribs and collarbones were the largest that the Harvard anthropologists had ever seen or heard of. Though the Angel's arms seem long, they are not really out of proportion to his Neanderthaloid body. His legs, however, are comparatively short.

AT TEA, PROF. HOOTON (RIGHT) FOUND M. TILLET "QUIET, DIGNIFIED"



OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

FIRST in quality

FIRST in reputation

FIRST in popularity

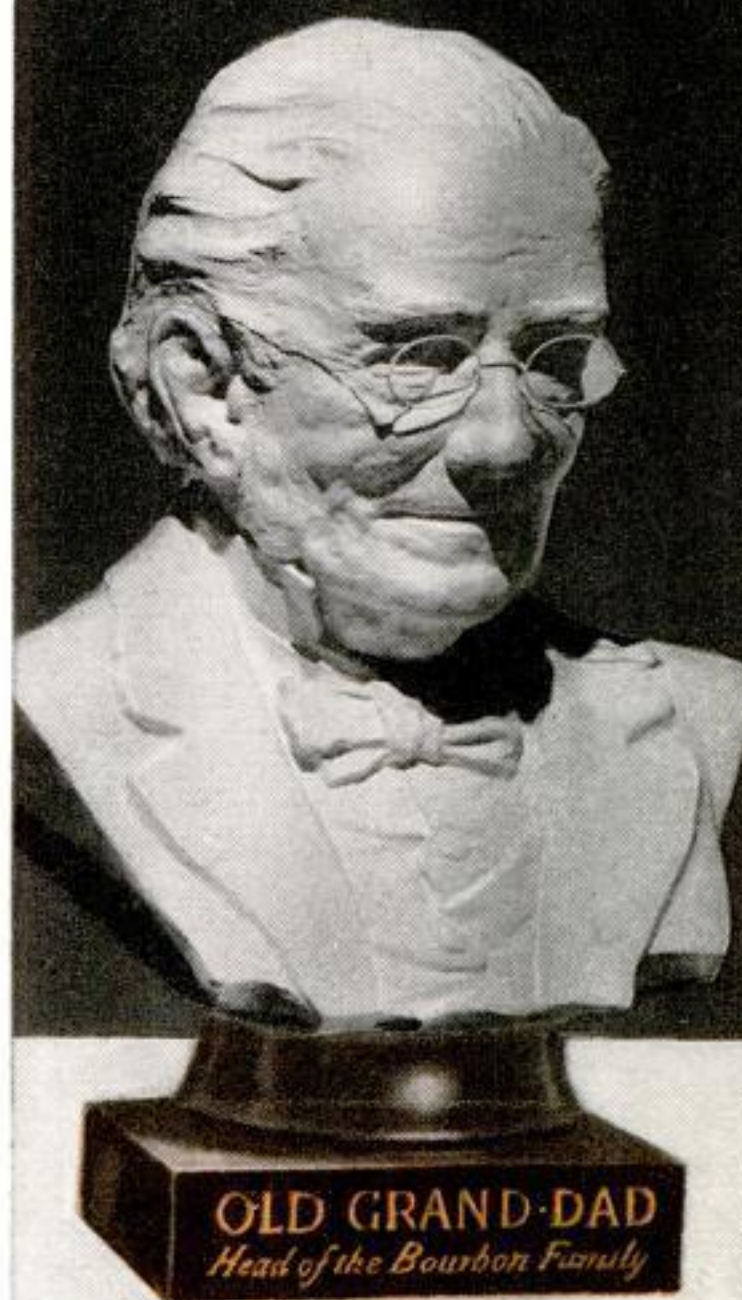
among

U. S. BOTTLED IN BOND

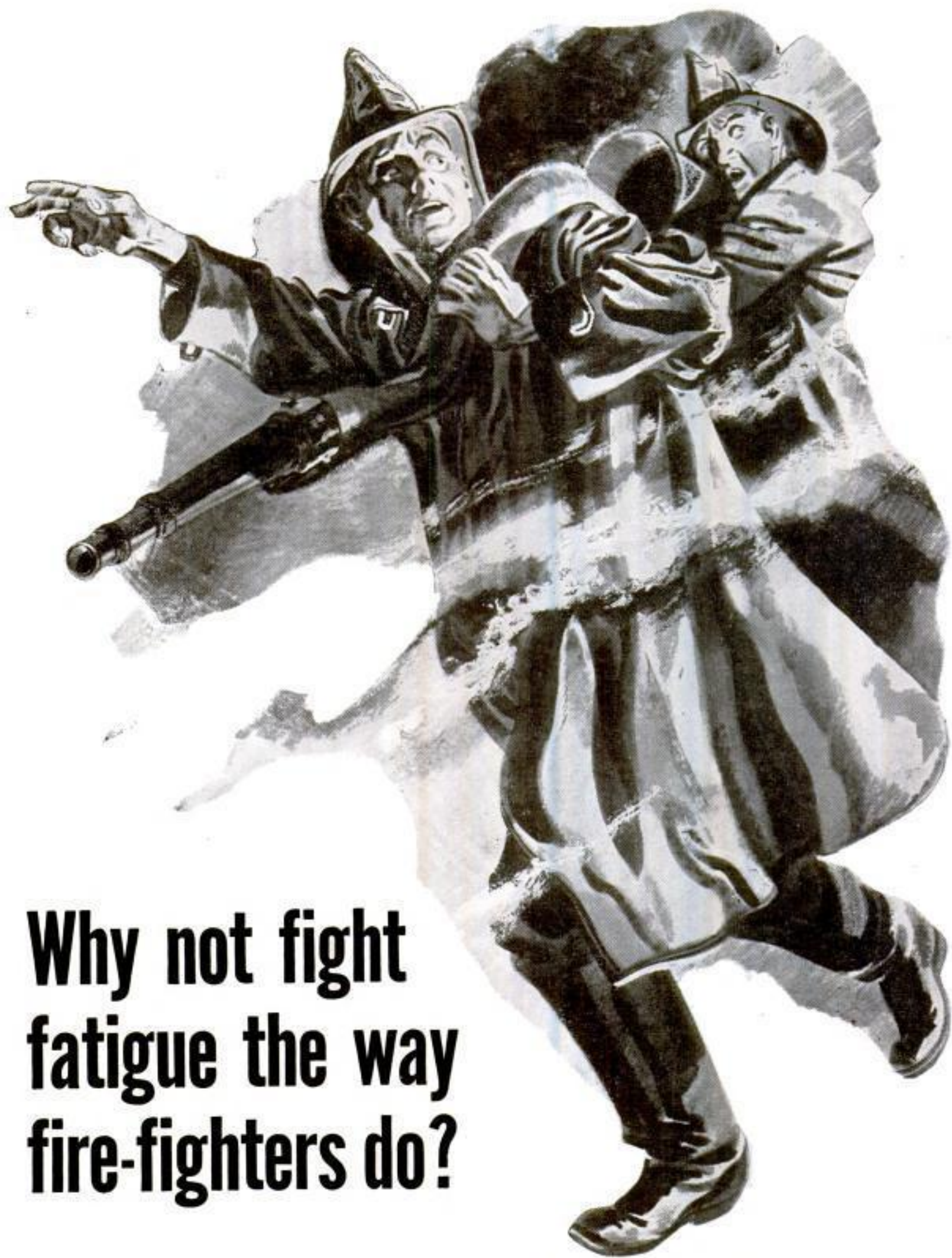
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

BOURBON WHISKIES

100 PROOF



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Why not fight fatigue the way fire-fighters do?

YOU'VE probably noticed at a stubborn fire how the firemen take time out now and then for a steaming hot cup of coffee.

During cold weather, you've probably thought that they drank the coffee to warm up. And that's correct. But it's not the only reason.

Fire-fighting is hard work, a nerve-racking strain. And coffee relieves fatigue—eases nerve tension—makes mind and muscles more alert.

IS THERE A COFFEE FESTIVAL IN YOUR TOWN?

Leading department stores are featuring, during February and March, the latest in coffee-brewing devices and demonstrating the best methods of brewing coffee. You'll find it interesting.

DON'T MISS IT!



REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough — a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.



Coffee gives you a pick-up too. And that beneficial lift lasts only two hours if you're like 97 out of 100 people.* So, of course, you can enjoy coffee at dinner—and sleep.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?

What's your score in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE CALMS THE NERVES

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Coffee, for centuries, has been the mainstay of men working under pressure—firemen, seamen, Red Cross workers. They drink coffee to relieve the nervous strain, for better mental and physical coordination. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Of course, coffee is a stimulant. Yet it is a very beneficial one. For it relieves fatigue instead of merely dulling the sense of fatigue as a narcotic does. And when the pleasing effects of coffee wear off, there is no feeling of depression — no physiological craving for more. Check "Wrong" above.

THEATER



"THE DRUNKARD" STARTS OFF HAPPILY WITH THIS OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING.

"THE DRUNKARD" IN LOS ANGELES

Beer, pretzels and melodrama have combined to produce the longest-running play in the history of the theater. Called *The Drunkard*, it was written a century ago as a grim preachment against the evils of drink. Now in a burlesque version, it has been playing in Los Angeles since July 1933, and will complete its 2,441st performance next Saturday. Its closest rival is *Tobacco Road*, in New York, which has played some 200 performances more but opened five months later. (*Tobacco Road* might also be revived in a burlesque version a century from now.)

Temptation from a tree besets Edward, the husband, whose weakness for liquor leads him to hide bottles in convenient places. The helpful hand is never explained.



Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world
BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA



BUT TRAGEDY ENTERS WHEN THE HUSBAND SUCCUMBS TO CURSE OF DRINK

BREAKS RECORD AS LONG-RUN HIT

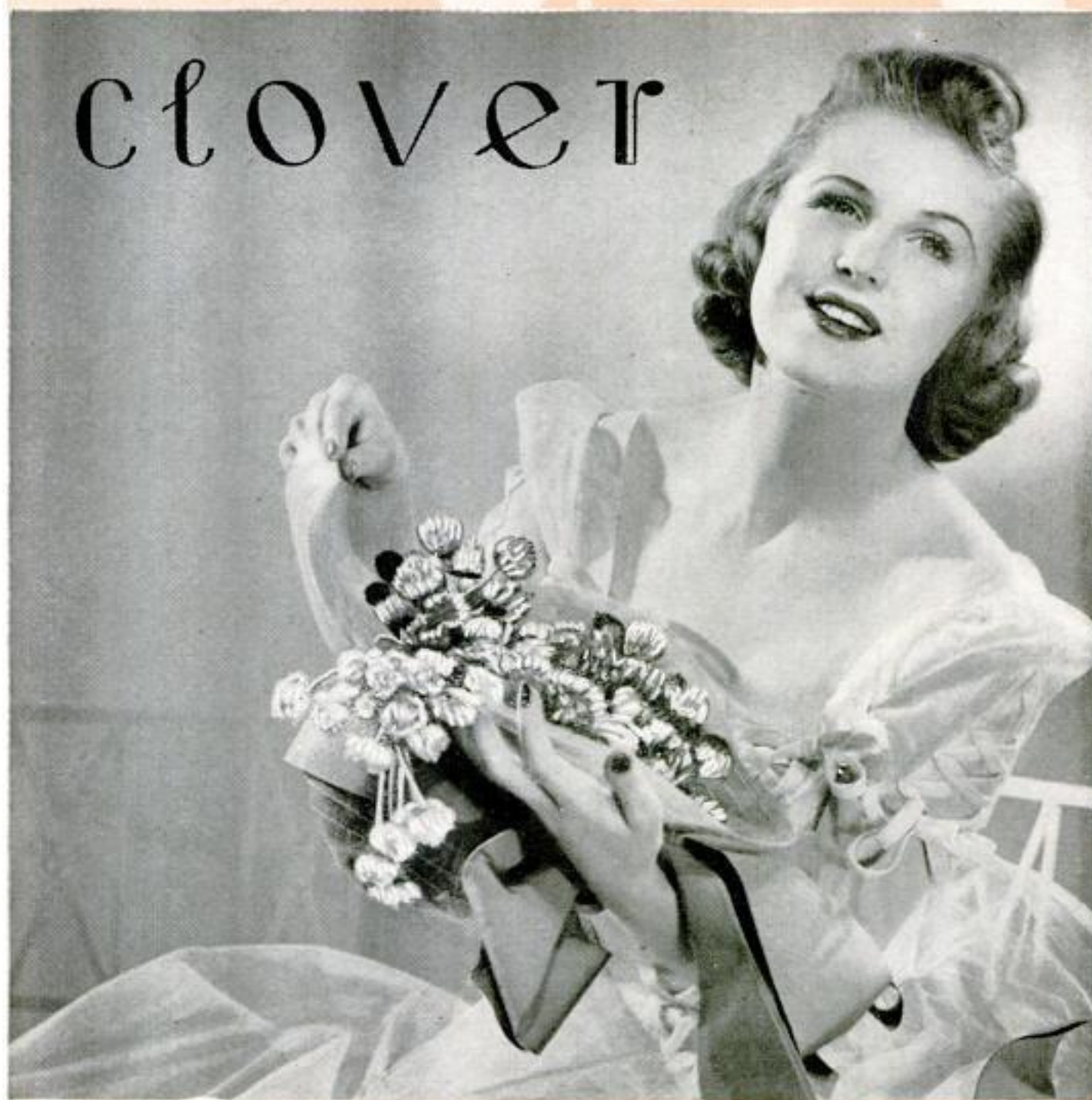
First to produce *The Drunkard* in America was P. T. Barnum, who reputedly brought it from England. It ran more than a year in New York in 1843, and was seriously applauded. Its author is unknown. During its Los Angeles run, twelve actors in *The Drunkard* have married. The drink-crazed hero has tossed off 38 gallons of watered coffee that looks like whisky. Movie stars such as Boris Karloff and W. C. Fields have attended more than 20 times. Between hissing the villain and cheering the heroine, the audience has consumed a million and a half bottles of beer, 25 tons of pretzels.

"Be revenged upon the world," says villainous Mr. Cribbs as he tempts poor Edward to commit forgery. Edward is now down and out after his drunken debauches.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

pink clover



Gay, clear fragrance of dewy clover fields at dawn captured in a refreshing sequence of beauty luxuries.

Perfume . . . 5.00, 1.00	Face Powder . . . 1.00
Cologne 1.00	Vanity Case . . . 1.50
Bath Powder . . . 1.00	Lipstick 1.00
Bathsheen 1.00	Talcum Sachet . . 1.00
Talcum50	Soap35, .50
Toilet Water . . . 2.00	



Harriet Hubbard Ayer

NEW YORK

LONDON

MONTREAL

PARIS

PURSE SNATCHER SNARED!

by Michael von Motzeck,
famed Chicago Dog Trainer



1. *Guardian!* . . . "Watch how my Doberman pinscher guards his mistress. A purse snatcher grabs her purse. Instantly, the dog goes into action. Training of this type should be done by a professional

trainer, but you can teach your dog many simple lessons. The first requirement in training is a well-balanced, nutritious ration. I feed Red Heart Dog Food, all 3 flavors in rotation."



2. *"Get Him, Big Boy!"* . . . The poor thief hasn't a chance. In two mighty leaps, the Doberman is on him and pins him down. Obedience is the basis for all dog training. My *Official Obedience Rules* give exact methods followed in training famous dogs at my Chicago kennels. Send for your copy now." (See free offer below.)

Why Does Red Heart Dog Food Outsell Any Other Brand?*

● The hardest of all tests—*actual home and kennel feeding*—proves that large and small dogs thrive and grow on Red Heart's quality and its tempting taste variety. That's why Red Heart is America's most popular dog food. Made in federally inspected plants of clean, wholesome meat and meat by-products, vegetable and bone meals, cereals, cod-liver oil, and Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Irradiated Yeast—providing abundant supplies of anti-neu-

ritic Vitamin B₁ and Sunshine Vitamin D, as well as Anti-infective Vitamin A, growth Vitamin G, and other essential vitamins. Laboratory-tested and kennel-proved. Feed Red Heart's 3 tasty flavors—beef, fish, and cheese—in rotation.

Red Heart Dog Biscuits, heart-shaped or kibbled, provide important gnawing exercise for your dog—and they are a rich source of energy. 3 flavors in each package. Order from your grocer.

*According to national independent surveys.

Tune In Bob Becker, NBC Red Network, Sundays, 5:15 P.M., E.S.T.

FREE! "LOST AND FOUND" DOG LOCKET

Limited Offer! Inside this Red Heart dog locket is space for your name, address, phone, dog's name, etc. And with this locket get the Official Obedience Rules taught to dogs at famous Von Motzeck Training Kennels, Chicago. Just send 3 Red Heart labels—Diets A, B, and C—to John Morrell & Co., Dept. 43, Ottumwa, Ia.



DIET A—BEEF
DIET B—FISH
DIET C—CHEESE

RED HEART

THE
3-FLAVOR
DOG FOOD
FEED IN
ROTATION

"The Drunkard" (continued)



"Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-E" sings pretty Betty Wonder in one of the extra song-and-dance acts at *The Drunkard*. Betty has no trouble coaxing audience to sing with her.



"Nay then, proud beauty," hisses Mr. Cribbs as he tries to seduce Edward's defenseless wife. Deserted by her drunken husband, she is now starving in a miserable attic.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47



Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan \$700 delivered at factory

STUDEBAKER BEATS ALL OTHER CARS

in America's greatest
gas economy classic



STUDEBAKER CHAMPION 29.19 MILES PER GALLON

On January 4, Studebaker's three great 1940 cars finished 1-2-3 in the Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes, defeating all other cars entered. Under American Automobile Assn. supervision, the Studebaker Champion averaged 29.19 miles per gallon, the Studebaker Commander 24.72 miles per gallon, the Studebaker President 23.40 miles per gallon. Each was a strictly stock car, equipped with Studebaker's low-extra-cost overdrive.

Enjoy this distinction and save 10% to 25% every mile STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

YOUR selection of a Studebaker Champion is no speculation but a real thrift investment.

The 10% to 25% greater economy which Studebaker Champion owners enjoy means that you steadily save 10% to 25% on gas, not to mention your reduced upkeep cost.

**Priced on a level with
the 3 other large-selling
lowest price cars**

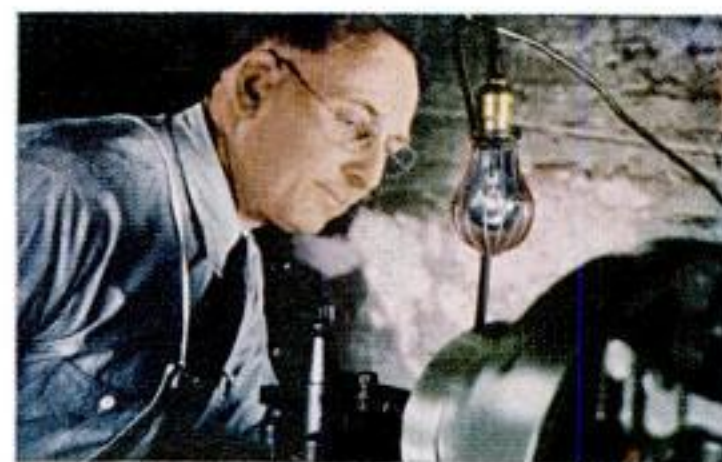
You save, too, on equipment, because there's no extra charge for such indispensables as this Studebaker Champion's planar independent suspension and finest hydraulic shock absorbers, non-slam rotary door latches, front-compartment hood lock, sealed-beam headlamps, steering wheel

PRICES BEGIN AT
\$660
for a Champion coupe delivered at the factory,
subject to change without notice

gear shift, foot-regulated hydraulic brakes, shockless variable-ratio steering.

Thousands of delighted owners say that no other lowest price car they've tried is so restful, sure-footed and steady, as this safe, easy-handling Champion.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and go for a revealing 10-mile drive. Learn how easy it is to become a proud Champion owner, with your present car as part payment, on C.I.T. terms.



Money-saving long life! Studebaker's 7,700 matchless master craftsmen build your Champion to stay in sound running condition for years.



Delightful riding comfort! Every road is velvet smooth, thanks to planar independent suspension and finest hydraulic shock absorbers.

A NEW SPRING HAT STYLE WITH THE SNAP AND BEAUTY OF A TROUT

DOBBS

Field & Stream

...IN THE NEW RAINBOW SHADES



BLUE QUILL

Like your hats wonderfully lustrous and soft to the touch—yet springy under pressure? Then the hat for you is this hand-worked Dobbs—with the new O-vo-lo edge and speckled band. Others will look twice at the man who wears this Dobbs!



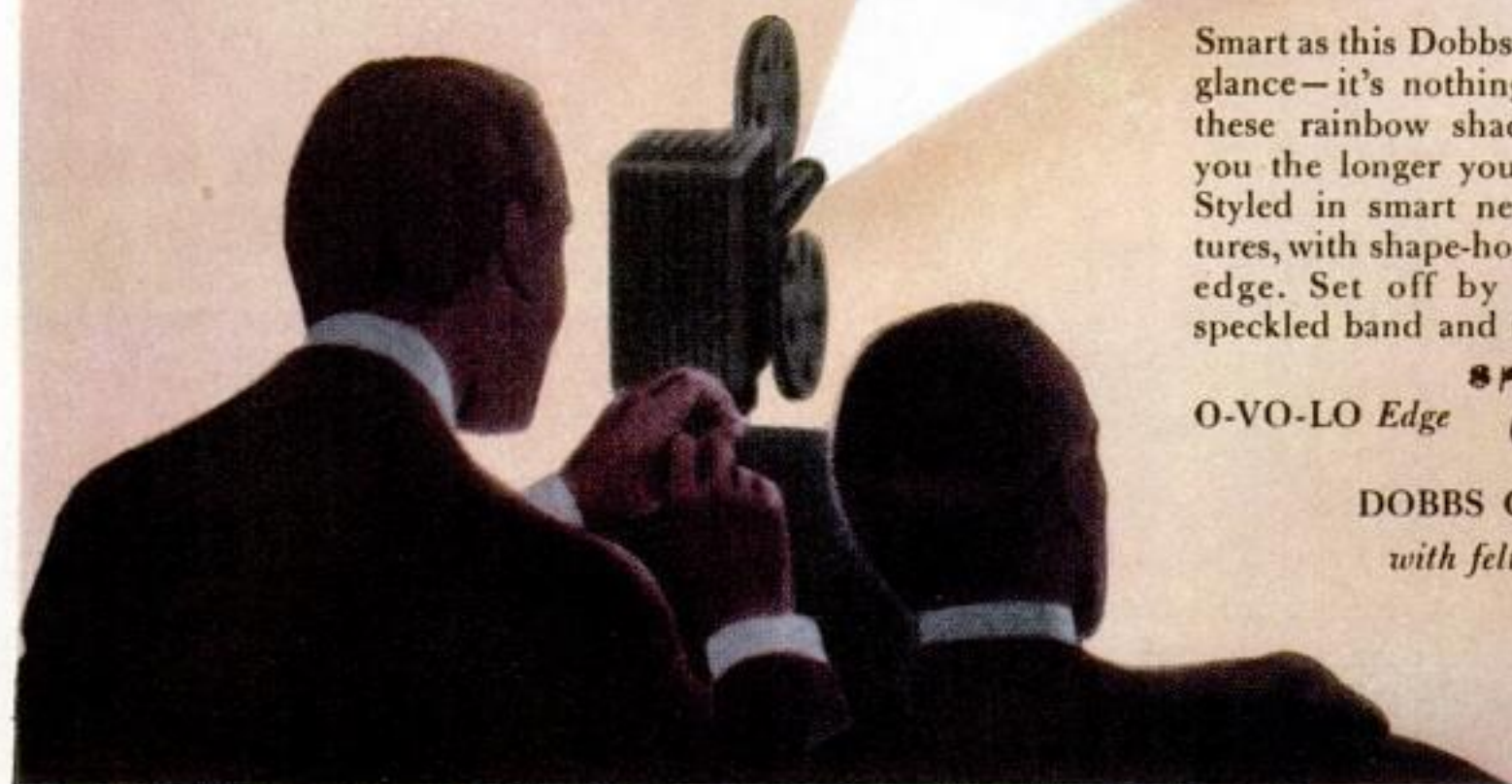
SETH GREEN



Smart as this Dobbs looks at first glance—it's nothing to the way these rainbow shades grow on you the longer you wear them! Styled in smart new color-mixtures, with shape-holding O-vo-lo edge. Set off by appropriate speckled band and trout fly.

O-VO-LO Edge ***750**

DOBBS GUILD ***10**
with felted welt edge

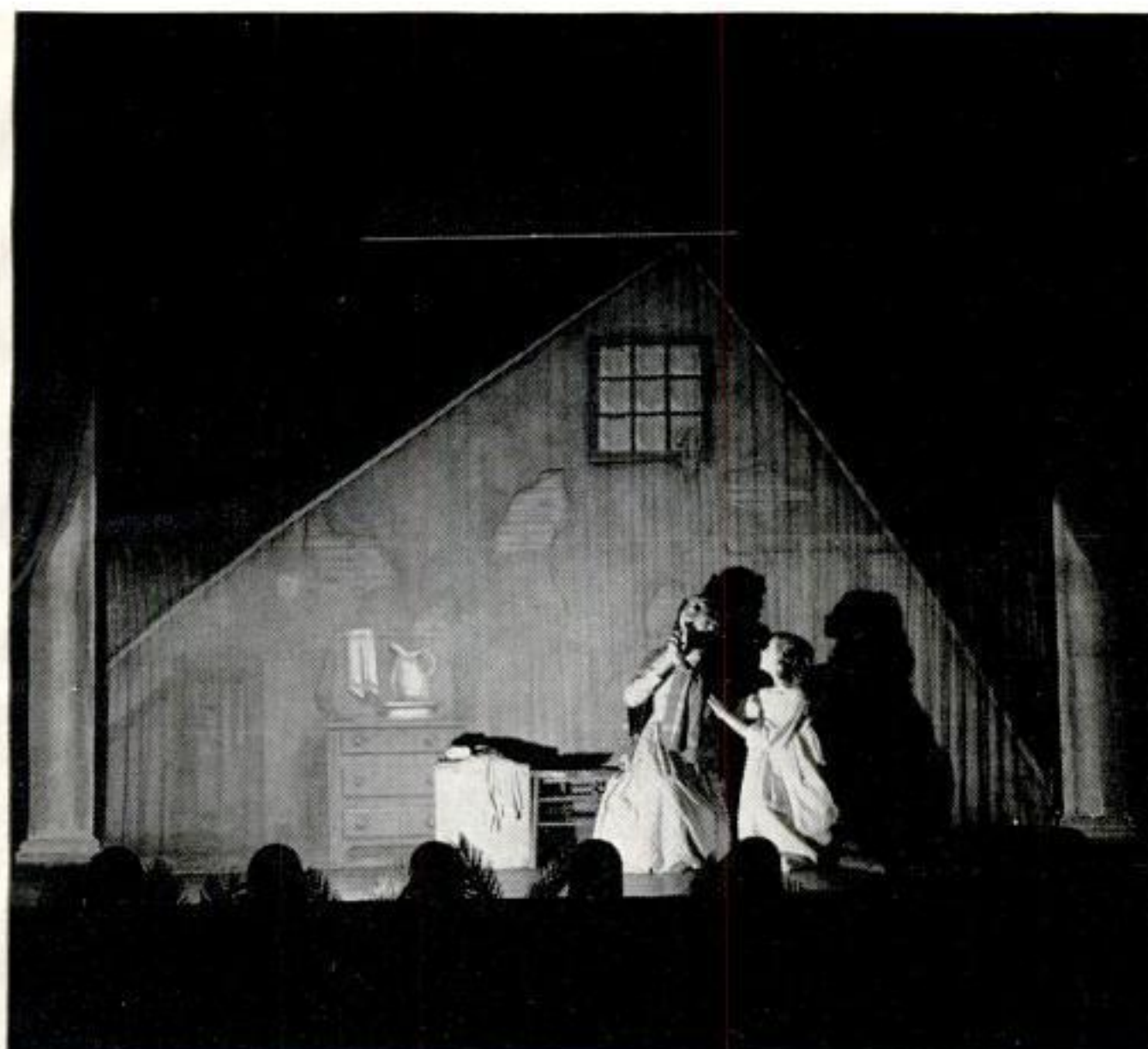


DOBBS New York's Leading Hatters • Fifth Avenue • Park Avenue & 53rd Street • AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

"The Drunkard" (continued)



In a barroom brawl poor Edward, in his cups, gets beaten up by Farmer Stevens. Mr. Cribbs (*left*) is always at Edward's elbow luring him on to more shameful dissipation.



"Mother, do not cry," says Edward's little daughter as her mother kneels in their attic to pray for Edward's soul. Outside the window howls the cruel winter wind.



At the happy ending of *The Drunkard*, Edward is reunited with his family and forswears forever the evils of drink. An audience of 350 jams the theater nightly.



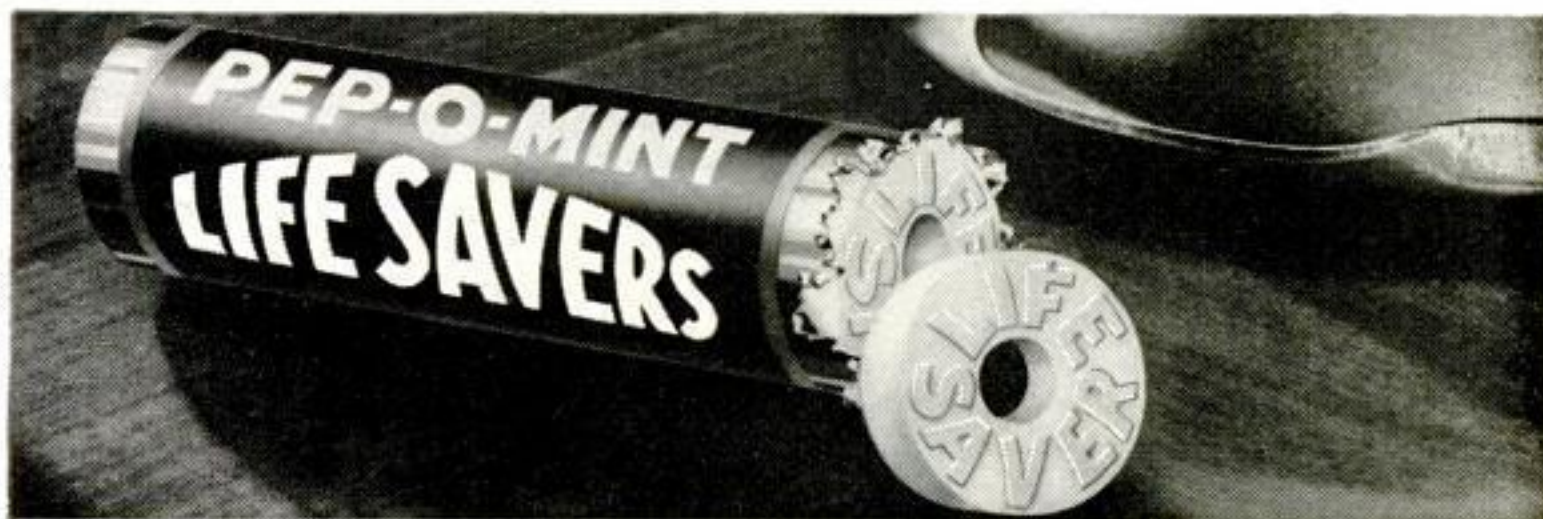
Ever notice how the girls with sweethearts are the girls with sweet breaths. Before dates, sweeten your breath with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS.



It's easy to swing your partner to BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS. They're buttery—they're rummy—they're simply grand!



A true-blue friend when you have that dark-brown taste is a tangy PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVER. It will freshen your mouth in a jiffy.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

"I Value My Says **ALEXANDER**

"As one who puts in much of an otherwise misspent life going up and down America, I look forward to every night on a Pullman as the safest and most satisfactory of refuges . . . Here is all the comfort any man is entitled to, plus such privacy—such blessed escape—as lets him get his work done and his thoughts, if any, straightened out . . ."



SLEEP IN A REAL BED . . . with a real mattress, clean sheets, warm blankets. *You're comfortable*, whether you're in a lower or upper berth, bedroom, compartment or drawing room!

These exclusive advantages make Pullman the greatest travel value your money can buy

Like Mr. Woolcott, you will appreciate the travel advantages *only* Pullman offers.

You get a real bed . . . the same privacy in your sleeping quarters that you demand at home. You can sit up and read, or switch off the light and retire if you prefer. You can control the ventilation in your lower berth or room to suit yourself. You get up when you wish in the morning—refreshed by a night of *genuine* sleep!

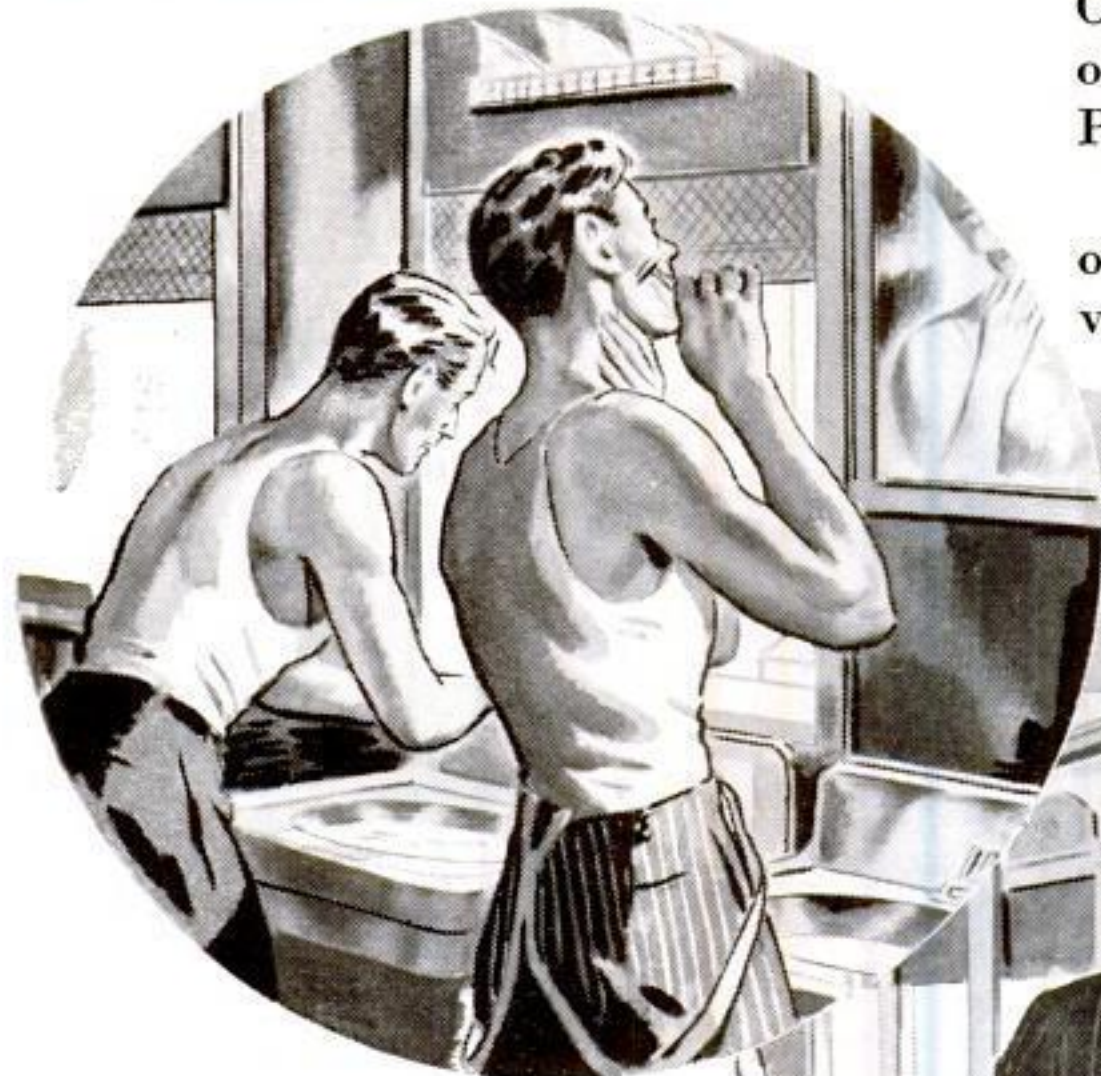
During the day—you enjoy the comfort of your spacious personal quarters. Or relax in the friendly surroundings of the lounge or club car provided on Pullman trains.

You will welcome the attentive services of a trained personnel, too, and those conveniences that make travel pleasurable.

So—next time, go Pullman. Though you pay more than in a day coach or on the highway—you get more for your money. *In fact, no other type of transportation gives you so much for your money.*

And, remember that Rail-Pullman is the safest, most dependable *All-Weather* transportation in the world.

Wherever you go you get the same *high standard* of Pullman service. And its moderate cost will surprise you! On an average overnight trip, for example, a lower berth costs only \$2.65 (plus, of course, first class rail fare).



PLENTY OF WASHROOM SPACE! Plenty of towels . . . plenty of hot water . . . ample shelves . . . large mirrors. All private rooms are provided with individual toilet facilities.

LOTS OF LOUNGING ROOM, with restful, easy-chair comfort and an atmosphere of informal friendliness. . . . This is one of the important niceties travelers enjoy when they go Pullman.



SAFEST,

Copyright, 1940, by
The Pullman Company, Chicago

Comfort!

WOOLLCOTT



TELLER OF TALES, tall and otherwise; broadcaster; book and drama critic; author; playwright; actor . . . Alexander Woolcott is a nationally-known Master of Arts. Above all, he is a master of the art of living graciously and comfortably . . . You would expect Alexander Woolcott to go Pullman . . . and he does.

**MOST COMFORTABLE WAY
TO GET THERE QUICKLY!**

Go Pullman

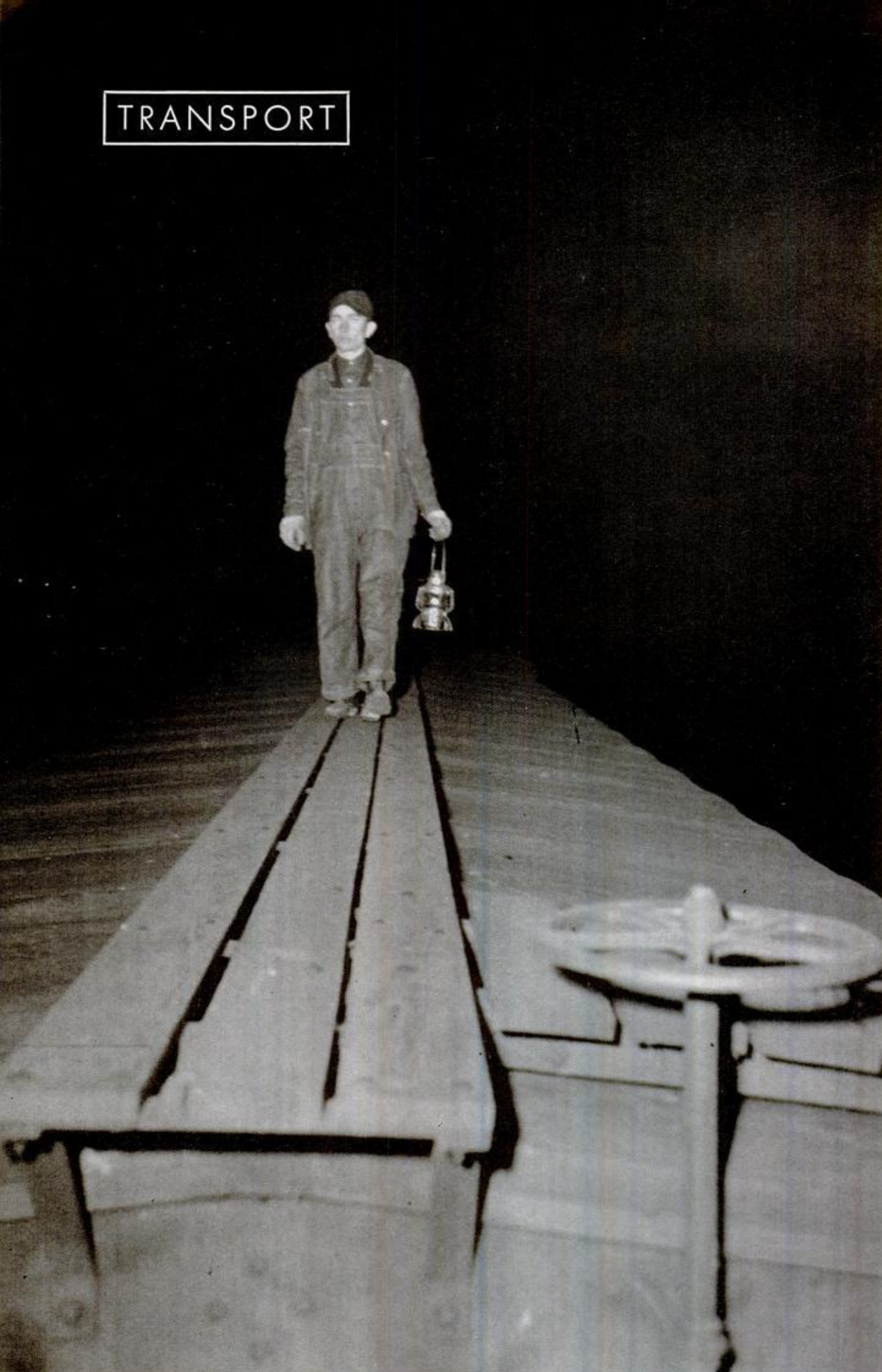
"NO. 39"

NEW SANTA FE FAST FREIGHT RUNS CHICAGO-KANSAS CITY OVERNIGHT

At 6 p.m. every day in the Corwith yards in Chicago, the engine of Santa Fe's Train No. 39 coughs explosively. Its driving rods push forward and from the long line of freight cars behind comes a succession of sharp bangs as slack is taken up on the couplings.

At 7:30 next morning, No. 39 is in the Argentine yards at Kansas City, having covered 460 miles overnight in one of the fastest freight runs in the U. S. Two months ago, No. 39 would not have reached Kansas City until midafternoon. But now goods leaving Chicago one afternoon can be delivered to Kansas City customers next morning.

No. 39 is the newest of the "redball" freight trains that U. S. railroads have been putting on for quick overnight hops. Their object is to get freight business back from trucks, just as the object of fast, day-coach passenger trains like *El Capitan* (LIFE, Aug. 21) is to retrieve passenger traffic from automobiles and buses. The photographs on these pages were taken by LIFE's Bernard Hoffman who made the trip on No. 39 to follow a shipment of wood and glass objects from the Merchandise Mart in Chicago to the John Taylor Dry Goods Co. store in Kansas City.



On the top of "No. 39," J. W. Davis, the rear-end brakeman who comes on duty at Chillicothe, Ill.,

makes an inspection tour along the "running board," looking sharp for loose brake beams or hot boxes.

ROAD BOARD			
ENG	ENGINEER	FIREMAN	TRAIN TIME
3266	ARNOLD XP	FREDRICKS	43 10:00 A
3283	CONLEY	DU BOIS	43 11:25 P
3189	BEINSEH	THORSEN	39 5:20 P
3265	ELLIS	HUNTER	37 6:02 P
3270	BAISTEL	WILSON	33
3285	BALMER	C. SWANSON	
3268	KERN	GERSVENER	
3280	OLSON	KELLY	
	UNDERWOOD	BARRETT	
	ARNOLD XP	FREDRICKS	
	GLENN	ADAMS	
	FERRIS	BEERS	
	HAWKINS	W. SPOONHOUR	

1 On road board in Corwith yards, Engineer Ellis and Fireman Hunter are posted to report at 5:30 to take out No. 39 with engine No. 3265.



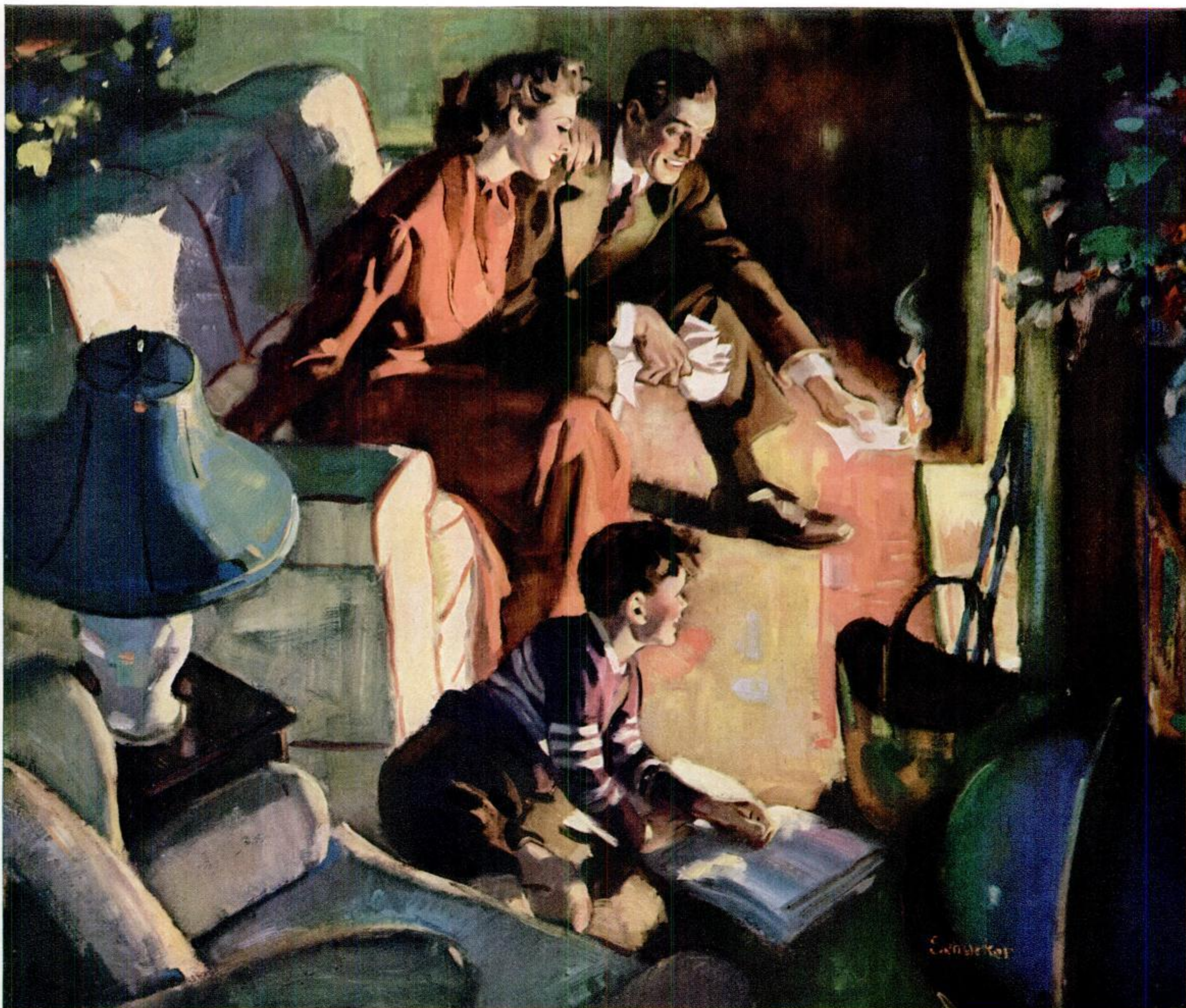
2 In Merchandise Mart in Chicago, Herbert Standing (left), buyer for John Taylor Dry Goods Co., Kansas City, inspects carved wooden candlestick.



3 At the freight house, candlestick and other goods are trundled to boxcar. Six packages weighing 250 lb. are being shipped to Taylor. The freight charge comes to \$3.58. No. 39 charges the regular rates.



4 Inside the boxcar, Taylor's goods are stacked in front of cartons of Kleenex (left), and large cans of paint. Then the boxcar will be sealed.



SYMPHONY IN TWELVE NOTES

TWELVE promissory notes . . . *cancelled!* Paid! Your car is . . . *yours.* All yours!

Perhaps the second biggest possession in your life. Next to your home, the most expensive single thing you own.

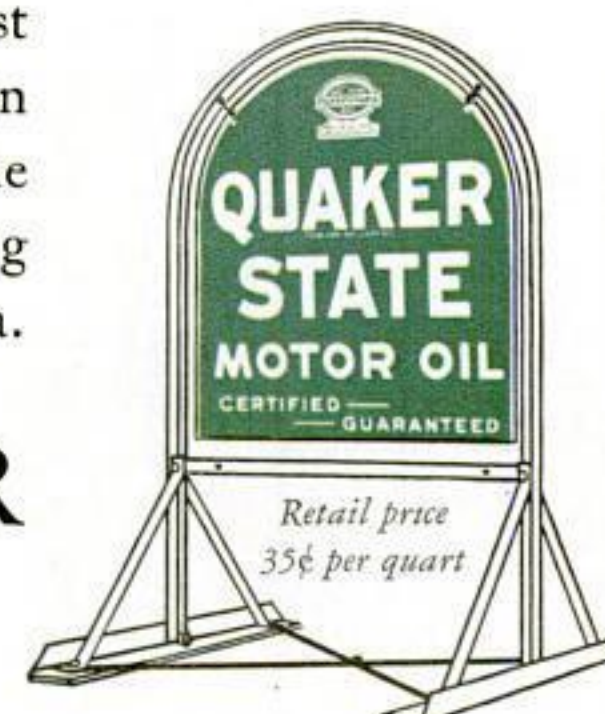
Now that you own it, of course you're promising yourself to take care of it, to make it last, to keep it running true and sweet.

Well, if Quaker State Oil is in your crankcase, peace can be in your mind. You *know* your motor is safe, your investment protected, your car's performance brilliant and consistent. You know that even such common complaints as sludge, carbon, and

corrosion will not be yours. You know that you're using an oil that's loyal to its trust.

One poll after another of public opinion declares that Quaker State is America's *preferred* motor oil. It should be. In its manufacture, matchless Pennsylvania crude oil is processed in four great refineries under the most exacting control modern science can provide. One "oil change" tells the story. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Trust your car to the Oil of **CHARACTER**



It Had To Come!

Through a New Program of Large-Volume Production and Low-Cost Selling, KELVINATOR and 5,000 retail merchants throughout America now present a Bigger, Better 1940 Refrigerator at a Greatly Reduced Price!

*Look at the Size!
Look at the Name!
Look at the Price!*



SIZE
BIG 6
6 1/4 cubic foot
Large "Family-Size"



NAME
**NEW 1940
KELVINATOR**
FROM THE OLDEST MAKER OF
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS



PRICE
\$119⁹⁵*
DELIVERED IN YOUR KITCHEN
WITH 5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN



HERE is wonderful news for the millions of families who have outgrown their old refrigerators—or who have yet to own their first one.

Today it's no longer a matter of \$175 or \$200 for a big electric refrigerator—nor is it necessary to buy an out-of-date, last year's model.

Kelvinator has made sweeping changes to bring you a finer, larger 1940 model refrigerator at a new low price. Here's how we did it—

FIRST, we found a more efficient way to distribute Kelvinator products . . . and we cut the cost of selling. This made a big saving.

SECOND, by putting 96% of our production on six-cubic-foot size models and larger, we were able to build big refrigerators at a lower cost.

THIRD, in anticipation of greatly increased sales, we are doubling production schedules, and passing on the manufacturing savings to you.

And today you buy this 6 1/4 cubic-foot model 1940 Kelvinator for only \$119.95*. It has 84 big ice cube capacity . . . with the famous Polarsphere sealed unit, that uses current less than 20% of the time and has power enough to keep five refriger-

ators cold under average household conditions.

And that's only one sample of the \$30 to \$60 savings—as compared to last year—that Kelvinator makes possible in 1940. Savings made in the face of generally rising prices. These savings also apply to the new "Moist-Master" models.

Look them over here. Then do this—go to one of our 5,000 Kelvinator dealers and see them.

Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price! Look at any other 1940 refrigerator the same way. You'll find Kelvinator gives you the most startling values of 1940.

KELVINATOR DIVISION
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

HAVE YOU SEEN the 1940 Kelvinator Electric Ranges, Washers and Water Heaters? They're the best values you can get anywhere today. See them at Kelvinator dealers!

© Nash-Kelvinator Corp. 1940

*Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies.

See these other big **KELVINATOR** Values for 1940



TO HELP YOU PICK the best refrigerator for your money, your Kelvinator dealer will gladly give you a free copy of "The 1940 Refrigerator Guide." It contains complete, authoritative information regarding 1940 refrigerator values.



WANT COMPLETE EQUIPMENT? Model S-6 has big dry storage Vegetable Bin, New-type Trays, Crisper. Compare with \$180 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price only **\$139⁹⁵***

WANT "MOIST-COLD"? Model HS-6 has new "Moist-Master" System—decreases the loss of moisture from foods. Compare with \$230 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price only **\$169⁹⁵***

WANT ALL DE LUXE FEATURES? Model R-6 has De Luxe equipment, Two Crispers, Cold Chest, SpeedyCube Trays, etc. Compare with \$210 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price only **\$179⁹⁵***

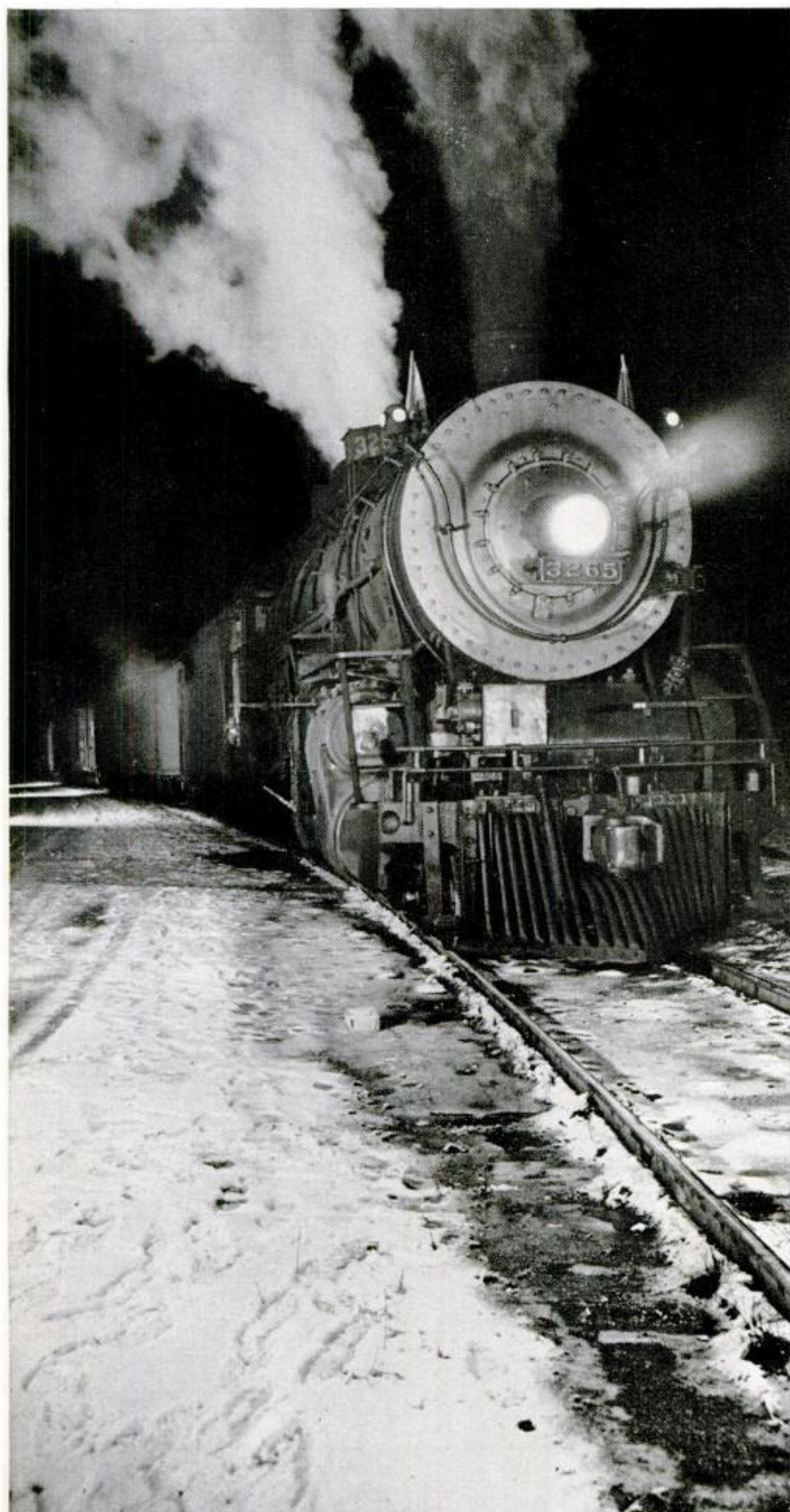
WANT THE FINEST REFRIGERATOR MADE? It's Model HD-6. Has all conveniences, plus "Moist-Master" System. Compare with \$230 to \$300 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price only **\$209⁹⁵***



5 At 6 p. m., Conductor John Mann waves his lantern to give the "high-ball" or go-ahead signal to engineer.



6 Up in cab, Engineer William A. Ellis pulls the whistle cord for three long blasts before starting No. 39 on run.

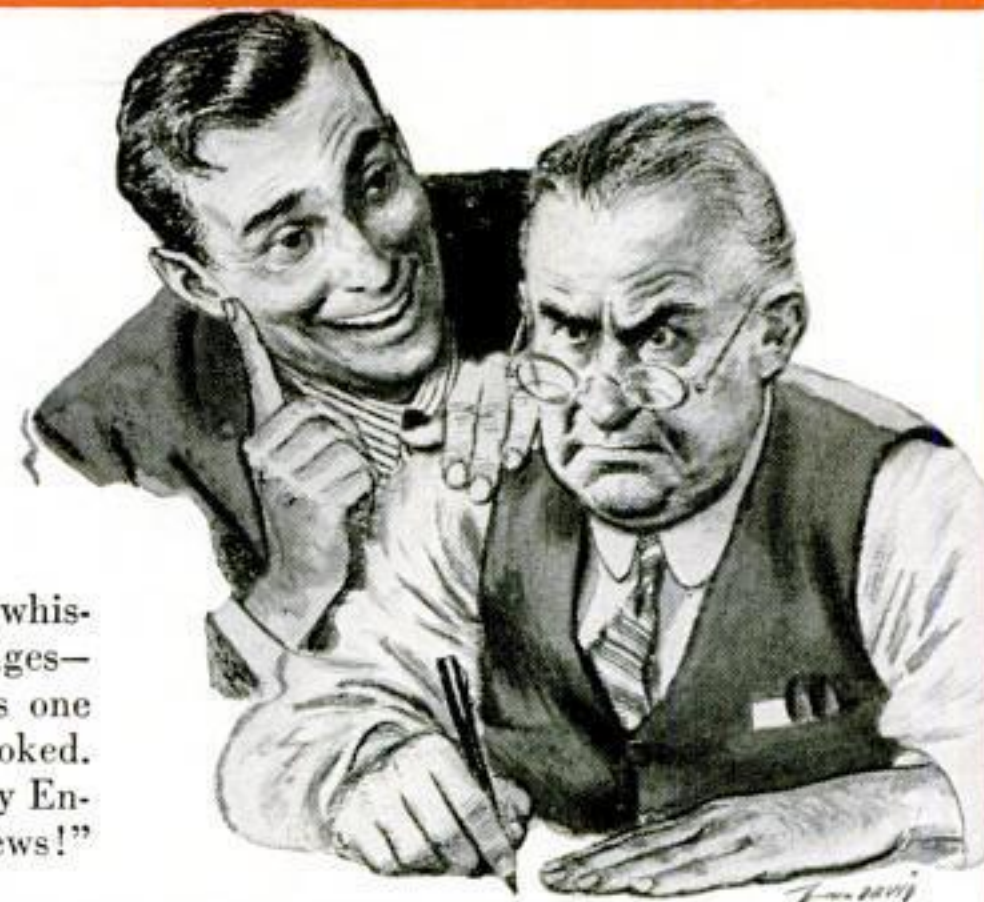


7 Off chuffs No. 39, smoke belching from smokestack, steam from steam dome. Engine 3265 is a 2-8-2 type. It is pulling a train of 48 cars whose lading includes everything from metal castings to smoked fish and curtain stretchers.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

1

"\$32 saved on my income tax! How did you do it?" I asked. Bill smiled. "Oh, you overlooked things." So I brought out a bottle of TEN HIGH—the whiskey with No Rough Edges—and said, "Well, here's one thing I haven't overlooked. I'm going to Double My Enjoyment of your good news!"



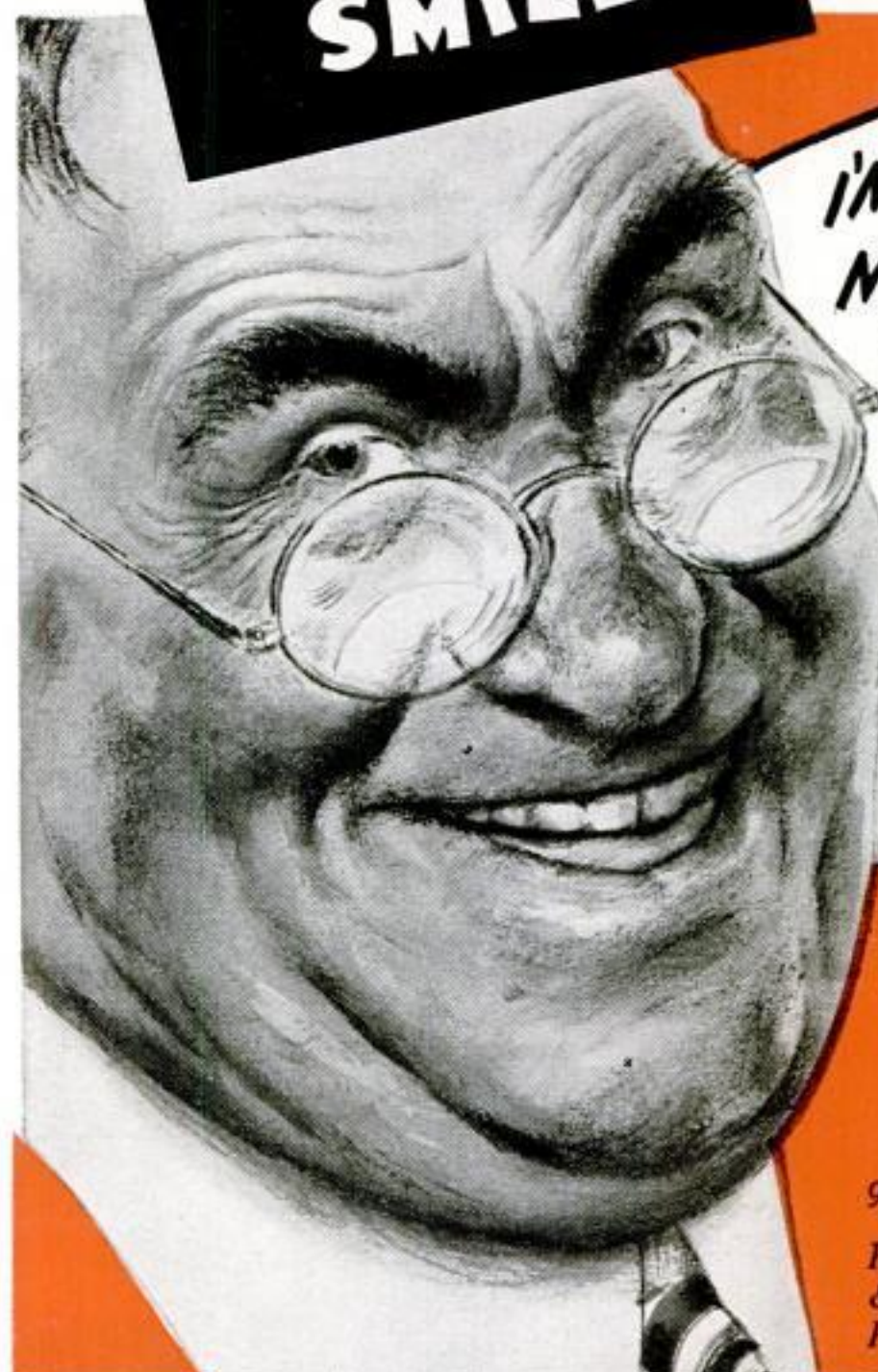
2

"Man!" exclaimed Bill, after one sip of his highball, "how can you afford such marvelous whiskey on your income?"

And when I told him that TEN HIGH costs only about a buck a pint, Bill smiled and said, "Thanks, pal! That makes us even! We've shown each other how to save money today!"

**GET THAT
TEN HIGH
SMILE**

**I'M TICKLED,
MISTER, THAT I
TRIED TEN HIGH—
THE WHISKEY
WITH "NO ROUGH
EDGES." YOU'LL
GO FOR
IT, TOO!**




90 proof
Hiram Walker
& Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

*Double
your enjoyment
with Ten High*





A'lure
The s-t-r-e-t-c-h-a-b-l-e bra

Fitting is no problem with choice of A,B,C,D bust pockets. The soft stretchable fabrics raise the bust with no shoulder drag and without binding. Made by the makers of Le Gant.

The Warner Brothers Co., 200 Madison Ave., New York
In Canada: Parisian Corset Mfg. Co., Ltd., Quebec

A'LURE ALPHABET* BRAS
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**A
B
C
D**



New ELASTI-GLASS Belt

BLEND WITH EVERY COLOR

with Everlasting
MONEL* LIFETIME BUCKLE

Elasti-Glass has taken the country by storm! This latest miracle of modern science actually stretches and bends with your body—eases gently back into shape—never stretches out of shape—never loses its elasticity. In clear transparent—one belt or one pair of braces matches every suit or shirt perfectly. Water-proof, perspiration-proof, acid-proof, easily cleanable. Because it holds firmly without binding Elast-Glass makes the most healthful and comfortable belts, braces or garters you can wear. Also available in sparkling colors, guaranteed fast and non-fading.

Ask for the "Madison" with the new Monel Lifetime Buckle . . . "Jefferson" invisible braces . . . "Adams" garters with all gold-plated parts . . . each priced at \$1 in attractive gift packages.

If your dealer cannot supply you—be sure to send us his name and use coupon. **DEALERS:** Send for a sample dozen assortment. (*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

In Canada: E. & S. CURRIE, LTD., Toronto

S. Buchsbaum & Co., 249 E. Huron St., Chicago
I enclose \$3 for Elast-Glass Ensemble of \$1 Belt, \$1 Braces, \$1 Garters—sent postpaid in attractive package. (Any item can be ordered separately if desired.)

Waist measure
Name
Address
My dealer's name is: (Be sure to fill in)



8 In the caboose, rear-end Brakeman C. E. Weber shovels coal into iron stove while Conductor Mann watches. The stove and the girly calendar are inevitable furnishings of all cabooses. Towels hang on a line over the washstand.



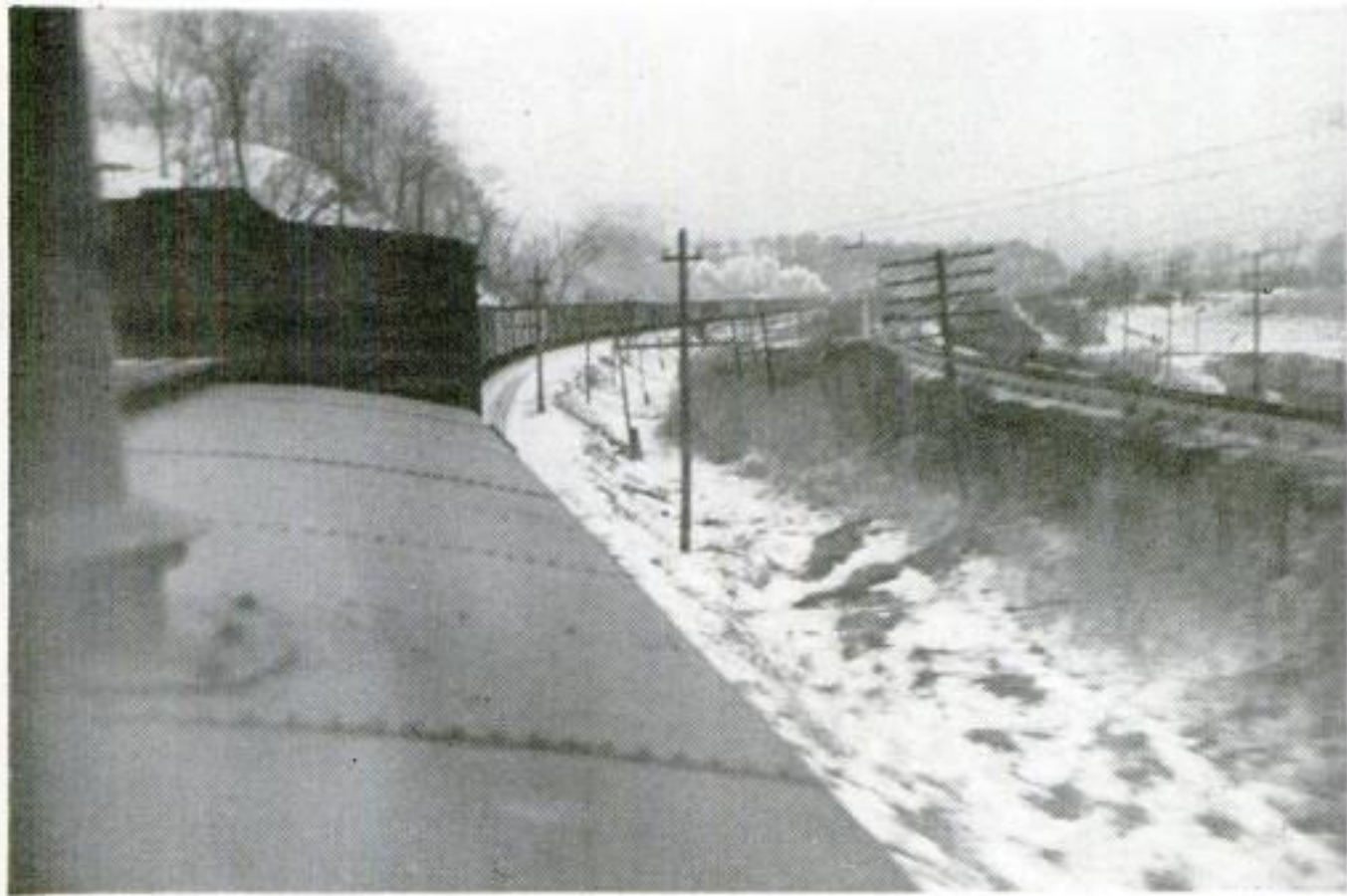
9 Up in the caboose cupola, Brakeman Weber peers out window for sparks or smoke which might mean hot boxes.



10 At Chillicothe, a new crew takes over. Mann turns over the "consist" (train papers) to O. W. Sage.



11 At Fort Madison, Iowa, another new crew comes on. The new engineer, A. F. White, busies himself "oiling around" engine with his long-necked oil can. He pays special attention to hubs, guides, main-pin bushings, valve-motion pins.



12 In the morning light, No. 39 rounds a curve at point where tracks converge near Kansas City. On straight stretches, No. 39 hits a speed of 65 m.p.h., makes almost as good time on the run as Santa Fe's regular passenger trains.



13 At 7:30 a.m. in the Argentine yards at Kansas City, No. 39 rolls cautiously across the switches to the freight house where its cars will be unsealed, its freight unloaded and goods delivered to customers first thing in the morning.



14 At 9:25 a.m., saleswoman in Taylor store shows customer candlestick which Buyer Standing bought afternoon before in Chicago. On old schedule, when train arrived in midafternoon, goods weren't delivered until following morning.

What's new for dinner?

Juicy frankfurts made Super Tender

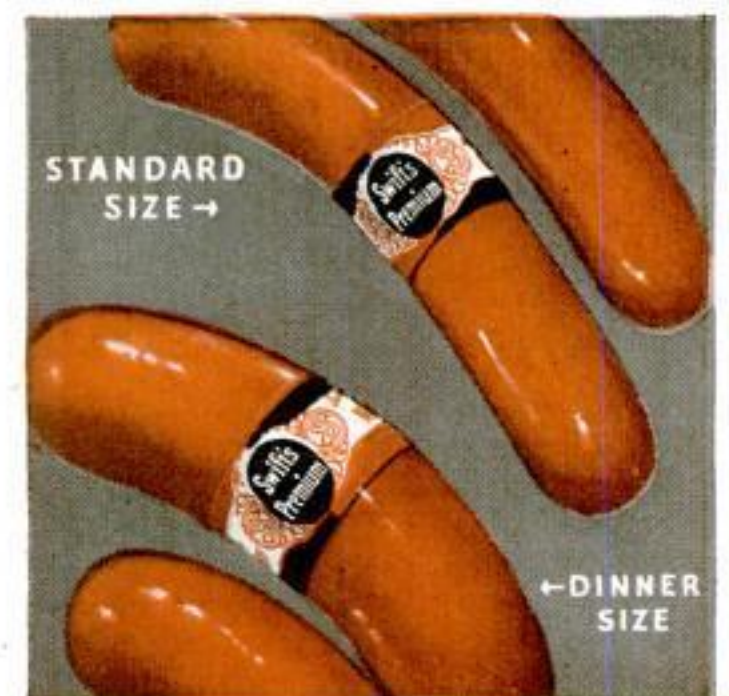


They're SWIFT'S PREMIUM, rich in the smooth flavor and savory juices of fine meats. And so delicate they cut at the touch of your fork!

● You *dine well* when the main dish stars these juicy beauties. For Swift's Premium Frankfurts—"dinner" size—offer something really new. To the extra flavor, extra savoriness of large links, is added a *tenderness* you've never known before.

Swift & Company has found a special way (patent pending) to "tender" these plump frankfurts in fresh pineapple juice. Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains, but the skins become so delicate they cut at the mere touch of a fork.

Made from selected cuts of fine, fresh meats . . . seasoned with fragrant spices and carefully smoked over fires of aromatic hardwood . . . these frankfurts have a *flavor* you'll want to enjoy again and again! The sooner you try them, the sooner you'll have a brand-new favorite for your list of "things the family likes." But be sure you get Swift's Premium Frankfurts—the luscious, *thoroughly tender* kind! Look for the "Swift's Premium" seal.



Take your choice! In addition to the big "dinner" size, your dealer has Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.

Copr. 1940 by Swift & Company

SWIFT'S PREMIUM Tender Frankfurts



Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Leona . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!



DRESSED MORE NEATLY THAN USUAL, PABLO PICASSO POSED FOR THIS PHOTOGRAPH IN HIS PARIS STUDIO. ON EASEL AT RIGHT IS "GIRL WITH A COCK," SHOWN ON PAGE 59

Picasso

SPANISH PAINTER'S BIG SHOW TOURS THE NATION



PABLO PICASSO PAINTS FROM THIS MESSY PALETTE

If small, tough Pablo Picasso were a bootblack or a bullfighter, he could hardly have been the center of more fights. During the 25 years he has dominated modern European art, his enemies say he has been a corrupting influence. With equal violence, his friends say he is the greatest artist alive. This winter half a million Americans are having their say, as the largest Picasso show ever assembled makes its coast-to-coast tour.

Consisting of 350 items, from his earliest to his latest works, this exhibit has already been seen in New York and Chicago. Week after next, it opens in St. Louis, thereafter moves on to Boston. In June it opens at the San Francisco Museum.

In Paris today Picasso is the crown prince of the art world. Because he seldom answers the telephone, or opens mail, or remembers appointments, he has a curious routine for receiving visitors. To reach his top floor studio on the Rue des Grands Augustins, a caller must climb three flights of stairs. Repeated knocking at the door brings no answer. Finally, after the visitor has tramped downstairs and is out in the street, Picasso sticks his head out the window. If he recognizes the man or likes his looks, he shouts for him to come back.

Picasso is 58. He looks much younger, often works long hours at night. Considered the world's most prolific artist, he has turned out more than 4,000 pictures. Today a good Picasso may bring as much as \$25,000.

Picasso was born in Malaga, Spain. From his Italian mother he inherited his dark skin and robust build. His father was a Basque art teacher. As a child Picasso showed his impatience with ordinary progress when he attached roller skates to the flippers of a huge slow-moving tortoise. At 15 he had set up his studio as an independent artist in Barcelona, and at 19 he was studying in Paris.

His earliest paintings of studio nudes and cafe scenes are proof that Picasso could, if he chose, draw well by conventional standards. Soon he developed the first of his famous periods called the "blue period." In swift succession followed the "harlequin," "rose" and "Negro" periods, each one representing a kind of antidote for the preceding phase. By 1918, Picasso was leader among the Parisian aesthetes who reflected post-War chaos by their wild experiments in cubism, surrealism and Dadaism.

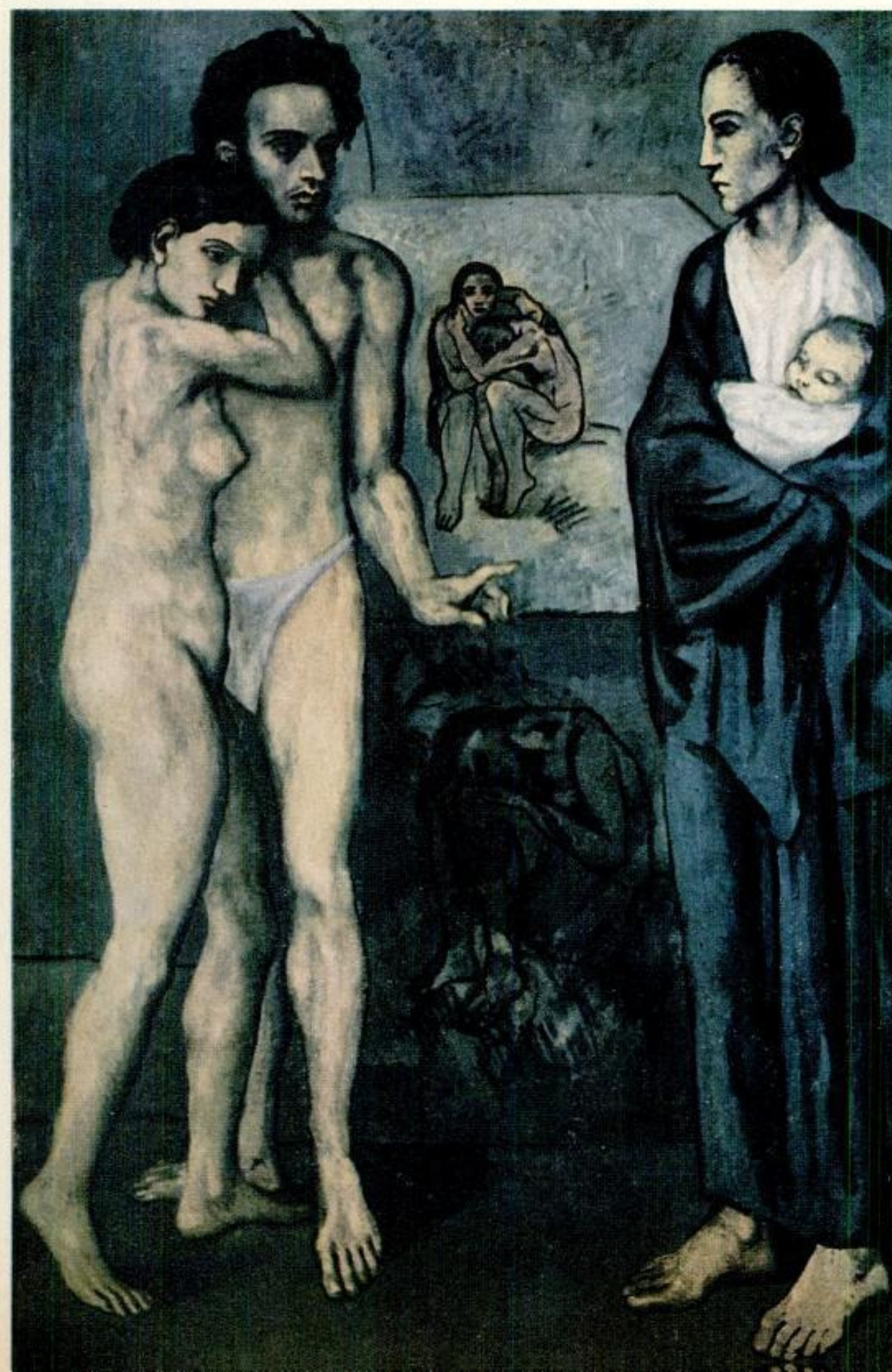
Picasso's amazing financial success is due partly to shrewd art dealers, partly to his own bourgeois thrift. He has five homes, including a chateau near Paris, where he saves electricity by burning candles. He is reputed to have earned more than any other artist in the world.

Most critics today are quick to praise Pablo Picasso's enormous talent and versatility. Even in his current "ugly" period they see crude, vigorous beauty. But they no longer agree with the enraptured critics of ten years ago who claimed Picasso revealed his genius even in the way he tossed his socks over a chair.

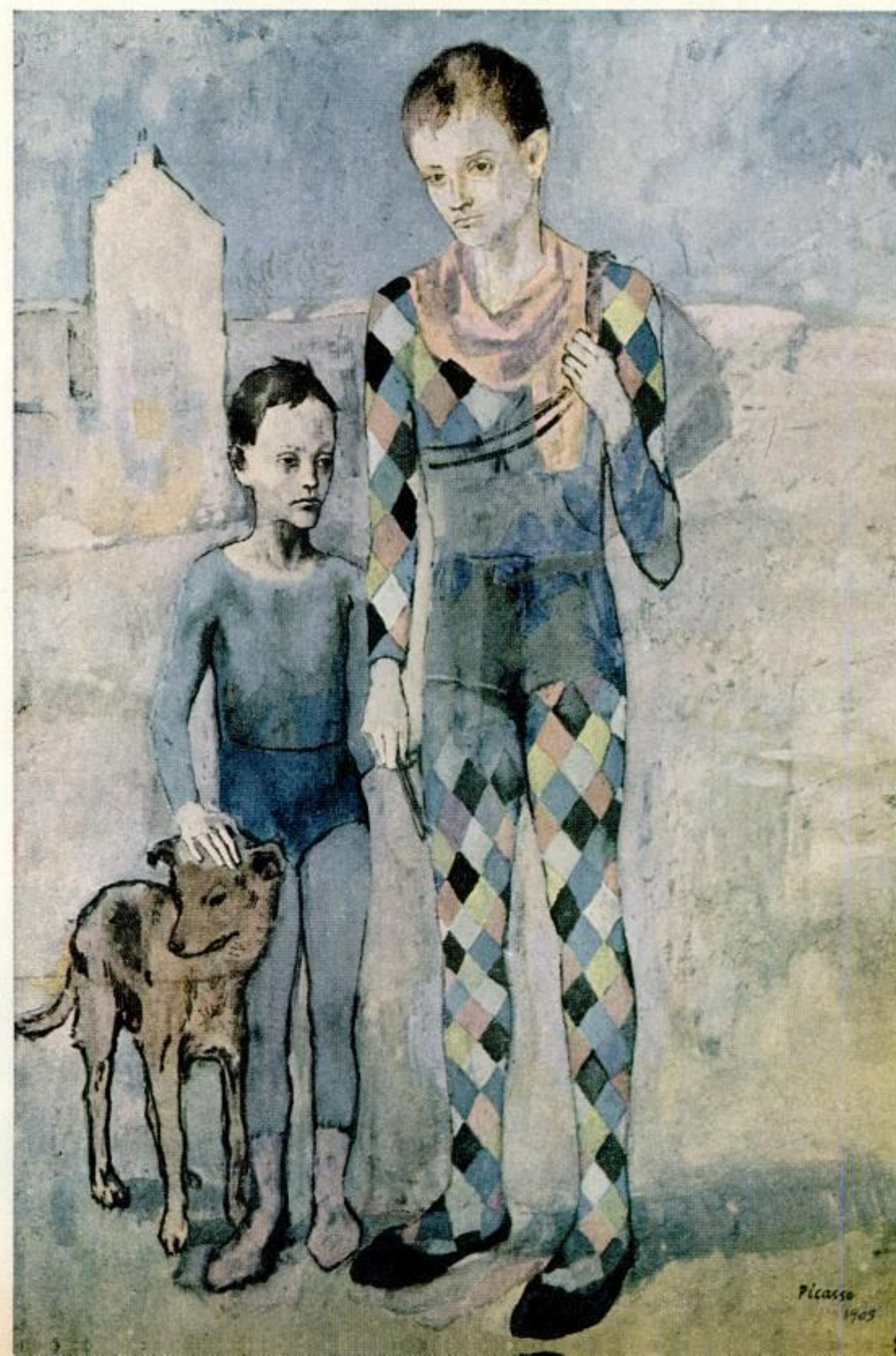


This cabaret scene was painted by Picasso at 19, when he first came to Paris in 1900 and took a youngster's delight in city gaiety. He named it *Moulin de la Galette*, after a famous Montmartre cafe. Here his style is influenced by older men like Toulouse-Lautrec, but already it shows the boldness and verve that carried him through a sensational career.

Here in "*La Vie*" Picasso portrays the simple dignity of men, women and motherhood. It represents his poetic "blue period" (1903), when he painted mostly in blue and more blue.



In "*Two Acrobats with a Dog*" (1905), Picasso shows his early interest in circus waifs and clowns. Here he emerges from "blue period," but still paints with a melancholy tenderness.





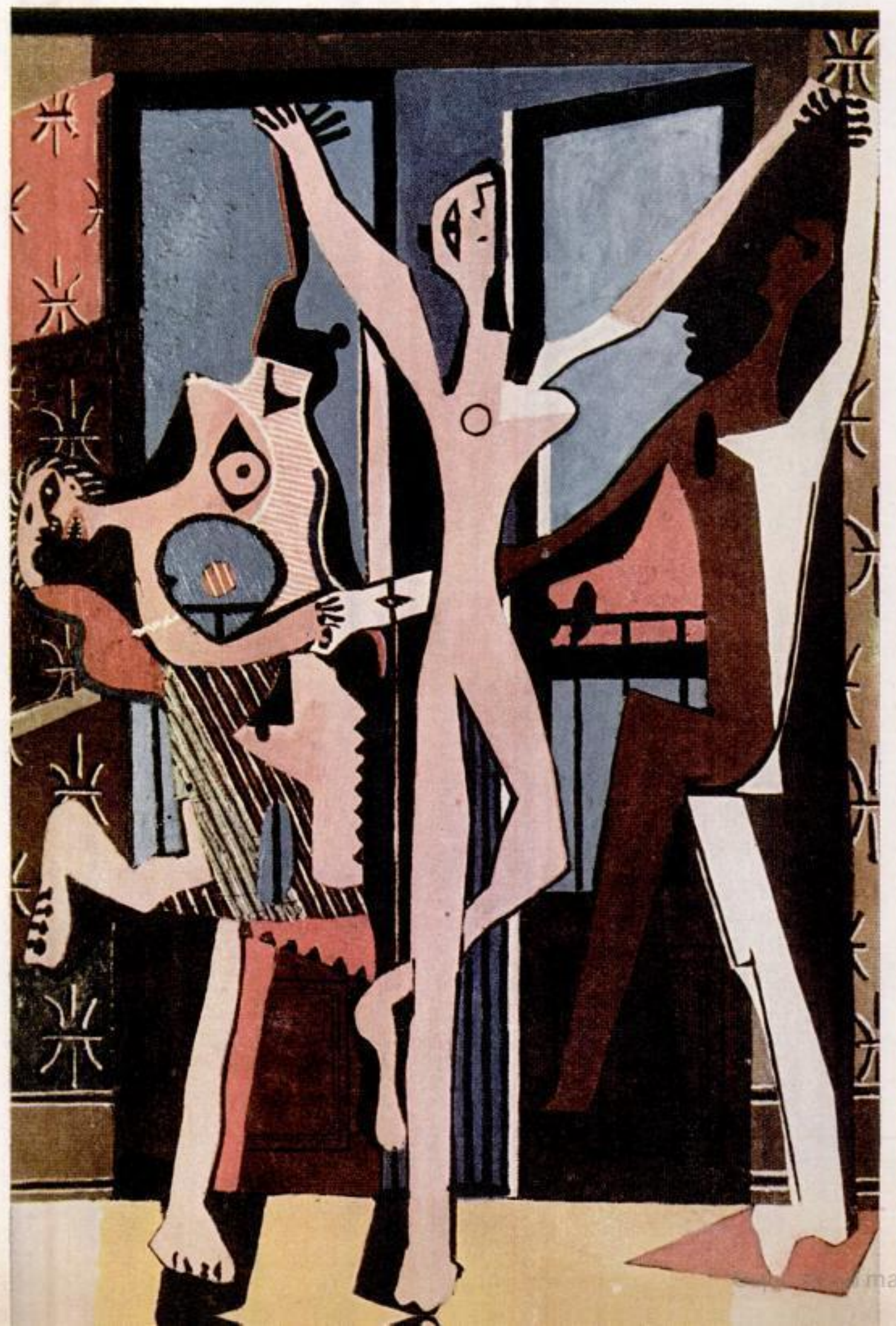
"Woman in Yellow" (1907) from Picasso's "Negro period" illustrates his revolt against his own over-delicate "blues." Here he adopts the primitive color and vigor of African art.

This monumentally proportioned *Standing Nude* (1922) is an example of Picasso's "classic period" when the Russian Ballet stimulated his interest in the beauty of the human body.



"Woman with a Mandolin" (1910) is a Picasso contribution to cubism. Cubists attempted to create "pure art," independent of nature, by breaking up and rearranging natural forms.

In "*The Three Dancers*" (1925), Picasso goes beyond his milder exercises in cubism, creates a canvas full of tumult and convulsive action, which to him expresses the modern world.





Called *Girl with a Cock*, this 1938 portrait of a young lady with a rooster is typical of Picasso's current work which expresses the crudeness and brutality of the modern world.

He paints both the front and side views of the girl's face to give a more violent impression. Picasso's work shows the influence of African and Greek art, and modern funny papers.



Collins Avenue is Main Street of Miami Beach. Out of any ten automobiles, six have non-Florida license plates. The ocean-front lots cost from \$700-\$1,150 per front foot.



Kayak paddling in Miami Beach's Surf Club pool amuses socialite Miamians. Surf Club's 350 members include Calvin Bentley, whose father made his fortune manufacturing snow shovels.

Miami & Miami Beach

Biggest U.S. winter resort has biggest boom

Photographs for LIFE by Alfred Eisenstaedt; color by Fritz Henle



Miami is building hotels at rate of 50 a year. They are put up in summer when noise and dust do not annoy tourists.

In 1912 Miami, Fla., was a sleepy town of 7,500 people and Miami Beach, three and a half miles away across a tidal lagoon, was an untidy sand bar populated principally by crabs and mosquitoes. In that year an enterprising young Indiana automobile millionaire named Carl Fisher descended on the town and, with the assistance of two elephants, Nero and Rosie, began turning it into a winter resort. Miami and Miami Beach have been booming ever since. Currently, Miami has a population of about 140,000 and Miami Beach of 20,000. The two combined are easily the No. 1 playground of the world's most playful nation.

The season of 1940 has been greatest in the history of the Miamis. Fifty new hotels built since last year have been packed since first of the year. A swarm of more than 500,000 visitors will have spent a total of around \$80,000,000 by the time the season ends in April. Miamians will then run up about

50 more hotels in anticipation of next year's swarm.

Chief attraction of Miami's natural and artificial amenities is of course the climate. This year was not only that of its biggest boom but also that of one of its severest cold waves. As a rule a winter day in Miami is like a June day north of the Mason and Dixon line. The climate is by no means all that Miamians have to offer. For outdoor sports, there are swimming, fishing, horse and dog racing, golf, tennis. For indoor sports there are gambling, dancing and associated pastimes.

Native Miamians are calm and conceited characters who labor under the delusion that the name of the place should be pronounced "My-am'-muh." It should not. Visiting Miamians come in all sizes but can, for convenience, be divided into two groups: celebrities and non-celebrities. The latter call the former collection "slepperties" and follow them around.



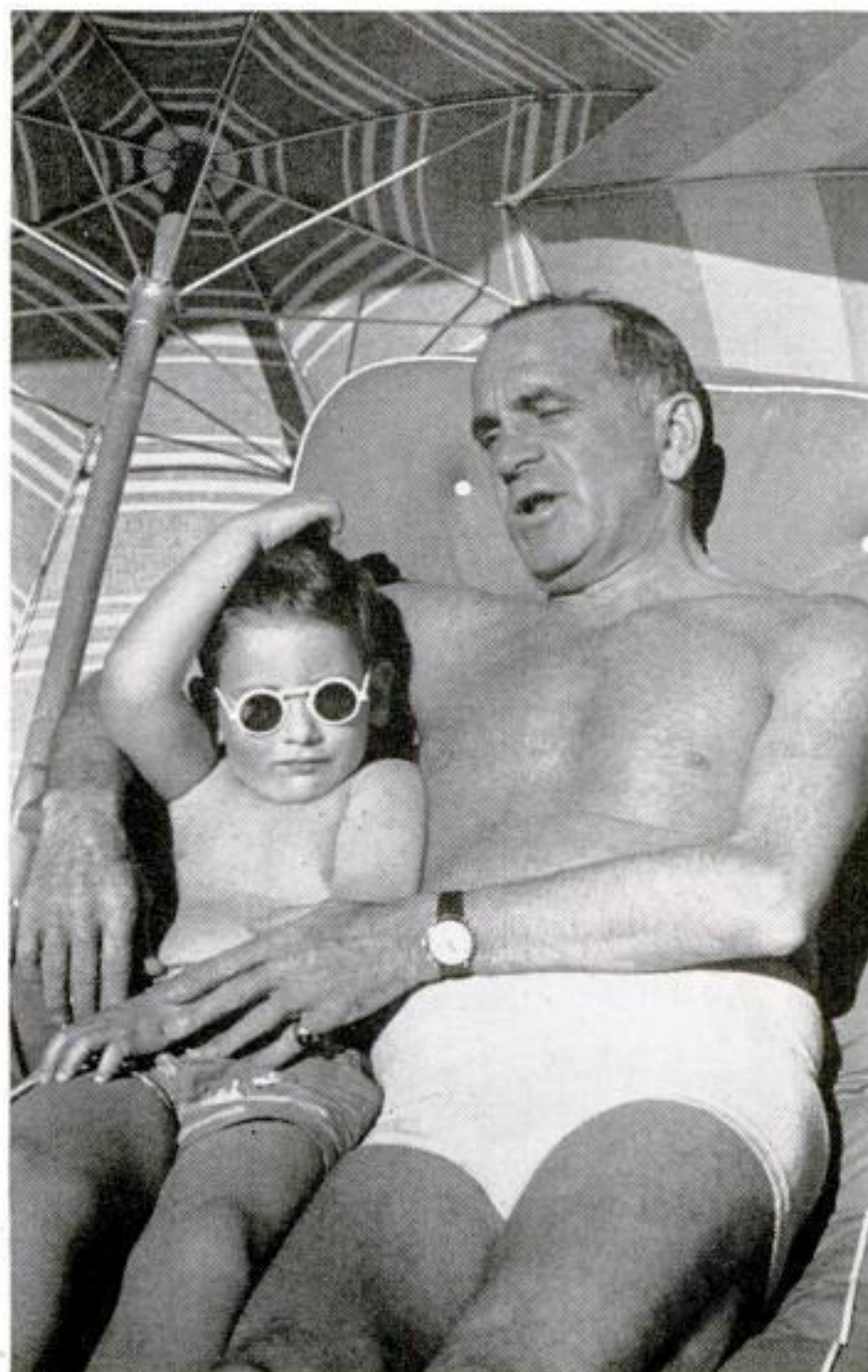
Porch-sitting is one of Miami Beach's many major outdoor sports. Sitters lolling in strips of sunlight above are on porch of Hotel White House. Miami Beach also has a Hotel Cardozo.



Surf Club cabanas are built in ram's-horn pattern around clubhouse. Umbrella on sand (*foreground*), one of largest made for beaches, has 38-ft. diameter. In cabanas, guests do nothing.



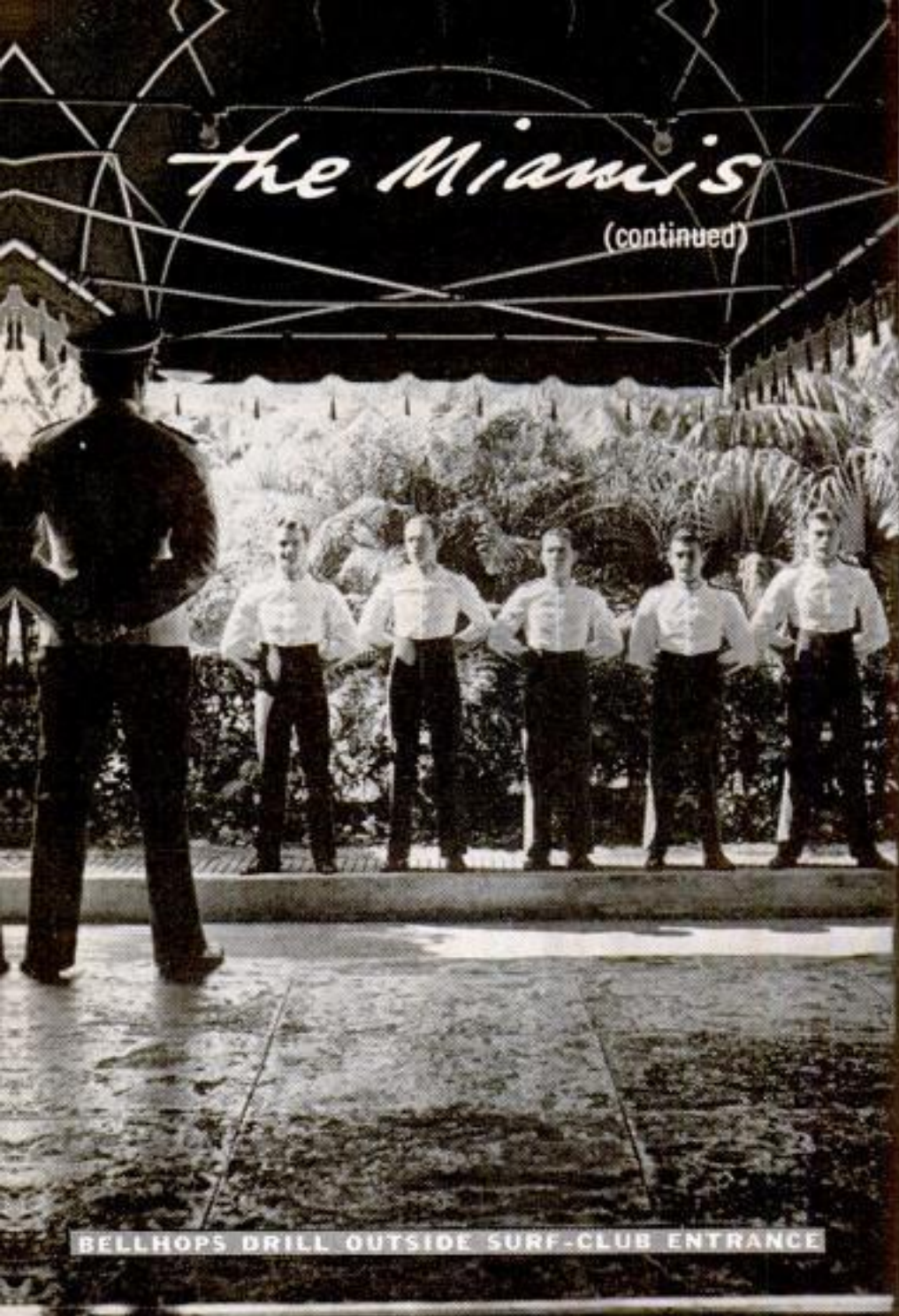
Lucie Jadot, daughter of a wealthy Belgian railroad owner, dozes. Miami Beach gets less foreign trade than Palm Beach.



Al Jolson, a high-ranking "sleepy," croons under an umbrella to Al Jr., who reserves judgment on the performance.



Walter Winchell dozes in chair outside the Roney Plaza cabana. Friends rouse him frequently to provide news items.



BELLHOPS DRILL OUTSIDE SURF CLUB ENTRANCE



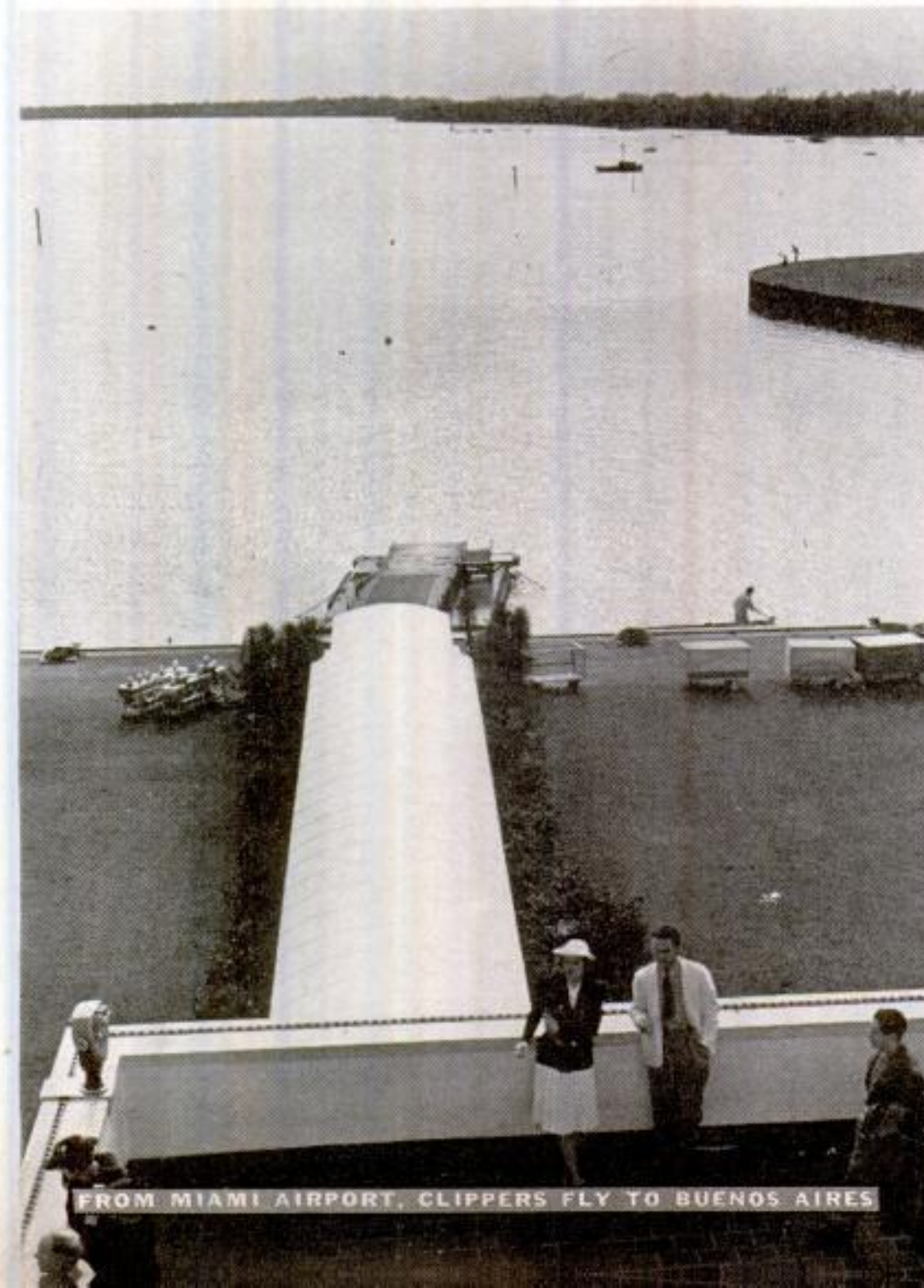
MIAMI OLDSTERS LIKE TO PLAY SHUFFLEBOARD



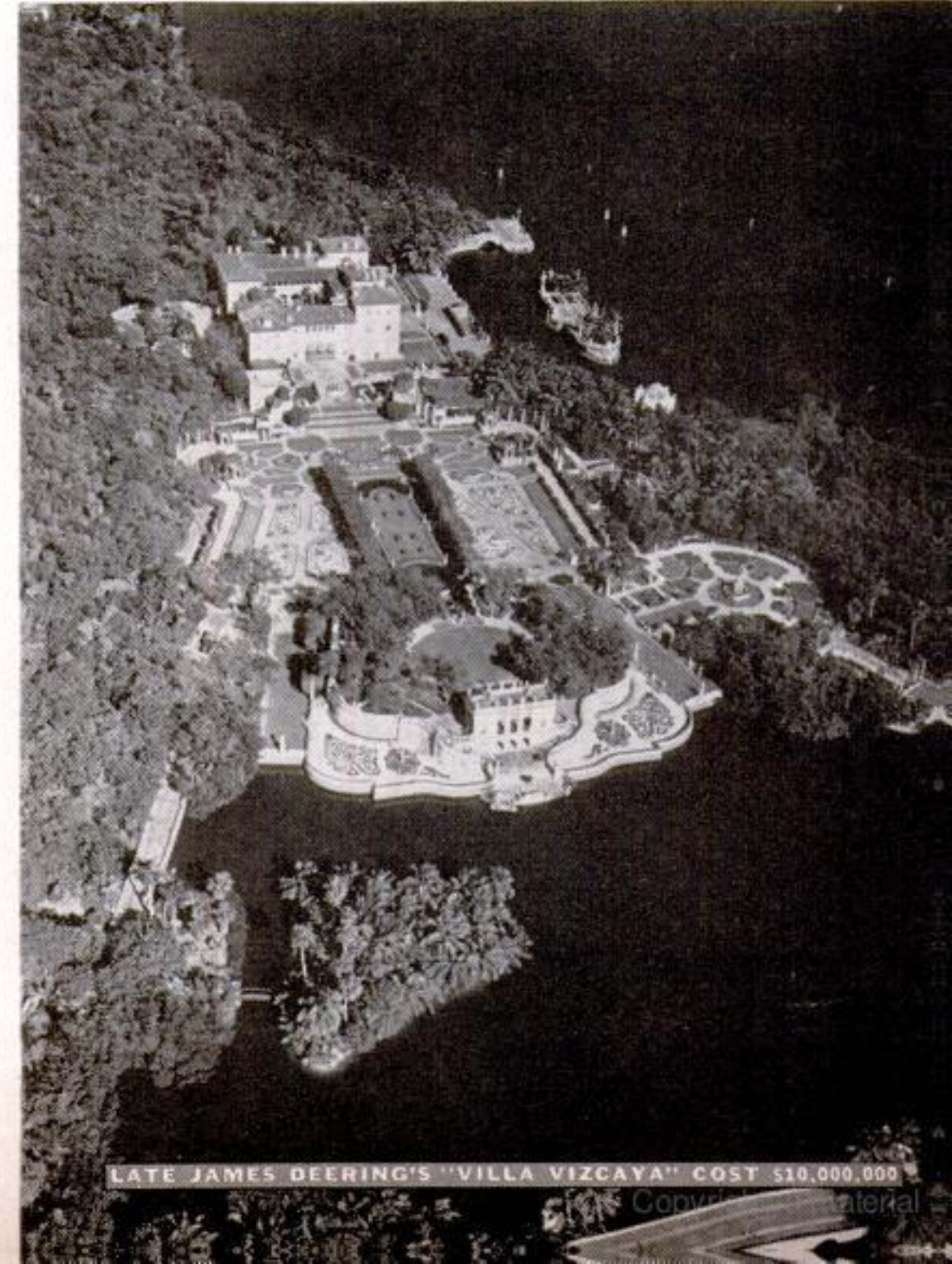
MR. AND MRS. C. ALAN HUDSON BREAKFAST ON THEIR LAWN BESIDE SURPRISE LAKE AT MIAMI BEACH



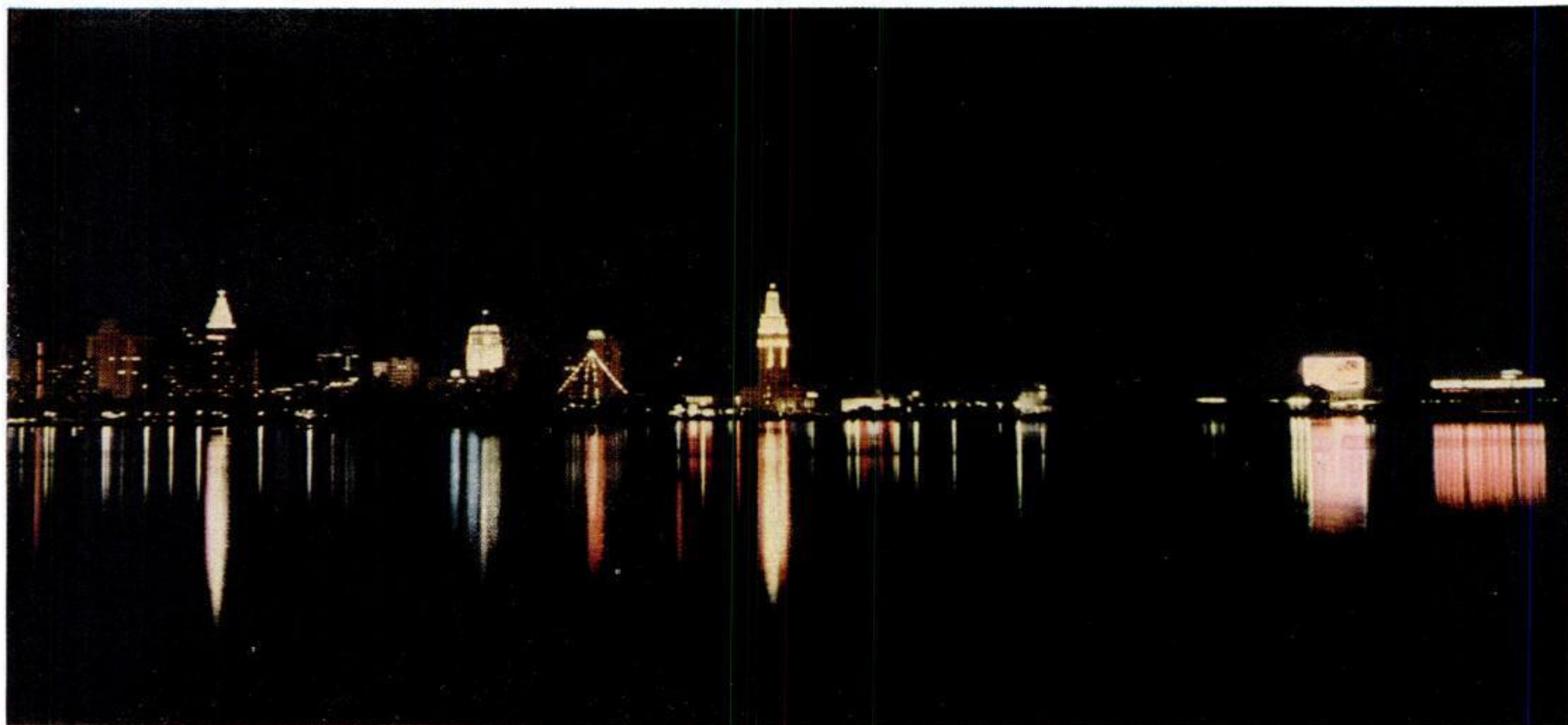
POOR MIAMIANS HAVE UNHEATED FRAME HOUSES



FROM MIAMI AIRPORT, CLIPPERS FLY TO BUENOS AIRES



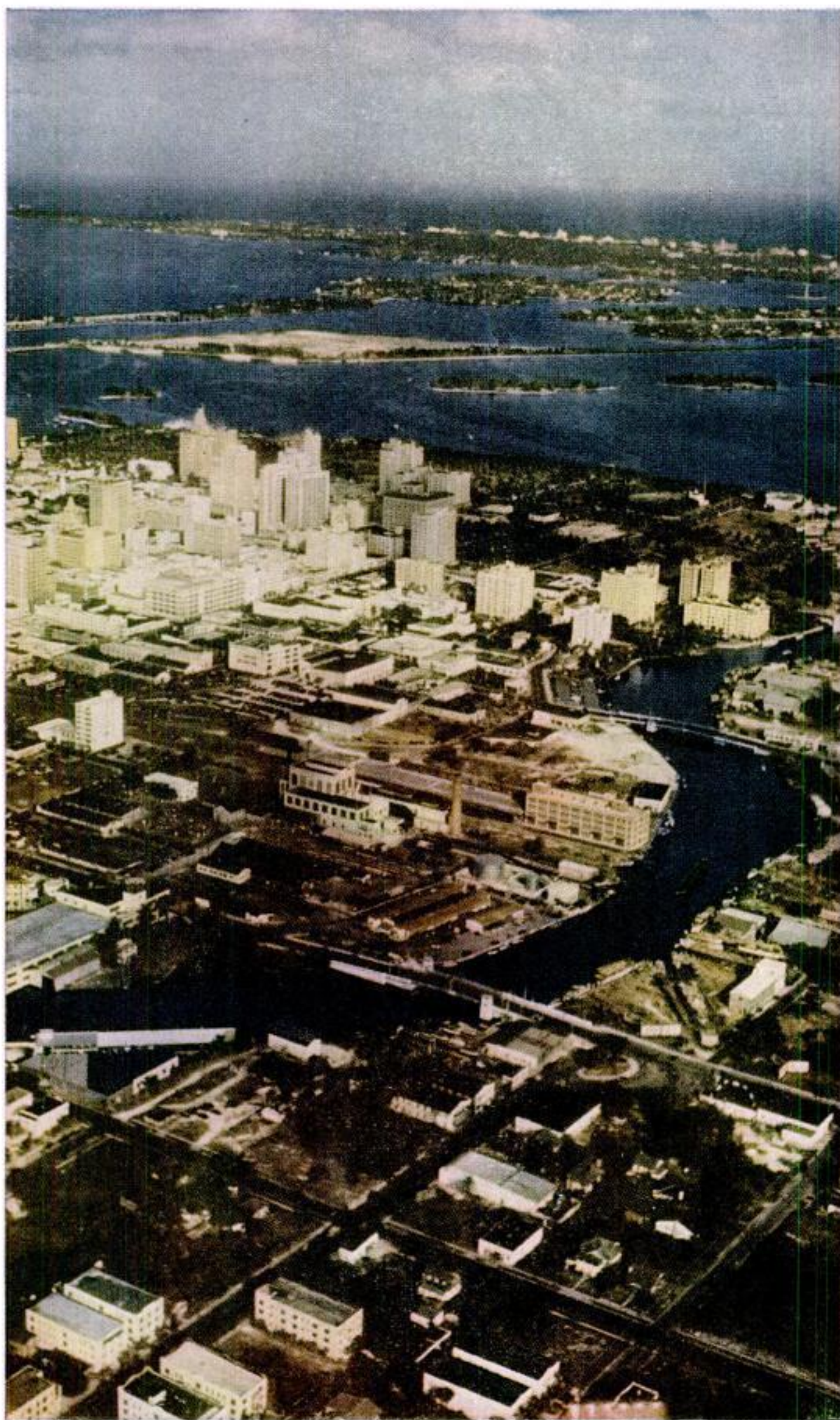
LATE JAMES DEERING'S "VILLA VIZCAYA" COST \$10,000,000



Skyline of Miami seen from Biscayne Bay is brilliantly reflected in water that divides Miami from Miami Beach. Big

building on left is new duPont Building which houses Florida National Bank, first Miami skyscraper built since 1927.

Next is 28-story Dade County Court House with jail on 18th and 19th floors. Third skyscraper is Miami *Daily News*.



Miami River winds through city's business section, empties into Biscayne Bay. From sightseeing blimp, row of luxury hotels on Miami Beach looks like solid line along horizon.



Along Indian Creek, which meanders through Miami Beach, live many of the resort's richest residents. Between cocktails, snacks and sunbathing, such folk fiddle with their yachts.



Bright pedal boats, gondolas and "drive-it-yourself" motorboats on Pancoast Lake enable poorer visitors to have as much fun as their economic betters. Pedal boats are particularly fine.



Glittering yachts, cruisers and launches in Biscayne Bay look like jewels on velvet when viewed from air at night.

Along Pier Five (center) are tied the world's best-equipped fleet of sports fishing boats for charter. Large yacht (lower

left) is *Marnell* from Duluth, Minn. Into Biscayne Bay leads the Inland Waterway from the North (LIFE, Jan. 15).



Beach at Miami Beach is composed of dazzling, white-gold sand sloping into warm and friendly surf that foams like

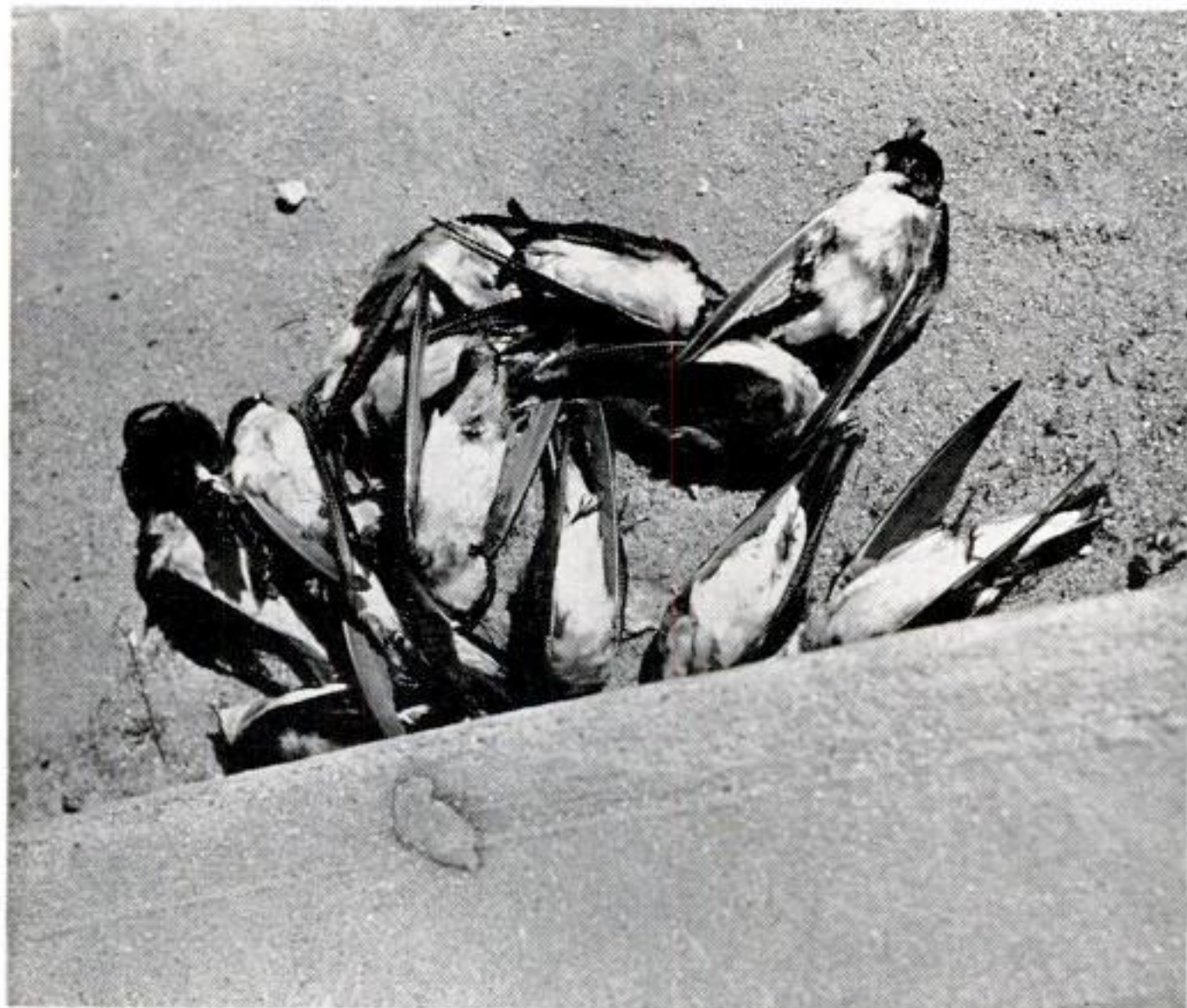
soapsuds. Never densely packed like Northern beaches in the summer, it is fringed by feathery palms, dotted by sun-

tanned bathers for a stretch of seven miles. White building is one of Miami Beach's 47 new hotels built in 1939.

Drastic cold wave flabbergasts Miami

It is extremely unlikely that 1940 will go down in Miami history as a record year from the point of view of tourist business. Although the best so far, it will undoubtedly be surpassed by 1941. What 1940 will be memorable for to Miamians is the night of Jan. 28, when the temperature dropped to a low of 31° in the third week of the longest severe cold spell since 1917, when the thermometer registered 27°.

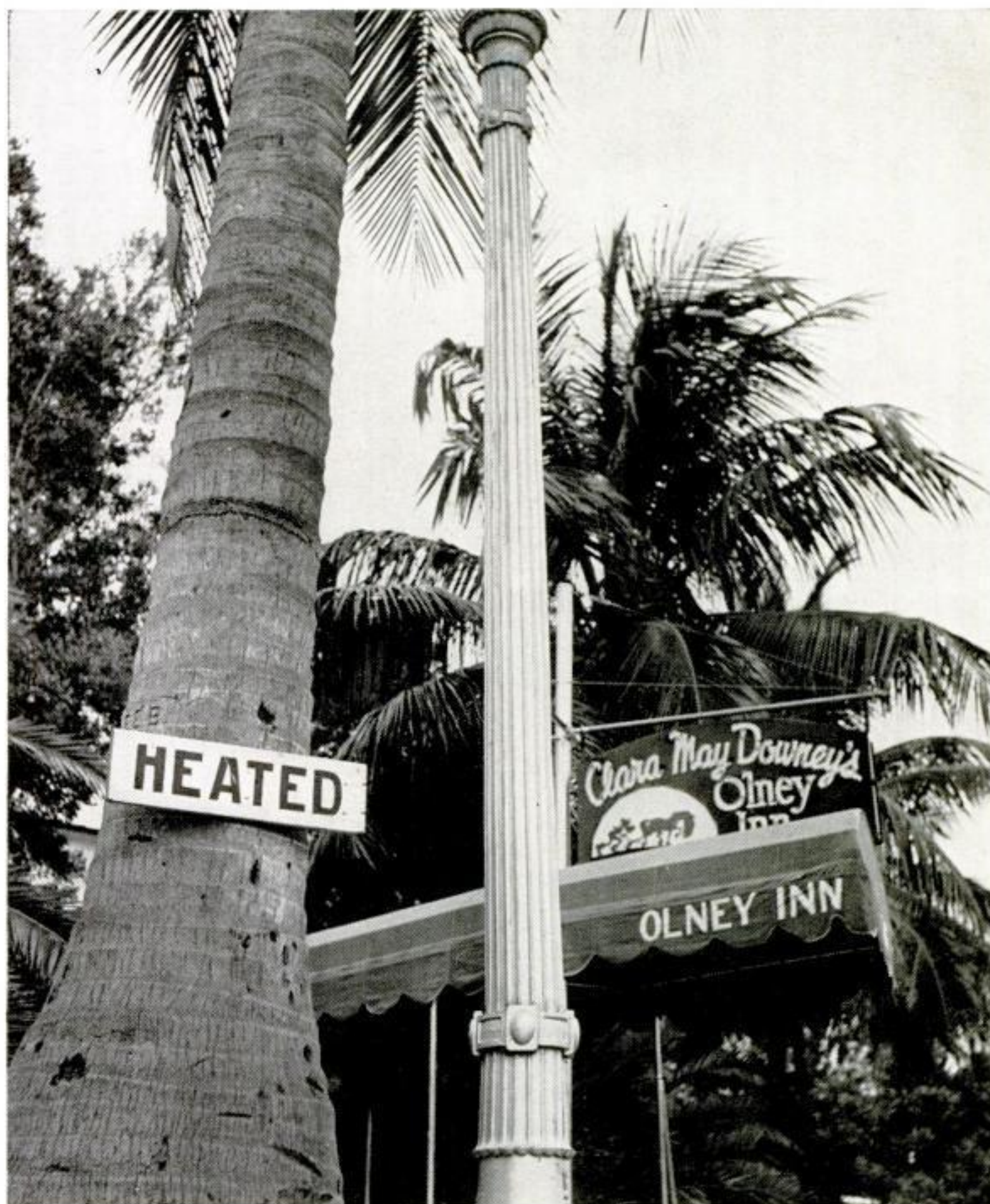
Like Californians, Miamians tend to have a possessive feeling about their climate. In the spring, newspapers headline bad weather conditions in the North to persuade visitors to remain. When it turns cold, the visitors and townsfolk alike seem to feel that they are being unfairly dealt with. This winter's cold snap not only ruined millions of dollars worth of Florida's vegetables and citrus fruit but also added a new note to the ordinarily happy confusion of life in the sun. Cold winds rendered the fishing impractical, porch-sitting unpleasant, swimming preposterous and even "slepperty-hunting" difficult. Gritting their teeth, Miamians nonetheless contrived not only to live through the ordeal but even to take a certain pride in it. Miami newspapers ran photographs of local icicles, as a unique freak of nature.



Stunned by severe cold, blue martins keeled over in mid-air and collapsed on Miami streets and lawns. These delicate little birds are too small and bony to be edible.



Also stunned, Press Agent Joe Copps, whose job is to soft-pedal the news about bad weather in Miami Beach, was photographed while gathering wood for his fireplace.



Night clubs, of which there are 50 (capacity: 10,000) in the area of Miami and Miami Beach, installed stoves to warm patrons. Dade County public schools (capacity: 40,000) closed their doors.



Disgruntled strollers on the cement beach walk, usually thronged by half-naked Miamians, had to wear heavy coats. There are practically no heating facilities in Miami, and few fur coats.

Girls enhance local beaches

All beaches are noteworthy for the girls in bathing suits. Due to a combination of causes, the girls on Miami Beach's incredible seven-mile strip of ocean shore are more numerous and more decorative than those in any comparable locale in the world. Motivated by greed, exhibitionism, sociability or mere duty, they gather from all points and professions. No one can ever tell what they will be up to next. The only certain thing is that—in weird baskets of straw, linen bathrobes or practically nothing; dozing, squealing, making friends or posing for photographs; munching candy, eavesdropping, drinking cocktails, taking showers (*below*) or thinking up plans—they will always be on hand in some capacity.

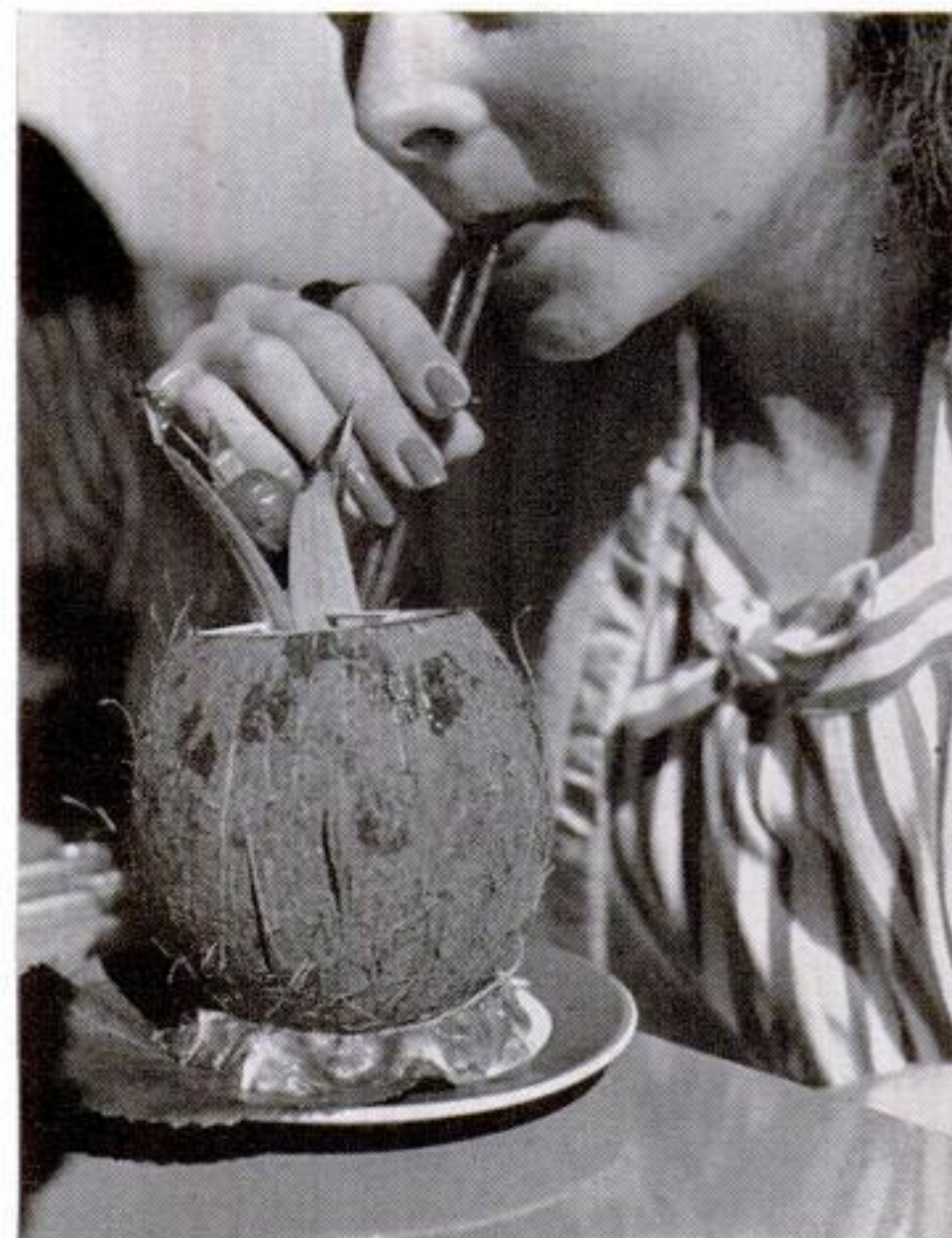


Curiosities in the attire of Model Stephanie Nikashian include cartwheel hat, flower-printed Turkish trousers, dark

glasses with "seashell" rims, and necklace of old beans, seeds and coconut rinds gathered from Florida "jungles."



Beach sandals and trousers (*above*) grow stranger every year. Fashion shows are a daily routine on Miami Beach.



Manga Reva cocktail, garnished with pineapple and drunk through straws from a nut shell, is a Surf Club specialty.



*This curious ensemble
was a Miami Beach
cold-wave fashion note*

★ TO HELP SKIN AFTER 27 RETAIN THE "LOOK OF YOUTH" LONGER ★



Discourage age signals— encourage a fresh young look

DO THIS TODAY—Take a mirror to the bright daylight...Search your face mercilessly...Any fine lines around the eyes?...Signs of droop at the mouth corners?...Sag at the chin line?...Skin look "parched" or tired?

Start now to discourage those age signals!

Do this tonight—and every night! Smooth *Elmo Texture Cream* over your skin...Pat it gently under your eyes...*Lift up* your mouth corners with fingertips dipped in Texture Cream...*Spank* it under your chin—but *briskly*!

Elmo Texture Cream is especially formulated to help your skin keep that fresh look of youth longer. It's rich in lubricating oils, to soften, to aid in smoothing your skin. And it's cloud-light in consistency to help protect delicate skin tissue. It *smooths* on—no drag, no pull as you stimulate!

Modest in Price!

Elmo Texture Cream is joy to use. It's so light, so daintily fragrant—and the soft pink color of a sweet-heart rose! Texture Cream—and all the Elmo aids to loveliness—are modest in price. On sale at your favorite cosmetic counter.

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PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO

MODERN LIVING



JUNE TURNER OF MILWAUKEE DISCOVERS RIDING "PHILIP THE HORSE" IS A

HAROLD LLOYD'S HOBBYHORSE

The loss of dignity sustained by the people shown here is the treacherous work of "Philip the Horse." As a means of locomotion, this eccentric hobbyhorse is malicious, impractical and foolish, but for gratification of the national urge to have fun with gadgets, he is splendid. Philip, sponsored by Harold Lloyd, is next of kin to the Dodge 'Em and the Pogo stick and first cousin to the yo-yo. Introduced in Hollywood, Philip has already taken the West Coast as another wooden horse took Troy, looks a sure shot to win first money in other centers of frivolity.

Philip looks roughly like a child's hobbyhorse but is mounted on eccentric rockers. The secret of his popularity is that he looks easy to ride but really isn't. By rocking gently back and forth, advancing the pivotal foreleg and then bringing up the hind legs, certain progress can be achieved. Novices invariably rock too

James Roosevelt, at Hollywood's Coconut Grove, enjoys losing dignity on hobbyhorse.

Enthusiastic, Ruth Schram pivoted too far forward, giving





LOSING BATTLE WITH GRAVITY. THIS HAPPENS WHEN YOU TRY TO GO TOO FAST

CRAZE IS FUN BUT UPSETTING

hard, especially when taunted into a race, thereupon fall in a heap.

The birth of Philip was itself a little accident. Fred Selch, an unemployed carpenter, was trying to make a walking hobby-horse when, by mistake, he put the pivotal bolt that connects the legs in the wrong place. Perceiving the humor of the result, Selch showed his mutinous mount to Harold Lloyd, who immediately ordered six and had girls trained to operate them at the Santa Anita Ball. Unsuspecting guests were then invited to try their luck on the horses. Orders for more horses poured in on the spot and Lloyd set Selch up in a business that has sold more than 4,000 horses to such varied buyers as department stores, Helen Hayes, Grosvenor House in London and the daughter of Mexico's President Lázaro Cárdenas. Most expert riders are Jack Benny and Judy Garland; one of the worst: Harold Lloyd.

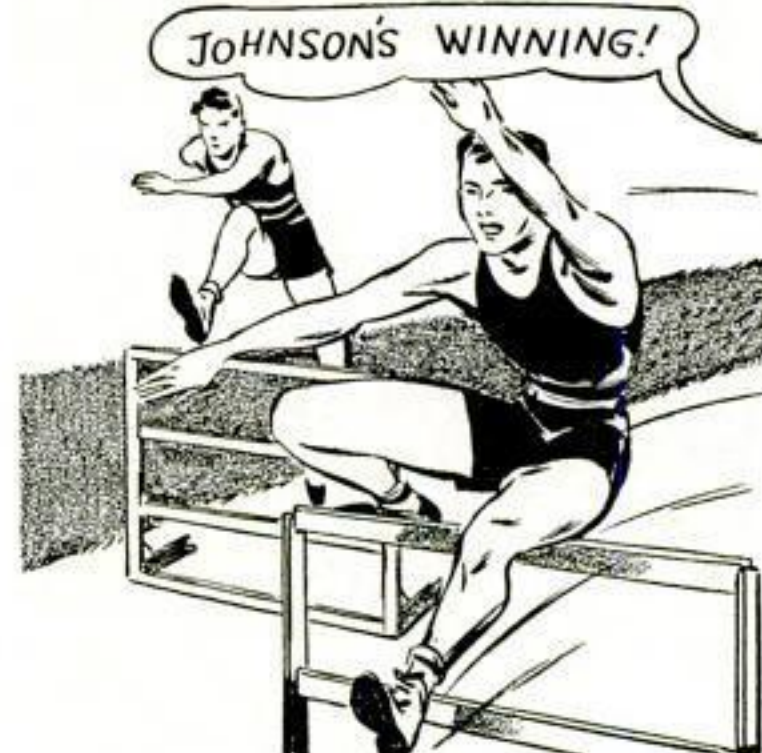
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treacherous Philip a chance to throw rider and kick up his heels.

Owner of Seabiscuit, C. S. Howard, finds Philip slower but cheaper. Philip costs \$15.



NEVER TOO LATE FOR YOUNG IDEAS!



SIX GOOD TIMES TO ENJOY TEA

BREAKFAST - TEA GIVES YOU A QUICK PICK-UP - AND IT'S SO EASY TO DIGEST.

AT 11 A.M. - TEA HELPS YOU TO WORK BETTER, THINK FASTER.

LUNCHEON - FOR A GOOD AFTER-NOON'S WORK, LET TEA PEP YOU UP.

AT 4 P.M. - SO REFRESHING - TEA CHASES AWAY 4 O'CLOCK FATIGUE.

DINNER - TEA TASTES SWELL AND MAKES FOOD TASTE BETTER.

EVENING - ENJOY TEA FREELY - TEA LETS YOU SLEEP.

IT'S AS EASY AS A-B-C TO GET A REALLY GOOD CUP OF TEA

- A** - ALWAYS USE BUBBLING BOILING WATER AND POUR IT ON THE TEA.
- B** - USE 1 TEASPOONFUL PER CUP, PLUS ONE FOR THE POT.
- C** - STEEP TO ANY STRENGTH YOU PREFER. (MOST PEOPLE WHO USE CREAM OR MILK CHOOSE A 5-MINUTE BREW.)



MARGARET FINNEY, R.N. - UNITED AIR LINES STEWARDESS

I LOVE MY JOB, BUT BEING IN TOUCH WITH THE PUBLIC ALL THE TIME IS OFTEN EXHAUSTING. TEA IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS AS A PICK-UP. TEA IS POPULAR WITH PASSENGERS - PARTICULARLY THE YOUNGER CROWD. TEA'S EASY TO MAKE - AND EASY ON THE DIGESTION, TOO

GOOD TEA COMES FROM



THESE GOOD BLACK TEAS ARE ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE AMERICAN TASTE. FOR ECONOMY AND FULL ENJOYMENT, BUY QUALITY TEA.

TEA

PEPS YOU UP!

DELICIOUS, VITALIZING - ECONOMICAL TOO - COSTS LESS THAN 1/2 CENT A CUP

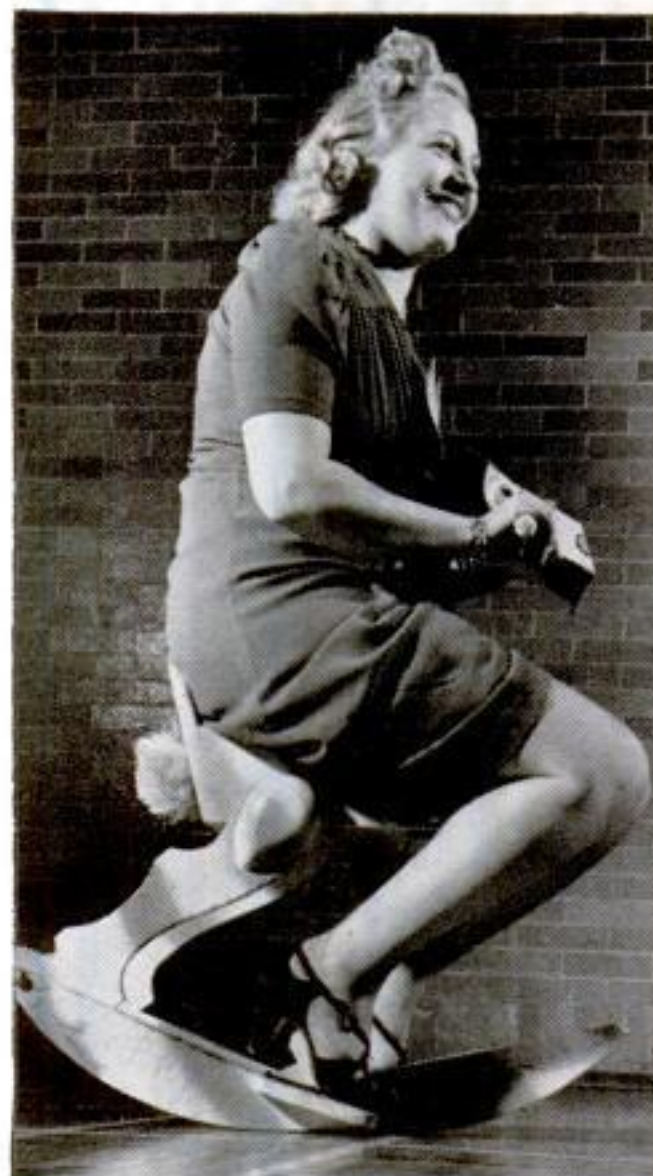


SAYS MR. T. POTT

Hobbyhorse craze (continued)



Hobbyhorse races are held every Saturday night at the Milwaukee Athletic Club, where private bets are placed, winners get prize of horse or champagne. These girls are having difficulty lining up their steeds at the start, since floor is well waxed.



First step is to tug slightly at Philip's head, then pull the pivotal foreleg forward and shift weight from hind legs.

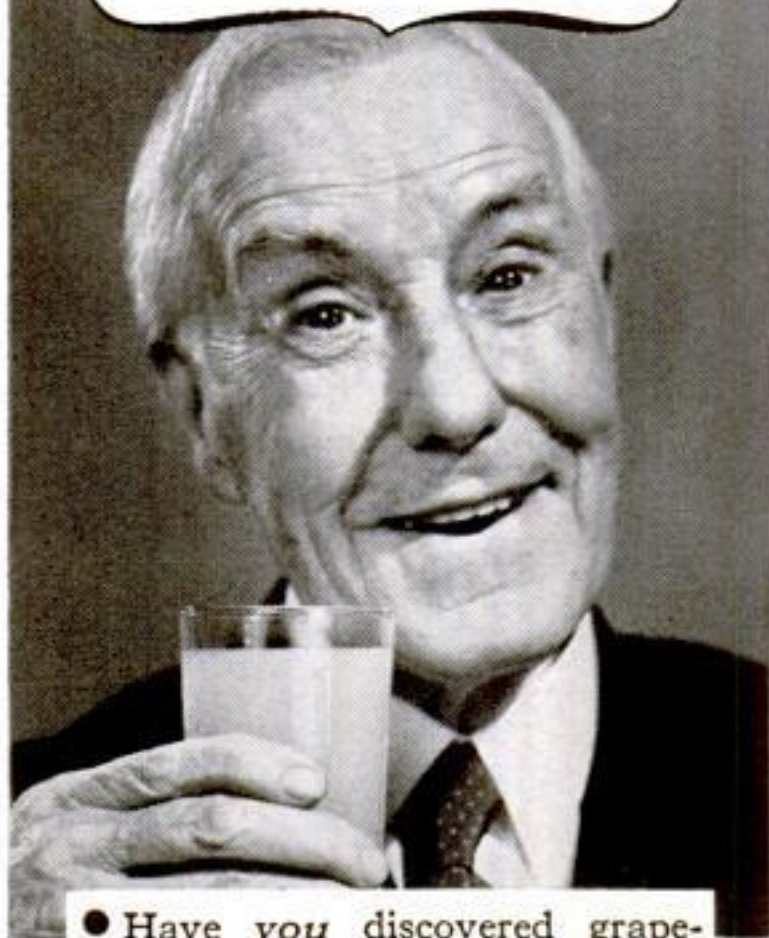


Second step is to slide Philip's rear feet forward, sit upright. Miss Helen Thompson (above) seems much too confident.



Leaning far back produces accidents like one that has overtaken Helen Thompson. Practiced hobbyhorsesmen may eventually ride expertly, but major purpose of "Philip the Horse" is less locomotion, more enjoyment of laughter at disaster.

Here's the drink
I've been
looking for—



• Have you discovered grapefruit juice—that clean-tasting, tangy juice that comes from Florida grapefruit?

It has a wide-awake flavor like none other in all the world. Grand as a beginner for any meal—and as a thirst-quencher any old time of day. Good for you, too—in a dozen ways—for it's loaded with vitamins and minerals. Try some today!

FLORIDA CANNED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

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Pretty

HE'S FED THE
WORLD'S
MOST FAMOUS
DOG FOOD



• Random feeding is as dangerous for dogs as it is for children! Protect your dog's health with Spratt's Meat Fibrine Biscuit Foods...famous among experts as the right food in the right form. They supply both meat and wheat, contain twice the nourishment of lean meat alone. In crisp-baked form, they compel the dog to chew, safeguarding teeth, gums and digestion. Made of the finest ingredients obtainable. Ask for Spratt's FIBO (granulated), SPIX (bone-size), OVALS or Assorted Biscuits.

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DO THIS...
it helps keep
colds from developing!

Never Wait until a cold gets a head start. For it's so easy now to help *prevent* the development of many miserable colds.

Get Busy at the first sign of a cold—that sniffly, sneezy, irritated feeling in your nasal passages. Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril and *feel* the stimulating tingle as it goes right to work to aid Nature's defenses against colds.

What's More, Va-tro-nol gives you wonderful relief even when your head is so clogged up from a developed cold that you can scarcely breathe. It clears your nose, opens up your head, makes breathing easier.

This Treatment is so highly successful because Va-tro-nol is *specialized* medication—containing several essential relief-giving agents plus ephedrine—expressly designed for the nasal passages, where most colds begin and grow. To escape much of the misery of colds, keep Vicks Va-tro-nol handy and use it early!

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America's Favorite Nasal Medication



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NOTE: Do not confuse Fulton's PLANTABBS with preparations that merely supply Vitamin B₁, whether in tablet, powder or solution form. Vitamin B₁ does not take the place of plant food.

Fulton's PLANTABBS are the only tablets containing high analysis plant food plus all of the miracle-working Vitamin B₁ needed. At dealers, in 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$3.50 boxes or mail order from Plantabbs Co., 54 W. Biddle St., Baltimore, Md.

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Iron Glue holds tight, is extra strong. Mends wood, glass, china, leather, toys, most anything. You can buy it 'most anywhere—1/4 pt. to 1 gal. cans or 10c bottles. McCormick Sales Co., 408 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

IRON GLUE
AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH





The Case of
BURNS LEE
*who now can give his wife
 the things he's always
 planned for her*

When Burns's company made him a Branch Manager a month ago, it meant a secure position for the future... meant he could now afford to move into the little house on Pine Street that Pauline had always longed for... that he could give her the small luxuries so important to a woman. And Burns wants her to have these things always... no matter what may happen to him...

What Life Insurance Plan for the man who wants to assure his wife the comforts she has today?

To men like Burns Lee, the important thing in considering life insurance is to obtain the maximum *permanent* protection, at low cost. For these men, "whole-life" insurance is most desirable. The Prudential has developed an improved form of "whole-life" policy which provides *low-cost protection right from the start*. In addition, it has many other important features. This policy is called the Modified 3.

Q: What is a Modified 3 Policy?

A: It is a Prudential policy offering permanent protection in amounts of \$5,000 or more, and with a "modified" premium arrangement.

Q: How are the premiums "modified"?

A: The premium for the first three years is set 15% lower than the premium for later years.

Q: What is the advantage of lowering the premiums for the first three years?

A: The reduced premium for the first three years means that the policyholder gets *low-cost protection right from the start*. After three years, when the premium increases, whatever dividends are credited to the policy may be used to offset the increase. Thus the net cost remains at all times as low as possible consistent with safety.

Q: What makes the Modified 3 a "whole-life" policy?

A: Premiums are payable during the entire lifetime of the insured, and the insurance is payable to the beneficiary whenever death occurs.

Q: If at any time it is impossible to pay premiums, does the insurance cease?

A: Not necessarily. When premiums are discontinued, any value in the policy is used to provide extended insurance, but only for a limited period. Furthermore, at any time after three years' premiums have been paid, the insured can ex-

change his policy for a fully paid-up policy of a reduced amount.

Q: Does the Modified 3 Policy have a cash value?

A: Yes, after three years' premiums have been paid.

Q: What happens if the insured is disabled and can no longer pay premiums?

A: In case of total and permanent disability before age 60, as explained in the policy, the insurance remains in force without any further premium payments during such disability.

The Modified 3 Policy is one of many Prudential policies. There's a Prudential policy to fit every life insurance need and a premium payment plan to fit every purse. For further information on how The Prudential can help you solve your individual life insurance problem, see your local Prudential representative, or write the Home Office.

The Prudential

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, N. J.



INSURANCE COMPANY
 OF AMERICA

Sailors

A favorite returns again with deeper crowns and wider brims

For the past eight years, sailors have been a must on the spring list of every U. S. millinery designer and manufacturer. Because women like them and because they team up with the tailored suits that are American women's spring uniform, sailors have been the one stable item in an industry that encourages feminine fickleness. Spring 1940, with a bumper crop of suits, is no exception. In step with the march away from whimsical headgear and back to functional head covering, this year's sailors have enough crown to fit a head, enough brim to shade a face.

On this page and the front cover are new and sensible versions of the old favorite, designed by top-notch Milliner Sally Victor. With department-store background, she started her hat business after marriage to a millinery manufacturer and now conducts a class in millinery design at New York University.



IN BACK, DEEP CROWN KEEPS HAT WELL ANCHORED



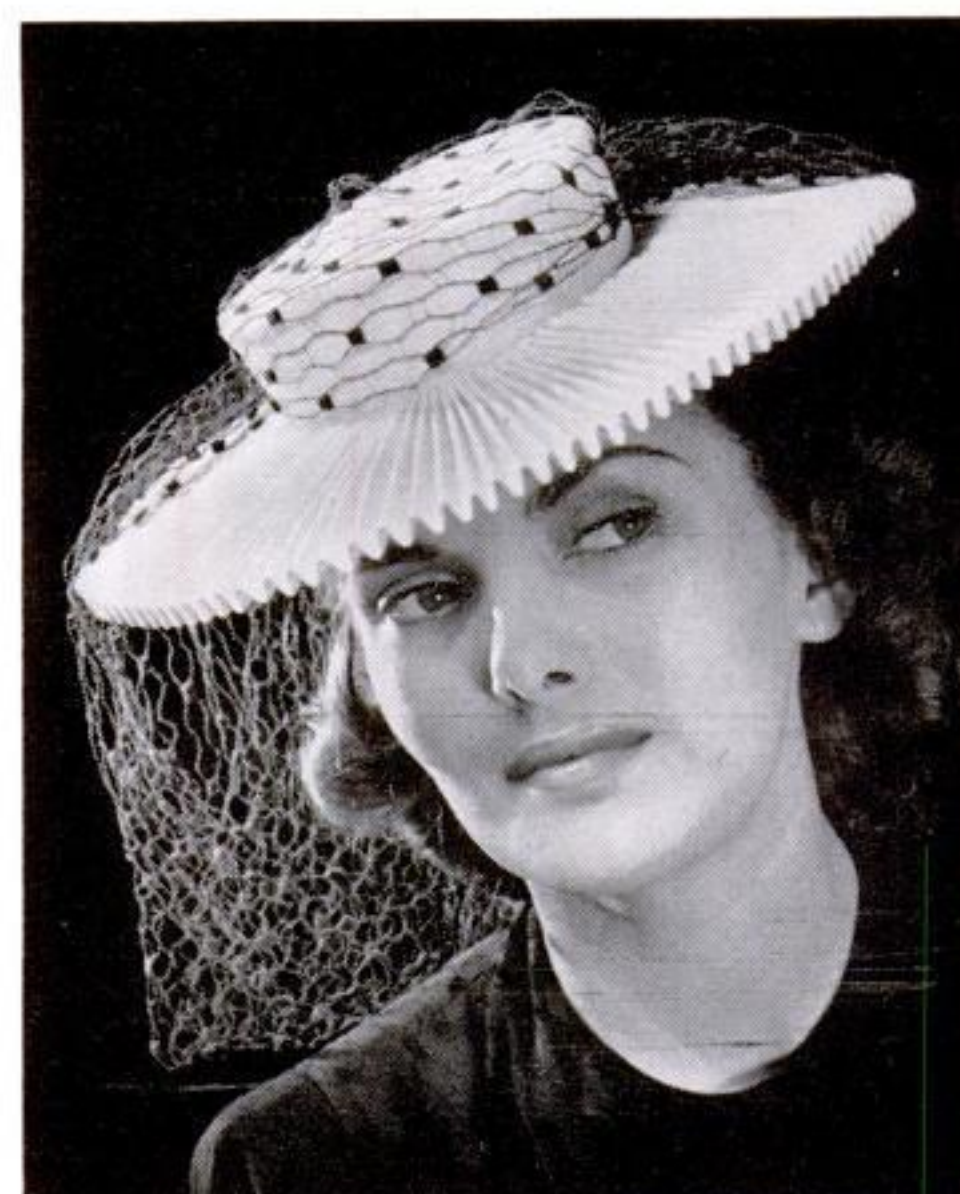
IN FRONT, HALO BRIM OF YELLOW TOYO SAILOR FRAMES FACE, MAKES PRETTY WEARER PRETTIER. COST: \$25



Orchid velvet flowers are heaped on crown of dressy, pale-blue Shantung straw. Brim is wide and paper-flat. \$39.50.



A Flemish-inspired ruff of starched white piqué lies flat on forward-tilted brim of shiny blue-straw sailor. \$27.50.



Like a mutton-chop ruff, this hat's brim is made entirely of starched white piqué and trimmed with brown veil. \$25.



This is when you appreciate your Mercury...

Toward the end of a day-long drive in a fleet, smooth-riding Mercury 8, when you realize that you're *not* tired or cramped, and honestly wouldn't mind another hundred miles. . . .

That's when you'll thank your stars for the teamwork of Mercury comfort features—Center-Poise seating, long soft springs, Finger-Tip Gearshift on the steering column, and exclusive levelized, stabilized-ride construction. (Many Mercury owners compare the car's smooth way on the road to flying!)

In the thick of week-end traffic, when you find your Mercury handles with a touch and can outmaneuver the field! When a Sunday drive surprisingly leaves you fresh and your temper intact. . . .

That's when the smooth pace and quick response of the V-8 engine is a blessing. That's when the extra-roomy seats—made possible by the car's wide-flaring lines—are worth their width in gold! Right then you'll understand why the Mercury's greatest boosters are the day-in, day-out drivers.

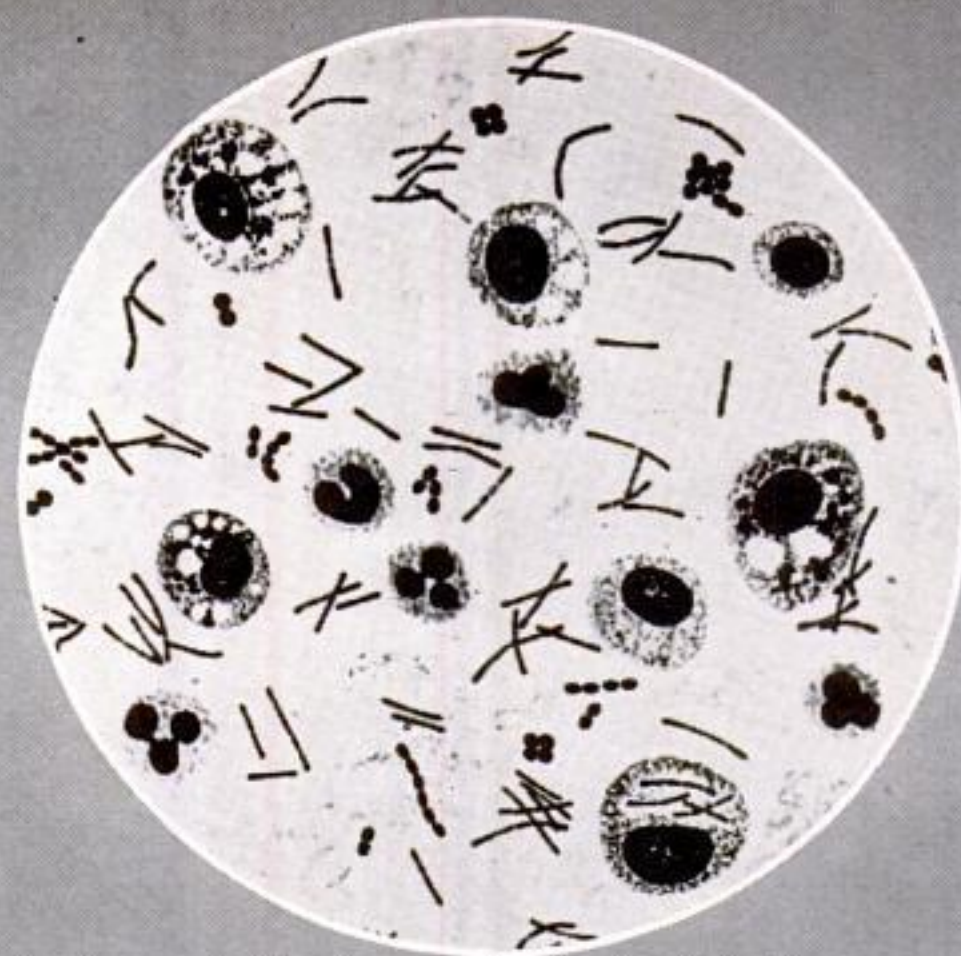
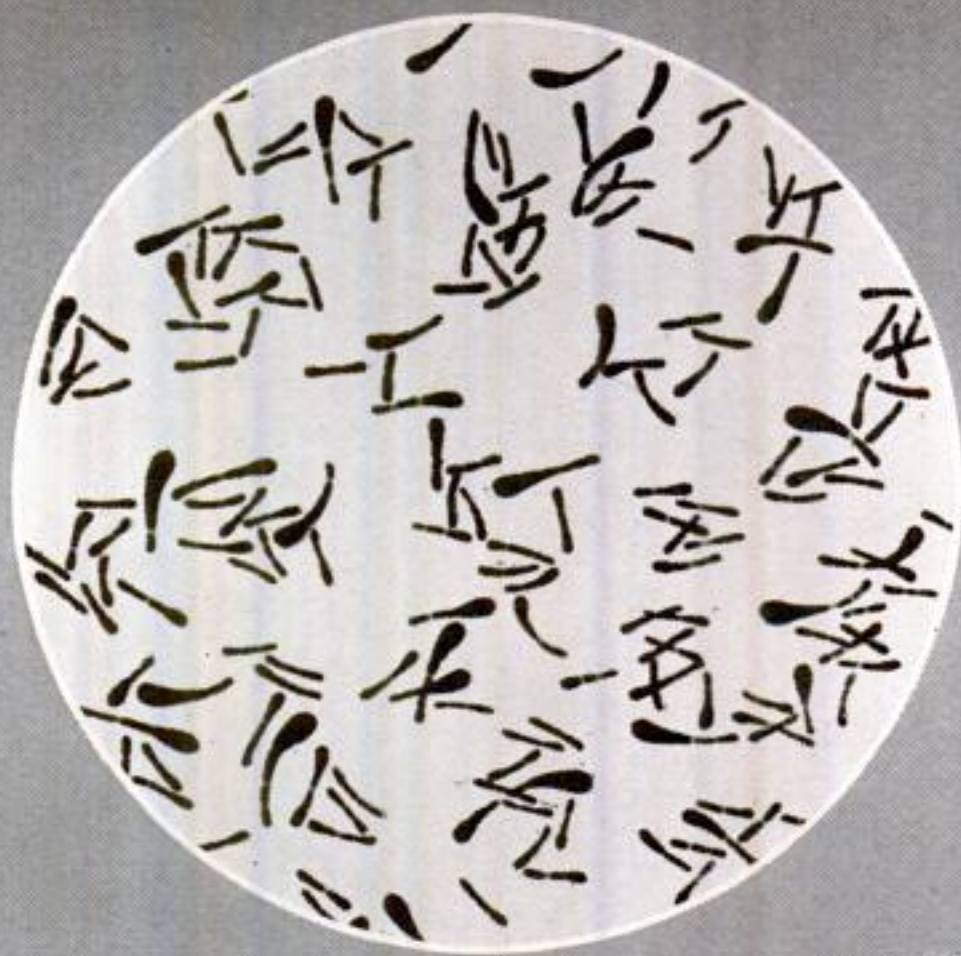
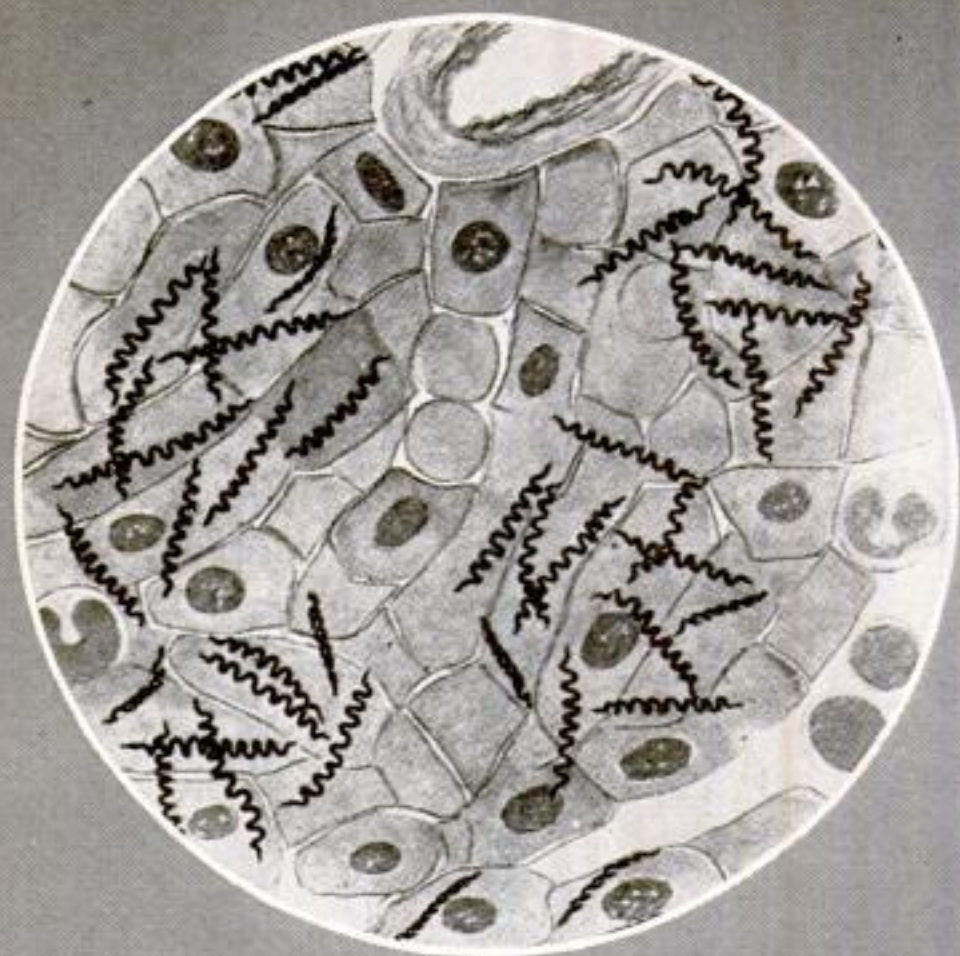


Mercury 8

When you pay the bills and discover the money your Mercury can save on gas alone (owners report up to 20 miles per gallon!)—the surprising result of an ideal balance of power and weight. . . . When you realize you have a fine car in every respect—style, size, power and luxurious comfort—and at the same time a car that has climbed to success on ECONOMY. . . . that's when you've learned the Mercury's secret! . . . Like to get acquainted with the Mercury 8 this week?



THE MERCURY 8 IS BUILT BY THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DISTRIBUTED BY MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND FORD DEALERS



IMPERCEPTIBLE BUT MORTAL ENEMIES OF MANKIND ARE THE GERMS OF SYPHILIS, DIPHTHERIA AND TUBERCULOSIS (L. TO R.), WHICH DR. PAUL EHRLICH HELPED VANQUISH

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

MAGIC BULLET

FILM TELLS STORY OF DOCTOR WHO FOUND CURE FOR SYPHILIS

Fifty-odd years ago a young physician worked in a Berlin free clinic. He was a gay, talkative, absent-minded little man who smoked innumerable cigars, drank gallons of mineral water, liked hand-organ music, drew endless diagrams on his cuffs or other people's shirtfronts. In spare time he experimented in a laboratory crammed with unlabeled bottles, mice, glass slides and a solitary Bunsen burner. Above all else, he loved bright colors, and his shelves were cluttered with dyes, his favorite being methylene blue. Among his many radical ideas, the most fantastic to his colleagues was the theory that certain organisms have a mysterious affinity for certain dyes.

About this time (1882), he heard the great Dr. Robert Koch lecture on a new germ he had discovered: the tubercle bacillus that caused the deadly plague of tuberculosis. Back to his dyes rushed the young physician from the clinic, and soon he announced a method of staining this germ so that under a microscope even the humblest practitioner could distinguish it. For the first time the name of Paul Ehrlich was heard in the medical world.

In time Dr. Ehrlich had a laboratory of his own in the Koch Institute. He smoked more cigars, made more diagrams on tablecloths, killed more white mice, conjured up theories more fantastic until even

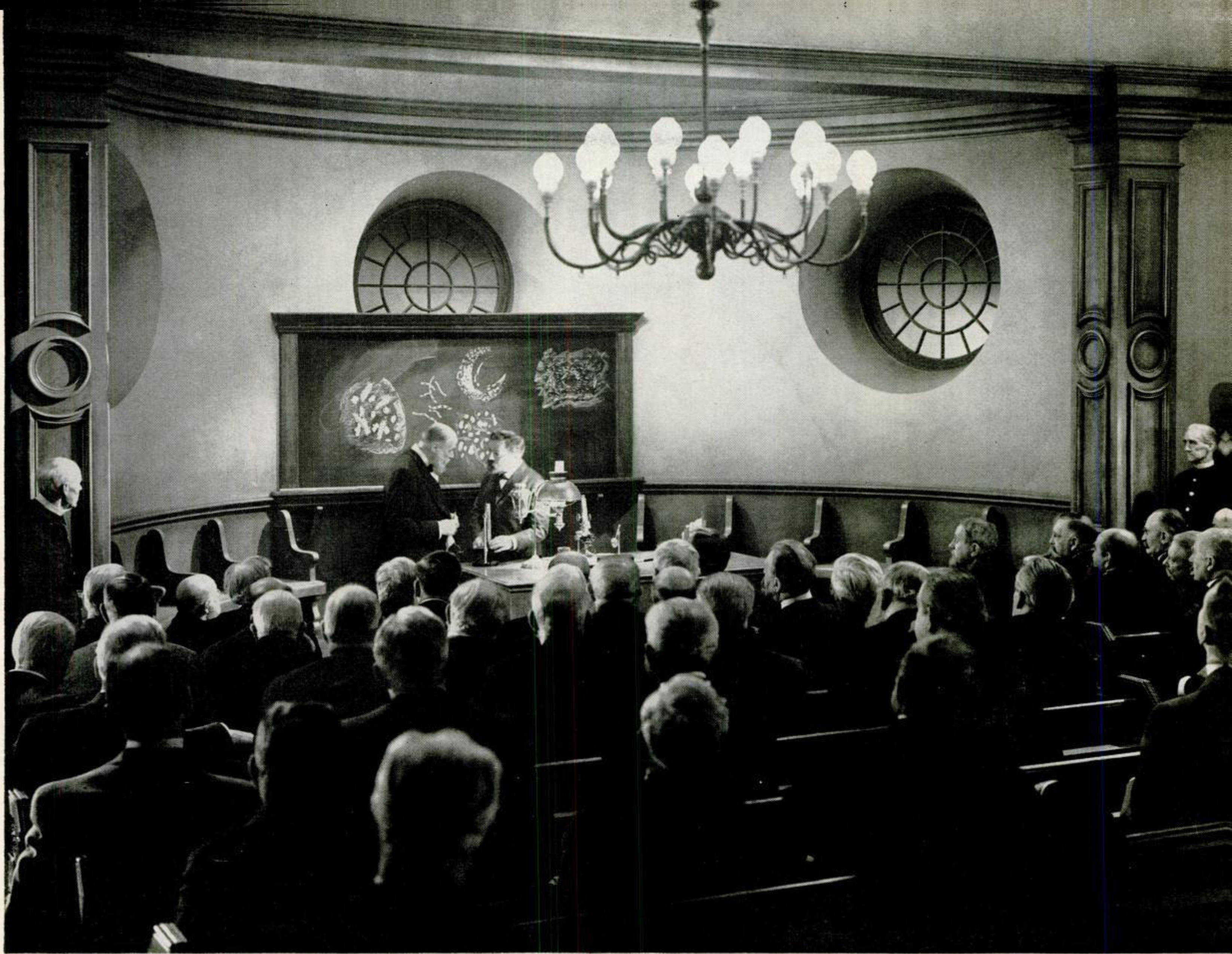
the newspapers cartooned him as "Doktor Phantastus." One of these was a theory of immunity which helped medicine to wipe out diphtheria.


When Dr. Ehrlich was 51 (1905), he learned that a fellow scientist had isolated a new microbe called *spirochaeta pallida*. From this corkscrew speck, so pale and tiny that it barely showed under powerful glass, came a disease so loathsome that its very name was barred in polite society. Its effects were dissolution, paralysis, insanity and fearful death. For four centuries it had ravaged the world. With indefatigable patience, Dr. Ehrlich now set out to conquer this scourge of syphilis. He drew more diagrams, inoculated more rabbits, concocted more hundreds of arsenic compounds. Year after year passed and compound after compound failed. But the 606th compound did not fail. Its effect was as startling as a miracle in the Bible. And in 1910 the little physician who said: "We must learn to shoot microbes with magic bullets," was acclaimed for "the greatest single therapeutic agent known to medicine."


This bold story is now told in film by Warner Brothers' sociological director William Dieterle (*Pasteur, Zola, Juarez*) and a company of master actors, including Edward G. Robinson and Ruth Gordon. Besides the distinction of uttering the word syphilis for the first time on the entertainment screen, *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet* is so strong and daring, so loaded with social and scientific truths, that it marks a veritable milestone in the history of the movies.

TO A SYPHILIS PATIENT IN 1882, YOUNG DR. EHRLICH (EDWARD G. ROBINSON) CAN OFFER LITTLE HOPE. THE YOUTH'S SUICIDE SETS HIM SEEKING A CURE






First fame comes to Dr. Ehrlich when, at a medical meeting, he hears Dr. Robert Koch tell about the discovery of the tubercle bacillus, which is so small that even under a microscope it can scarcely be seen. Dr. Ehrlich comes to the podium to explain that with his aniline dyes he may be able to stain the germ on a slide to make it visible.

His theory of immunity occurs to Dr. Ehrlich while convalescing from tuberculosis in Egypt. Summoned to treat a father and son bitten by an adder, he wonders why boy dies, father scarcely suffers. From the father's answer that he has been bitten four times before, Dr. Ehrlich conceives immunity theory under which diphtheria was conquered.
 





↑ **A cure for syphilis** is charted by Dr. Ehrlich to his research assistants. He has discovered that arsenic, a deadly poison, cures syphilitic mice but makes them blind or crazy. His problem, illustrated in this graph, is to find an arsenic compound that will cure 100% of cases (*straight line*) and reduce the insanity (*curved line*) to 0% of cases.

↓ **An appeal for money** to continue his tests is made by Dr. Ehrlich to Franziska Speyer (Maria Ouspenskaya) at a banquet. He drops a bombshell among her guests when, asked what he is experimenting on, he answers: "Syphilis." But Frau Speyer gives him funds for the research institute where, in the 606th test, "salvarsan" is found.





↑ **The halt, the lame and the blind** offer themselves as experiments for Dr. Ehrlich's "magic bullet." To the world's astonishment, the crippled rise, the lame walk and the blind see. But though many are cured, 38 die of arsenic poisoning. Slandered by envious colleagues, Dr. Ehrlich brings a libel suit, endures a bitter trial, is vindicated.

On his death bed (Aug. 20, 1915), Dr. Ehrlich says farewell to his colleagues while his wife, at his request, plays a song in the adjacent room. His dying words are: "In days to come, there will be epidemics of greed, hate, ignorance. We must fight them in life as we fought syphilis in the laboratory. We must never stop fighting." ↓





Joseph A. Gainard, the captain of the *City of Flint*, is a wiry New England sea dog, whose voice can outtide a northeast gale.



The "*City of Flint*" is here shown arriving home in the ice-clogged harbor of Baltimore on Jan. 27. Built in 1920,

it is a 4,963-ton, oil-burning "*Hog Islander*," whose customary freight run has been U.S.-British Isles-Germany.

VOYAGE OF THE FLINT

CAPTAIN TELLS FIRST FULL STORY OF 116-DAY ODYSSEY UNDER THREE FLAGS

by CAPTAIN JOSEPH A. GAINARD

On Oct. 9, 1939, the 4,963-ton American freighter "*City of Flint*" was seized in mid-ocean by the German pocket battleship "*Deutschland*" and boarded by a Nazi prize crew. This precipitated the first, and most dramatic, "incident" involving neutral America in the European conflict. Thereafter, the "*Flint's*" peregrinations under three flags took it to Tromsø in Norway, to Murmansk in the U.S.S.R., to Norway again, and finally back to Baltimore on Jan. 27.

Master of the "*City of Flint*" during these 116 days was Joseph A. Gainard, 49, of Melrose, Mass., author of the article starting on this page. Captain Gainard has spent 30 years at sea, sailed pretty nearly everywhere and been mixed up in three marine melodramas besides the *Flint* affair. In 1918 he was on the "*President Lincoln*" when it was torpedoed off the French coast by a German submarine. For five days he floated on a raft. In 1937 he was master of the "*Algic*" when its crew "mutinied" in a labor dispute at Montevideo. The Maritime Commission upheld him and the "mutineers" went to jail. Last September he rescued 223 survivors from the "*Athenia*."

Captain Gainard herewith releases the first complete account of the voyage of the "*City of Flint*," a voyage which he had to describe in private to the U.S. State Department before being permitted to tell his story in detail publicly.

"Is it a cloud?" the first mate asked, handing me the binoculars.

We were standing on the bridge of the *City of Flint* at 3:42 p.m., ship's time, on the afternoon of Oct. 9, 1939, roughly 1,500 miles out of New York, from which we had sailed on the 3rd. It was quite cloudy on the horizon and I couldn't make out whether we'd sighted a hull or not. Anyway, she was a long way off and mostly invisible. We kept watching the spot and just then had a bit of bad luck, for a big shower of smoke came up our stack and, instead of feathering out, it broadened on the water—a sure sign of rain, incidentally. Later on, I learned that the lookout on the fighting top of the *Deutschland* reported a convoy of at least six ships when he first saw the smoke. If it hadn't been for that, I don't think anything would have happened.

In 20 minutes or so, our "cloud" had definitely turned into a ship and we could see that she was no merchantman. From the color of her paint, I thought at first she was a Frenchman but, from the position and number of her guns, I could tell that she was neither French nor British. I was surprised, though, to find a German because, just before leaving port, we had received definite information from the U.S. Government that no German surface ships were operating in the North Atlantic. Through the glasses, I could see her men at their stations, and all her guns were trained on us. She came head-on at high speed nearly 25 knots, I judged—and when she was close enough to identify us as an American, all her guns were suddenly trimmed in-board. I had already stopped the *Flint*, and a few hundred yards distant the battleship slowed down and sig-

naled: "DO NOT USE RADIO. WE ARE SENDING A BOAT." They used a three-flag hoist, which means an absolute command, and I did as I was told.

Knowing a little about Germans, I was out on deck to meet the boarding party when the *Deutschland* sent over her boat. I met the lieutenant at the rail, saluted and said: "Glad to have you aboard, sir." That took the wind out of his sails and left him no excuse for bellowing around as he probably would have done otherwise. Instead, he said: "Captain, I am sorry to have to cause you inconvenience but this is war. I must ask to see your papers."

I took him up to my cabin and gave him the cargo manifest and the plan which showed the way the cargo was loaded. We had apples, asphalt, wax, machinery, lumber, tractors, canned goods, cereals, tobacco, lard, flour, oil, grease and general cargo. "This is bad," the German said. "You have 20,000 drums of oil on board. What kind of oil is it?"

"Lubricating oil," I told him.

"That is bad," he said. "And this flour, what is it?"

"White bread flour."

"Is it easily accessible?" he asked. I told him that it would take at least five hours to unload the flour and showed him the cargo plan to prove it.

"Under the laws of my country, you are guilty of carrying contraband to the enemy," he told me. "I must signal back to the ship."

"This is a United States ship," I reminded him. "And this cargo is not contraband under the laws of the United States."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



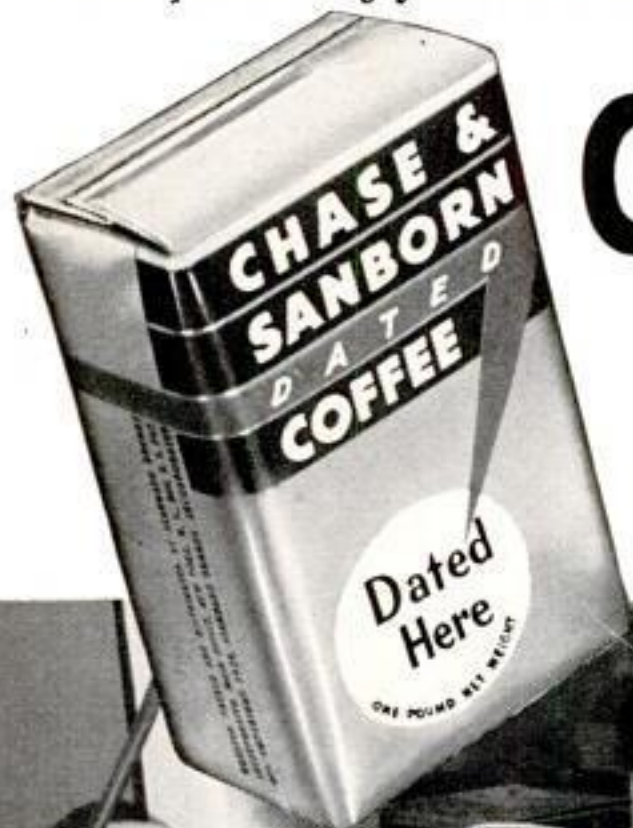
Samuel Monroe, "sound effects," National Broadcasting Co., smashes light bulbs, blows sirens all day. No nerve-upsetting stale coffee for him. "What if I got the cat's meow and horse's whinny mixed?" Monroe picks a coffee that has its fine flavor *protected by freshness*—Chase & Sanborn.



Yes, 1940 is Leap Year, and many of the gorgeous girls in Radio City Music Hall's Corps de Ballet directed by Florence Rogge are real home girls and A No. 1 cooks! Gorgeous flavor of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in money-saving package rushed fresh from the roasting ovens would make any girl's food taste twice as good. So why pay more!



"Friendship in a cup"—Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee to you—being enjoyed between "shifts" at Center Theatre by stagehands Smith and Corkery. Drip Coffee Pot means they have fallen for popular new Drip Grind. "It's got he-man flavor," Smith says. "Don't forget the money-saving package"—Corkery.



Chase & Sanborn's *"friendly flavor"* keeps a date in Radio City

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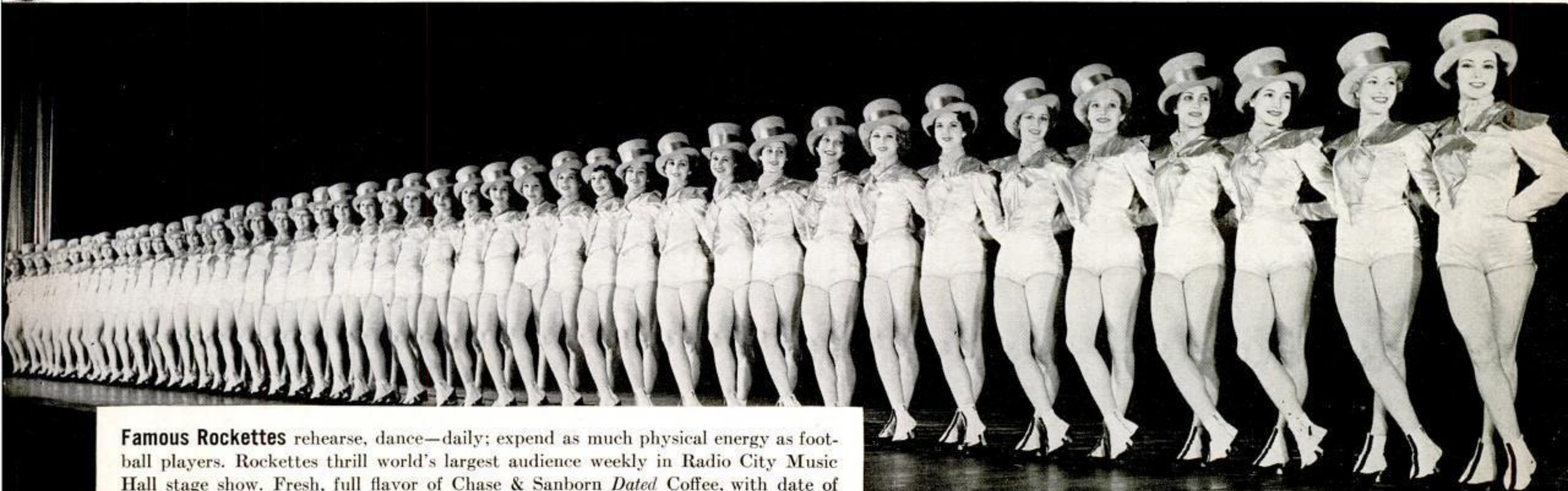
William C. Eddy, head of National Broadcasting Co.'s television-effects group, has for inspiration: Human Skull, God of Laughter, Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy. First two are uncertain, but Chase & Sanborn Radio Program on N.B.C. Red Network always raises his spirits—and millions of others every Sunday.



Fifteen thousand use Radio City skating rink in season, delight sidewalk gapers above. Vivi-Anne Hulten, world-famous figure skater, plans to go from one thrill to another. Next stop is near-by "coffee pot" and a glorious, full-flavored cup of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee. As fresh and sparkling as her performance!



4 performers, Miriam Richards, Betty Campion, Ruth Starrett and Adele Jergens, hold a private *Dated* Coffee Klatch between television shows. Have a heavenly cup of that fresh Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee, Miriam. When its rich, pungent flavor slips down your throat, even those tired tootsies will wake up and enjoy it!



Famous Rockettes rehearse, dance—daily; expend as much physical energy as football players. Rockettes thrill world's largest audience weekly in Radio City Music Hall stage show. Fresh, full flavor of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee, with date of delivery right on package, thrills thousands of coffee lovers. Both are "tops"!

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IF YOUR EYES THROBBED LIKE AN ACHING TOOTH



EYES UNEASY, TIRED, NERVES ON EDGE? Don't ignore these warnings of eye-strain. Make an appointment. Have your eyes examined now.

HOW LONG since you've had your eyes examined?

Just because they make no sharp protest, don't take for granted the only pair of eyes you'll ever have. Have them examined now. Only an examination can show whether you are using them without undue strain.

Today's light-filled world brings light shocks to your eyes each waking moment. Light strain may escape your notice for a while, but in time it takes its toll in tired eyes, fatigue and jumpy nerves.

Leading refractionists prescribe Soft-Lite Lenses to provide extra comfort for eyes sensitive to light.

These scientific lenses, ground to your prescription, absorb unwanted light; give you more restful vision. Being inconspicuously flesh-toned, they're so good-looking!

Published in the interest of better vision by the Soft-Lite Lens Co., New York, Toronto, London.



If an examination finds your eyes sensitive to light, you'll discover new comfort with Soft-Lite Lenses, ground to your prescription.

MARCH 10th-16th—"SAVE YOUR VISION WEEK"

Genuine Soft-Lite Lenses are made only at the great optical plant of Bausch & Lomb. Available solely from Soft-Lite Licensees, a carefully selected group of skilled refractionists and dispensing opticians—right in your own community.



Soft-Lite Lenses

PRESCRIBED FOR COMFORT AND BETTER APPEARANCE

This Protection Certificate assures you of receiving genuine Soft-Lite quality.



Ten thousand miles were covered in the *Flint's* 116-day odyssey. After its release at Haugesund, Norway, it went to Bergen for orders, then back to Haugesund to discharge its cargo, refueled at Bergen, went to Narvik for a return cargo of iron ore.

VOYAGE OF THE FLINT (continued)

Under deck we had a big farm tractor. Later on, there was some talk to the effect that the tractor was meant to be converted into a tank. You could have built ten tanks in the time it would have taken to convert the tractor.

At any rate, he used the semaphore and reported the cargo list to the *Deutschland*, in English. The battleship signaled back: "Can you accommodate to the U. S. 38 male passengers of a very undesirable type?"

The lieutenant explained that these were Englishmen, part of the crew of the *Stonegate* which had broken away from a convoy out of Jamaica and been sunk by gunfire. I told him I could take them.

"But you are a freighter," the *Deutschland* flashed.

"On my last trip I had 223 passengers," I told the officer.

"Where did you get them?" the *Deutschland* queried.

"Survivors of the *Athenia* sunk the first day of the war, by whom I don't know," I reported. Thereupon, the lieutenant and boarding crew were called back to their ship. In a little while a boat returned with the English prisoners (including eleven Arabs from the engine-room gang) and a German prize crew of 18 sailors, a senior officer, a second officer and an engineer who didn't know much about engineering. Four of the crew were radio operators, but something had happened to the *Flint's* radio between the time the *Deutschland* was sighted and the time the prize crew came aboard. The German radio operators evidently didn't know enough about radios to fix it; consequently, they were unable at any time to receive messages from Germany.

"Obey or we'll blow up the ship"

My crew was called together and the senior officer announced that we were headed for Germany. He spoke good English and warned us that he would blow up the ship if we attempted any disobedience. They brought a machine gun aboard and each German had a couple of grenades in addition to revolvers and side arms. However, they were well behaved and didn't do any shouting or bullying, as some reports tried to make out. With the exception of the first and second officers—about my age—and the engineer, none of the Germans was over 22 and most of them were only 18 or 19.

I insisted that the *Flint* was still my ship until she had been legally judged a prize of war by a prize court, and the Germans agreed that I should keep nominal command. No one but I had free access to the chart room. On the other hand, our radio operators were forbidden to enter the radio room. My crew stood routine watches and the Germans patrolled the ship from stem to stern, with two military lookouts on the bridge. We navigated according to mutual consent—the German was to do nothing without consulting me and vice versa. One of the first orders he gave me was to paint over all our portholes and to hang blankets across the entrances to companionways so that no light would show outside. When he first told me that we were bound for Germany, he unrolled a chart and drew a course on it. "This is the way we will go," he said, indicating a route that would have taken us just north of the Orkneys. "We can never get through that way, it's too dangerous," I told him. "This is the way we should go." And I drew a line going far to the north of the British Isles. "That's all I wanted to know," he said. "I just wanted to see whether you would co-operate. We follow your course."

So we headed almost due north and a few days later we began running into icebergs. The Arabs refused to come out of the engine

German Deutschland Class
 stopping to City of Flint
 45-09N - 1 45-22W
 At 17h-00m G.C.T.
 Oct 9, 1939



At 4:17 p.m., ship's time, on Oct. 9, the moment the *Deutschland* signaled the *Flint* to stop and await a boarding party, a seaman snapped this picture. Although his camera was later confiscated by the Germans, he managed to hide this roll of film.

room, so we let them sleep there. There were reports later that the English crew was overworked and underfed, and made to sleep in uncomfortable quarters. I want to say that they received exactly the same treatment as my own crew, except they weren't asked to do any work to speak of. As for the food, they ate their heads off. On the *Stonegate* they had one egg per month; on the *Flint* they had half-a-dozen every morning. The Germans ate their heads off, too, but they weren't any hungrier than the English. I may say that a lot of praise should go to my chief steward, Joseph Freer, for feeding those men the way he did. There was plenty of potential trouble on board the *Flint* and, if our rations had run short, it might have become real trouble.

As it was, my boys got together with the English and they plotted to toss the Heinies overboard and sail the ship to England. All told to my knowledge, there were nine such plots. Understand, my crew had nothing personal against the Germans. It was simply that they were Americans and they resented having a lot of foreigners telling them what to do. Anyone else would have felt the same way. The English, of course, were only interested in getting home and you can't blame them either. So this alliance between my crew and the English was not an anti-Nazi demonstration. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't have been surprised if trouble had broken out between the Americans and the English, because there's no one an American seaman fights with so much as an Englishman and the same thing goes for the English; after the fight everything is normal and friendly.

Plotting to seize the ship

Anyway, some of those Germans weren't as dumb as they pretended to be. They fraternized with my crew and a couple of them knew English but never let on about it. They would stand around watching card games in the crew's quarters and listen to everything that was said. Then they'd go and report to their captain. My own crew never told me of their schemes but every few days the German captain would come up to me and say: "Well, tonight I think we have monkey business." So I'd go the rounds of the ship and talk to the crew. As I said, there were nine separate plots to take the ship, and I had to talk the men out of each of them. I explained that, in addition to the fact that one grenade could kill every man on board, the Germans—under international law—had a legal right to be on the ship and that to challenge their authority would probably be an act of piracy in any court in the world. "It will be piracy, and you'd pay for it, every man jack," I told them.

Meanwhile, the German officers kept assuring us that as soon as the *Flint* cargo had been judged a prize, she would be released and we could go on our way. We kept joking with them about being sent to a concentration camp, and they swore up and down that such a thing would never happen. In the beginning they talked quite freely about conditions in Germany and developments in Europe. They had no great enthusiasm for the war but now they were in it; they were in it and no fooling. Personally, they disliked the Soviet agreement but said that it was necessary because Germany couldn't afford to have a powerful enemy at her back. They had absolutely no animosity toward the French, but they all seemed to have made up their minds that the war could end only with the total destruction of the British Empire. The first officer insisted that Germany has "new weapons," which will conquer England in no time when the moment arrives for the war to begin in earnest. He said that he knew what these weapons were but refused to describe them.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Mrs. Robert L. Simpson, who is the granddaughter of the late Sir Edward Kemp, entertains at Marne Acres, her country place in Unionville, 20 miles from Toronto. Active in dramatics and music, Mrs. Simpson also shares her husband's absorbing interest in their stock farm, dairy and Marne Kennels.



← REVEALS BEAUTY SECRET!

QUESTION TO MRS. SIMPSON:

Mrs. Simpson, what do you consider the ideal complexion care?

ANSWER: "Care that helps keep the skin looking young and clear and very, very soft—and that's just what using Pond's 2 Creams does for my complexion! Pond's Cold Cream treatment cleanses my skin thoroughly, goes right after the dirt and old make-up that give the skin a drab, dingy look. After a Pond's cleansing, my skin almost sparkles!"

QUESTION TO MRS. SIMPSON:

Doesn't a winter in the country make it hard to keep your skin "very, very soft?"

ANSWER: "No—because right after softening my skin with Pond's Cold Cream, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Besides being a superb powder base, the Vanishing Cream protects my skin from dryness and chappings caused by wind and weather. It smooths the roughness in a single application."

*Distinguished
 Young Canadian*

**BUT BOTH GIVE
 THEIR SKIN THIS
 SAME THOROUGH
 CARE**

*Top-Flight
 Air Hostess*



Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, fulfills one of the trickiest requirements of her fascinating job—to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Tact, charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other necessary qualifications. (right) June dances on off-duty evenings.

← "BEST CARE I KNOW"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE:

Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive, well groomed. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth my skin for powder."

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE:

Does using two creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens and softens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better—lasts longer!"



SEND FOR
 TRIAL
 BEAUTY
 KIT

POND'S, Dept. 21CV-CL, Clinton, Conn.
 Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

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Dear Diary:



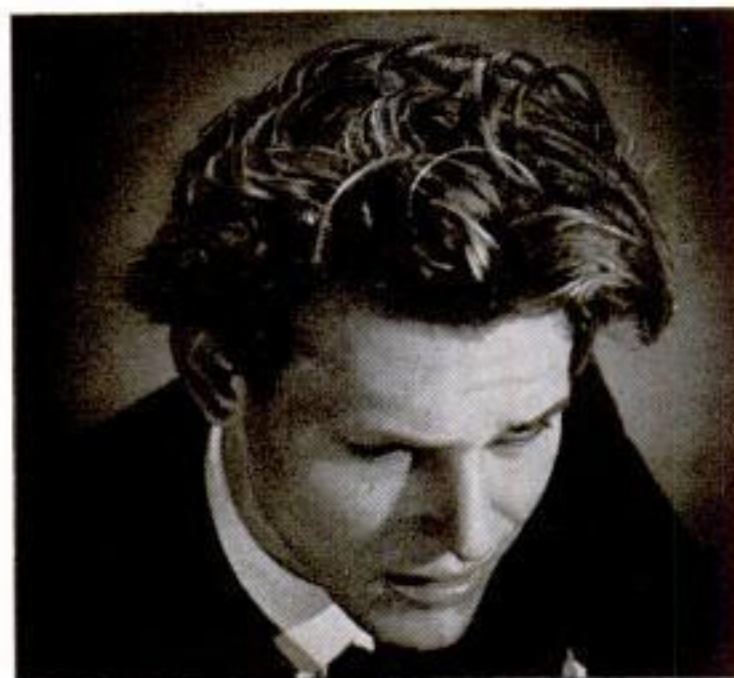
I SAID "YES" TONIGHT



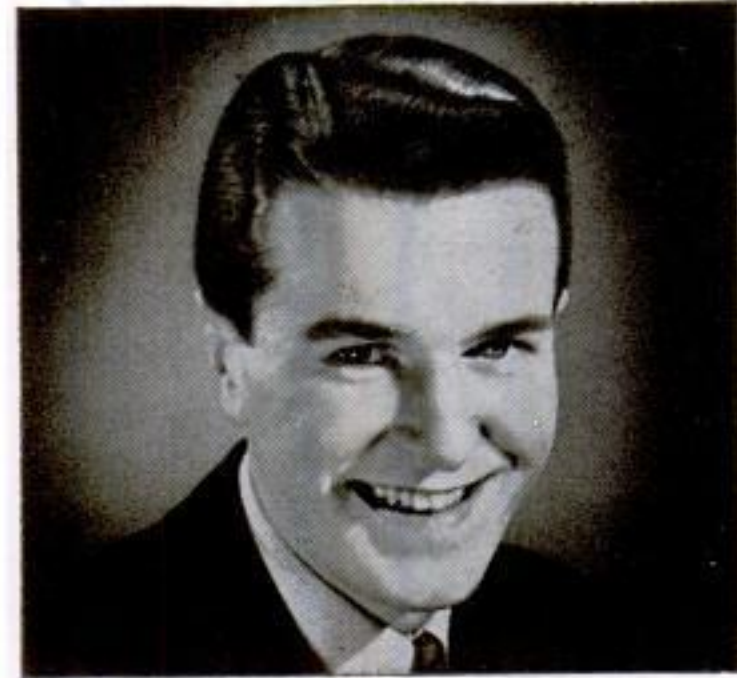
HARRY DANCED DIVINELY, but his slick, shiny hair made him look like a glamor boy. And besides, I simply couldn't bear the thought of that greasy goo he used coming off on our sofa and pillow. Many's the time I wanted to say, "good grief, use Kreml!"



DICK MADE MONEY hand over fist, but his bald head made him look so old and sugar-daddyish I was afraid people would think I was marrying him to feather my nest. It might have been different if he had used Kreml with massage when he did have his hair.



TOM WAS WITTY, a barrel of fun, but I kept saying "no." His hot-tentot hair simply got my goat. A little Kreml would have fixed it, but he insisted on using water as a dressing—water that washed away natural oils, leaving his hair dry and stiff and impossible to keep combed.



HEADS ALWAYS WIN, they say, when the coin is tossed for luck. Anyway, I said "yes" to George tonight, and that means goodbye to Tom, Dick and Harry. I hate messy hair. I hate loose dandruff and stray hairs on a man's coat. George wins. He uses Kreml.

Kreml is the famous tonic-dressing that removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair and relieves itching scalp—and at the same time acts as a marvelous dressing without being sticky or greasy.

Women tell us that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for a permanent—makes permanents look lovelier.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80 per cent olive oil base, it cleans hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML



**REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**



The "Flint" flew the U. S. flag again in Haugesund, Norway, after it had been released from Nazi custody, thanks in part to the efforts of Maurice P. Dunlap, U. S. consul at Bergen, and Mrs. Daisy Harriman, U. S. Minister to Norway (above, right).



VOYAGE OF THE FLINT (continued)

Several days before I calculated we should make a landfall, I began playing a little game of our own with my chief engineer. We would stand somewhere within hearing of the Germans and he would say: "Captain, our water is running short, what with all these extra hands on board. How soon do we reach port?" I'd tell him I didn't know and suggest he go below and sound the tanks. A couple of hours later, he'd come up and report that we only had enough water for a few more days. Actually, we had plenty of water, but we wanted the Germans to order us into port. We had a perfect right to put in anywhere for water but, if we put in when we didn't need it, we would be subject to internment and the prize crew removed.

Well, a couple of days before we reached the Norwegian coast, the Germans began to worry about the water and finally instructed me to head for port as soon as possible. They painted out the United States flag on the sides of the *Flint* and substituted the Danish, made a Danish flag of canvas for the sides of the ship and re-named my ship the *Alf*. This was because of the scarcity of American ships in those waters, although being a Hog Islander we made a mighty funny-looking Dane.

Eleven days after the Germans boarded us, we dropped anchor in the harbor of Tromsø, Norway, and the Norwegians fooled me. I expected them to check up on the water supply, but instead they filled our tanks without any question and had us on our way within 24 hours. They made the Germans paint out the Danish flag and the name *Alf*, and put back the American after they inspected the ship's papers, and they refused to let any of us go ashore except for the English seamen who were discharged there. I asked the port authorities to put me in touch with our consul, but there wasn't any consul at Tromsø. The Norwegians gave us an escort out of their territorial waters, and it was then that we decided to head north instead of south to Germany. In the first place, there was a devil of a southeast gale blowing, and we were afraid it would set mines afloat along our course. Furthermore, there were plenty of British ships on patrol to the south and probably at least a few German submarines, and I was unwilling to risk being in the middle of a major naval engagement. The Germans didn't like the southerly course either.

Arrival in Murmansk

We worked north along the Norwegian coast and continued until we made Kola Bay, the port of Murmansk, in the Soviet Union. The German liners *Bremen* and *St. Louis* were in the port, as well as a number of other German ships and dozens of miscellaneous ships from most of the countries of Europe. Before we had entered Tromsø, the German captain made up a rough naval ensign, which we flew on entering the harbor, and in Murmansk we received salutes from all the other ships, including the *Bremen*.

The Russians sent out a boarding party from shore and, as is customary, the first one over the side was a doctor—a female doctor, the first time I had ever seen a woman as quarantine officer. I must admit that when she appeared on one side of the *Flint*, I was completely taken aback, because she looked so unlike a woman. I don't think her hair had ever been cut and I'm certain she'd never heard of a shampoo. Her hands were dirty and her clothes were in bad condition, and her shoes were in need of repair. As soon as she saw me, she fixed her eyes on a ring I was wearing and stared at it for about five minutes. Then, through the interpreter, she asked whether it was gold and, when I answered that it was, she asked me to take it off. So she stood there turning it around and around in her hand, as though she had never seen anything like it before.

"Capitalist!" she said to me with all the scorn in the world. She was acting just like Greta Garbo in the early part of the picture *Ninotchka*. But I will say that she was a first-rate doctor. We had a sick



This forbidden picture was sneaked by a Norwegian schoolboy who climbed up the *City of Flint's* anchor chain to get a close-up of its crew looking over the ship's side as it lay in Bergen harbor. Twenty-six American seamen and 15 officers were on the *Flint*.

German sailor in the chart room and as soon as she heard that, she went right to his bed, passed her hand over his forehead, prodded his stomach, announced that he had appendicitis, and had him put ashore in a matter of minutes—the only efficiency and speed I saw in Russia.

Later on, the members of the boarding party came into my cabin for coffee and started looking through a pile of American magazines I had. They all became greatly excited when they found an issue of *LIFE*, which had some pictures of Soviet tanks and troops parading in Red Square, and they couldn't seem to believe that a "capitalist" magazine would print any pictures of the workers' paradise. They were even more amazed when the interpreter read the text to them and it turned out to be rather favorable. I offered to let them take the magazines along, but they all backed away at that and began looking suspiciously at one another. They seemed afraid that someone might denounce them to the Party for accepting "bribes" from a "capitalist" with a gold ring worth approximately \$100.

Russian customs men act like dopes

The *Flint's* stay in Murmansk was the most mystifying experience I have had in a good many years. First, the Russians looked over my papers and asked questions, and told me that as soon as I received the necessary documents I would be free to leave. The Germans were taken ashore immediately to be interned by the Russian naval port officer and I assumed we had seen the last of them. Then a party of customs men came out and looked over my cargo manifest and opened the hatches. They checked cargo for about six hours, found everything in order and sealed up the hatches again. Most of them were civilian laborers. They were dressed in rags and acted as though they were doped. When they finished work, they simply lay down on the deck wherever they happened to be, and never moved or looked up when members of my crew walked along the deck, stepping over them. As a matter of fact, all the Russians we met were completely negative—neither friendly nor unfriendly.

While waiting for our sailing permits from Moscow, the "black gang" went to work on the boilers. I was expecting hourly to receive some word from our Ambassador Steinhardt. I had wired him as soon as we arrived, but the message was never delivered and hasn't been to this day, as far as I know. The Russians later explained that "faulty transmission" was the reason, but it is obvious that my telegram was simply suppressed in the interests of the Berlin-Moscow Axis, though just what the purpose was I don't know. Every day I sent a message to shore, assuming that it would be forwarded, but none was.

Since the Russians themselves had said we were a free ship again, there was no reason why we could not land but, whenever I asked permission, I was told that it would be all right "tomorrow." Well, I waited for three "tomorrows" and then signaled to a Russian gunboat for the use of their launch, since we were too far away to row. Back came the answer:

"We cannot supply boat. You are forbidden to use your own."

So there we were, a free American ship and free American crew stuck in a Russian port and just as much isolated as if we had been hung up on a reef in the South Pacific. I suppose they were afraid that we would see something they didn't want us to see. A tremendous volume of traffic was clearing through Murmansk, bound for England as well as Germany, and their futile little one-track railroad along the shore was working 24 hours a day. Through my glasses, I used to watch the engine go back and forth, back and forth, blowing its whistle, with never more than one freight car behind.

Meanwhile, it is an ironic fact that the world at large knew much more about us than we ourselves knew. On our short-wave set we received broadcasts from home and, though it seems hard to believe, it was a U.S. news program that informed us—in Murmansk harbor—that our German friends were coming on board again, and that again we were under two flags and bound for Germany.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



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Ask to see Wilson's new 1940 Ralph Guldahl "Signature" and "Sweepstakes" Woods and Irons, with Guldahl-inspired features.



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"Squire" Sarazen himself designed the originals. Both woods and irons have the beautiful "professional" balance and "feel" that bring out your best. Equipped with True Temper Step-Down Steel Shafts and Wilson's patented "Reminder" Grip.



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The German prize crew which had seized the *Flint* was interned by Norway in 300-year-old Kongsvinger fortress after the ship had been returned to America. The Germans, most of them under 25, were commanded by Lieutenant Hans Pussbach (right).

VOYAGE OF THE FLINT (continued)

Twenty minutes afterwards, a launch put out from shore and the Germans did come back! The first officer had received orders from home to deliver the *Flint* in Hamburg on a certain day, so in the absence of any advice from our Ambassador who had never heard from me, I ordered the anchor aweigh, while a Russian customs boat uncovered a gun and trained it on us, and we headed south to Germany.

Out of Murmansk, we took the only safe route—the one which is used by all ships running the British blockade of Germany—and kept within the three-mile limit down the Norwegian coast. Beyond the three-mile limit, there were British warships, and it would have been an easy matter to make a slight miscalculation and wander outside the protected area and invite rescue or capture by the English. But this would have been illegal while the Germans were still—or rather again—in possession of a prize of war. So the *City of Flint* proceeded in and out among the fiords with some of the trickiest maneuvering I've ever seen, and the few dangerous points where it was necessary to go farther offshore, we passed at night.

Germans try to fake engine trouble

I expect we might have reached Germany eventually—after a dash across the Skagerrak or Kattegat—if we hadn't come abeam of the German freighter *Schwaben* en route to Hamburg from South America with a cargo of wheat. It was late in the afternoon and we were just reaching a point on the coast where we had to go outside Norway's territorial waters. The captain of the *Schwaben* took out his megaphone and shouted across to the German captain on the *Flint*, telling him to proceed at once to Haugesund, Norway, according to official orders he had just received from Germany. As I mentioned before, our radio had got out of order the first day, and the Germans on the *Flint* never established direct contact with the Fatherland. I presume that Berlin had decided that the *Flint* was getting to be sort of a problem child, or else had learned that a lot of British ships were laying for us.

At any rate, the German officer went to the chief engineer and asked whether we couldn't have "engine trouble." The chief engineer could have made a bad situation. However, he replied: "We can't have engine trouble unless the old man says so." The German was certainly out on a limb then. The chief engineer and the German naval officer came to me and we talked over the matter. I said: "Of course, we cannot have engine trouble." If we had stopped for engine trouble, there would have been no cause to free the ship and intern the Germans.

The German said: "I have orders to stop in Haugesund." I said: "A small country like Norway would not dare antagonize your country. By all means, stop." And so we came to anchor in Haugesund on the evening of Nov. 3. The *Schwaben* followed us and did some signaling, mainly to the effect that our German captain was to go to the Hotel Bristol and have a powwow with the Nazi consul.

One of my boys on the *Flint* had had an accident during the voyage and scraped most of the skin off his shins. On the way down to Haugesund, our Norwegian escort ship, the *Olav Tryggvason*, sent over a doctor who treated him, but in Haugesund the Germans tried to persuade the Norwegians that we anchored on account of this boy's injuries—another legitimate reason for going into port, according to international law. However, it was perfectly obvious that this was only an excuse and not a very good one at that, so that night the *Olav Tryggvason* anchored close to us. When I say close I mean a matter of a couple of hundred feet, and I knew something was up.



WHERE d'ya think your goin' lady, to a fire?

No, handsome! I'm looking for a cup of delicious hot BOVRIL to take the ice out of these gearshifters.

Hot BOVRIL is it? On your way, lady! Sure, and I'm getting some meself the minute I'm off duty.

To keep on top of winter's ills and chills, drink delicious hot BOVRIL, fitness without fatness.

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A PERFECT FLAVOR SCORE
BECAUSE IT'S SERVED
WITH FRENCH'S
YOU'LL SAY
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IT'S A WOW
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THIS CREAMY, DIFFERENT
MUSTARD

MILLIONS PREFER IT
LARGEST SELLING PREPARED
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The American crew thumbed noses when they got back to the U. S. at the swastika which had flown over their ship. They received a bonus, equal to 25% of their regular pay, for their unexpected trip which cost the U. S. Lines an extra \$50,000 in expenses.

And sure enough, around midnight, when most of the Germans were asleep, the *Olav* sent over a boarding party of about 20 sailors and officers. It was slick, the way they did it. Simply woke the Germans up, took away their artillery and told them they had lost their rights by anchoring without legal cause. Then they were all removed from the *Flint* to be interned. I was certainly glad to see them go, but we said goodbys all around and parted on good terms. I had become quite friendly with the German captain—Mr. Hans Pussbach, his name was—and we shook hands and promised to meet after this war is over, provided there is anything left to meet on. He was a decent, well-meaning sailor who had the misfortune to be born in the wrong country.

So at last the *City of Flint* was a United States ship again! We lowered the Nazi ensign and ran up the Stars and Stripes to the flag-pole and then weighed anchor and headed for Bergen. The U. S. Consul came aboard at Bergen, and two days later we were visited by our Minister to Norway, Mrs. Harriman, a very fine lady as we all agreed. Mrs. Harriman congratulated us on the way we had carried on and avoided getting into trouble, and asked us to be patient for a few days more until the State Department in Washington had time to straighten out all the legal tangles surrounding the *Flint*. By that time, the men were looking almost as shaggy as the people in Murmansk, and we all wanted to get ashore and get haircuts.

Four days later—Nov. 10—we had word that we were free to land and, for the first time since leaving New York, the crew got off the *Flint*. The American Club of Bergen gave a dinner party and dance for us, and there were various entertainments which we greatly enjoyed. On Thanksgiving Day several of the officers went to dinner at the home of Mr. Dunlap, the American consul, and met Mr. Beck, the consul general, who came down from Oslo. We drank all of Mr. Dunlap's cider, played rummy and had a fine time. I also taught Mrs. Harriman to play "acey-ducey," a seafaring game, and she became better at it than I am. Not only our American friends but also the Norwegians went to great pains to amuse us and keep us happy. The chief steward and his staff provided a Thanksgiving dinner such as few Americans ashore could afford to provide.

We stayed in Bergen until the last week in November and then had orders to go back to Haugesund to discharge our cargo. Everything was in good order except for the apples, which had begun to rot after having been stored below decks all that time. We stayed about three weeks in Haugesund, then went back to Bergen for fuel, and after that proceeded to Narvik to pick up a cargo of iron ore. Ore is, of course, low-pay cargo and didn't even cover the fuel costs on our westbound voyage, but we lost less than if we had simply taken on ballast.

We ran into exceptionally cold weather and snowstorms that were considered bad even for Norway. Then, in Narvik, a terrific gale blew up and a British ship, the S. S. *Baron Blythswood* dragged anchor and rammed us so hard that she cracked one of our plates and broke several bulwark stanchions up by the No. 1 hatch. So it wasn't until Jan. 7 that we had the *Flint* loaded and ready for sea. We docked at Baltimore river harbor on Jan. 27 and, on the return trip, we passed a British auxiliary cruiser, heavily armed, which asked us who we were and where we were bound for. When we replied, the Englishman signaled: "Good luck. Good sailing. Goodbye." And I answered: "Thanks. And happy hunting."

That cruiser, fading into the green-gray of the North Atlantic in winter, was the last reminder I had of the war, except for a British convoy that was bound East. The *City of Flint* was heading toward the U. S. A., and nothing ever looked so good as the coastline we sighted late in January. It was Cape Henry, and we were home.

BUSY WOMEN

CAREER WOMEN, HOUSEWIVES... TOO BUSY FOR BEAUTY TREATMENTS... NOW FIND DAINTY WAY TO ADMIRER FIGURES!



Department-store stylists sit all day at desks, may get hip bulges. For that "sculptured look" they wear Kleinert Sturdi-Flex foundations. Keep fresh despite perspiration through exclusive process that keeps the rubber *petal-fresh*.



Newly married women have neither time nor money for expensive beauty care. Work about the house with new *petal-fresh* Sturdi-Flex foundations, keeping figures trim-looking. Kleinert science makes this rubber everlastingly sweet.



School teachers need to conserve their energy, don't want to take chances with drastic diet, keep their figures trim-looking with Sturdi-Flex foundations by Kleinert. Secret Kleinert discovery makes the rubber odorless, keeps it sweet and dainty at all times.



Kleinert's amazing new Sturdi-Flex rubber foundations, *petal-fresh*, figure-flattering, are available at your favorite notions counter, need no trying on or fitting, cost only \$1.25 to \$3.50. Above, all-in-one with inner-outer belt that zips off more than an inch immediately, \$3.50.

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For "Madam Butterfly," Novotna slants eyes to play the forsaken Japanese maid.



For "The Bartered Bride," Bohemian-born Novotna laces a Bohemian bodice.

NEW MET STAR IS A GLAMOR GIRL

Jarmila Novotna was recommended to the Metropolitan Opera by no less a musician than Arturo Toscanini, who not only knows a good voice when he hears one but also knows a beautiful woman when he sees one. Acting on his suggestion, the Met this year imported Novotna from Europe. She quickly took her place as the loveliest star in the company. Then, when she sang in her first *Traviata*, she was so magnificent that critics acclaimed her the finest Violetta in two decades. And the Met, blessing its lucky stars, knew that it had that rare combination, a soprano with both first-class voice and plenty of glamor.

Daughter of a Bohemian banker, Novotna married a rich Czech baron and is the mother of two children. She sang her first opera role when she was 17, has played in European movies. Hollywood has been making many offers to her but so far she hasn't accepted any.



As Eurydice in *Orpheus and Eurydice*, Novotna wears a flowing white gown which sets off her dark, classic beauty. A good actress, she has been coached by Reinhardt.

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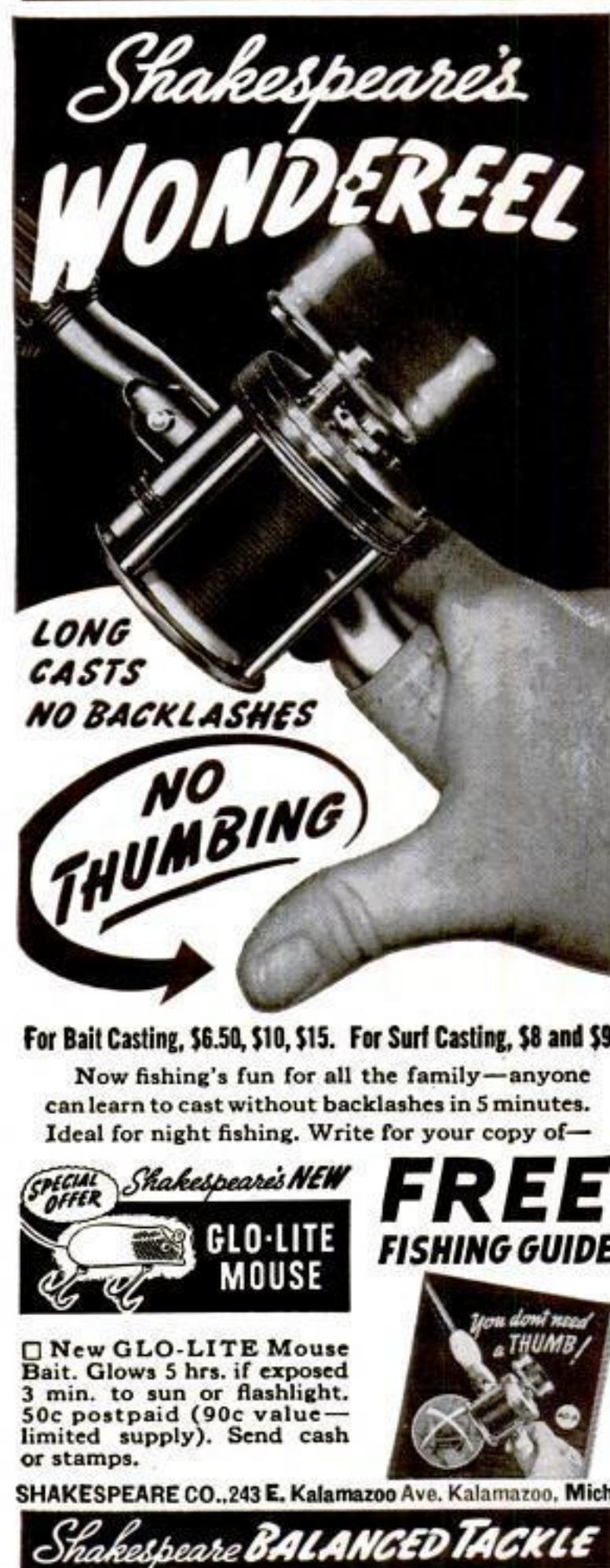
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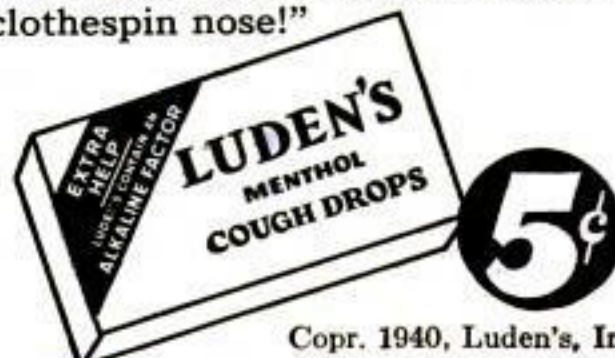


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As Baroress Daubek, which is her married name, Novotna wears handsome golden pajamas. In Europe, she lives on a 6,500-acre baronial estate 20 miles outside Prague.



As Mimi in *La Bohème*, Novotna relaxes in her Park Avenue duplex apartment, where these photographs were taken, making a picture like a shot of a movie glamor girl.

A \$50 PRIZE lighted his way to literary success

EDGAR ALLAN POE was sick, starving, despairing when he entered a short story in a newspaper contest — and won a prize of fifty dollars. The story entitled *M.S. Found in a Bottle* was to become a classic — but to the author at the time it was only a "pot-boiler" — a means of keeping body and soul together. The prize money gave his genius the spur it needed and all his major works were written after that incident. But for its timely encouragement such literary masterpieces as *The Black Cat*, *The Gold Bug*, *The Raven*, might never have burst upon the literary horizon. The light of one of America's brightest literary stars might have failed.



MONEY FOR READJUSTMENT IS IMPORTANT



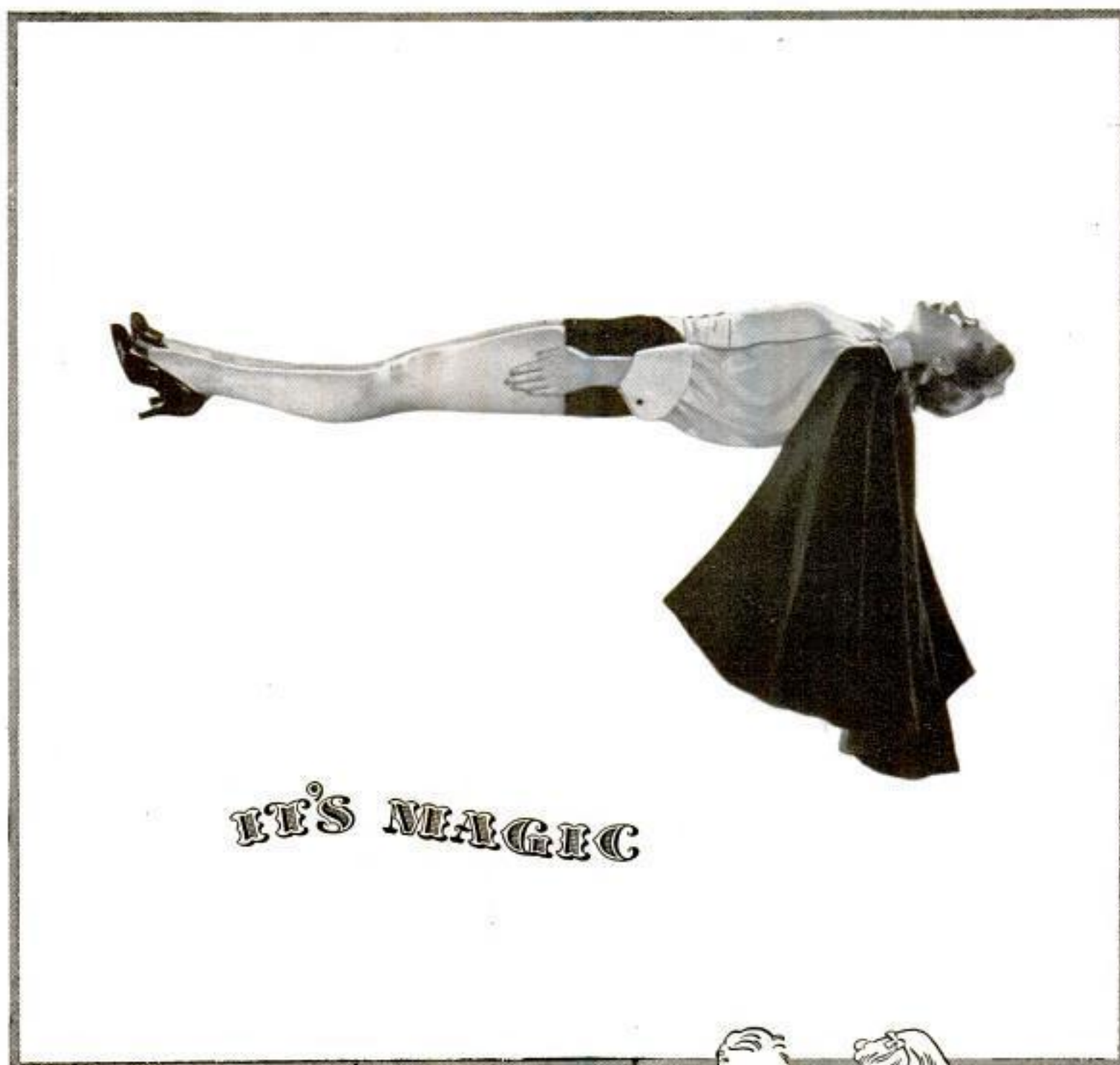
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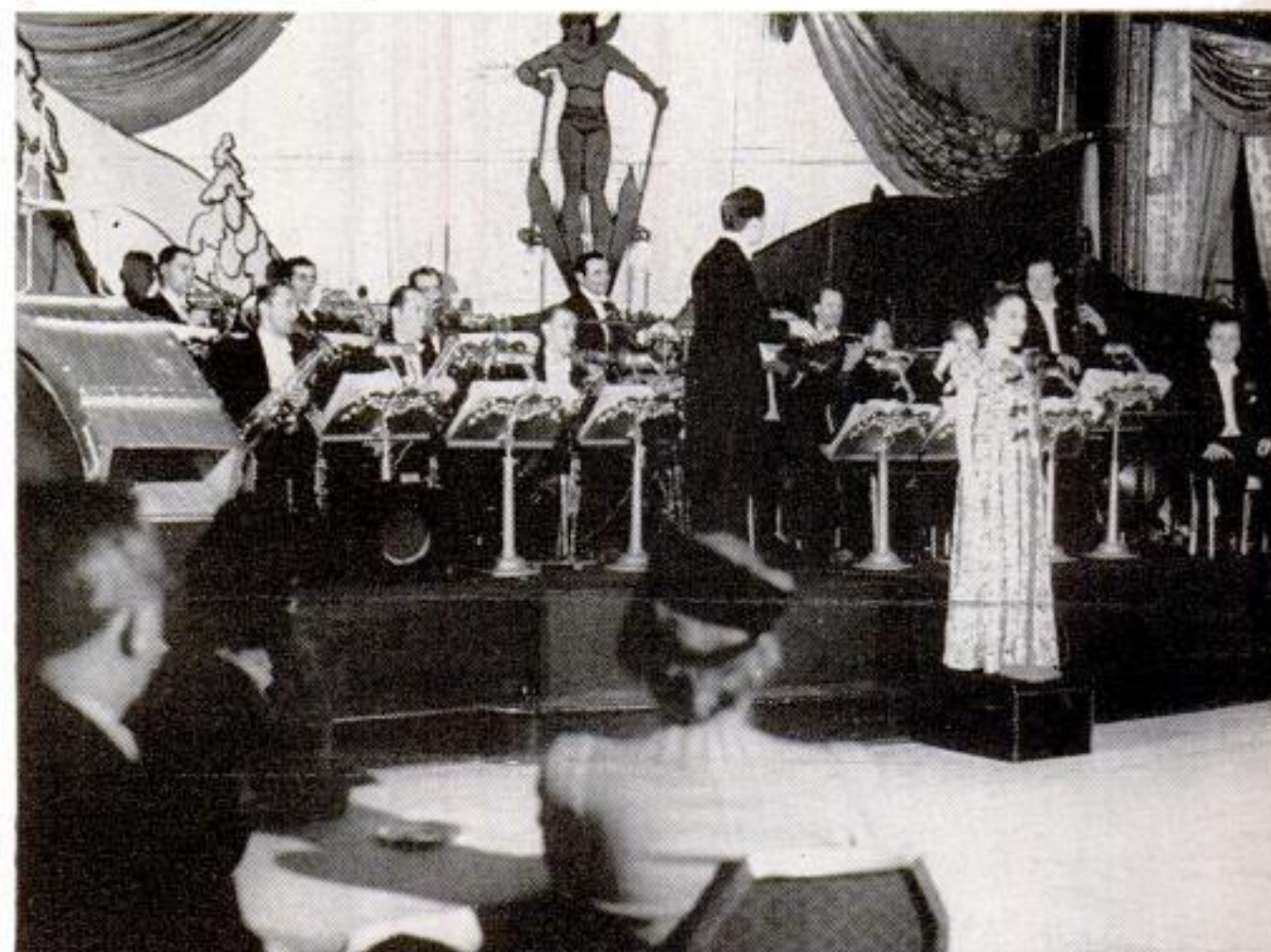
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MUSIC



BONNIE SINGS WITH ORRIN TUCKER'S BAND IN CHICAGO'S PALMER HOUSE

BONNIE BAKER AND A BABY VOICE MAKE NEW HITS OUT OF OLD SONGS

Bonnie Baker is a cute little trick. She is 23 years old but she sings like a surprised 6-year-old in a voice which is about as sophisticated and adult as a peppermint stick. A few months ago she was nobody very much in the music world. Then she made a record of a song called *Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh!*, which was a huge hit back in 1917 when it sold 1,500,000 copies. When Bonnie sang it, in her sly kittenish way, it came to life as few long-dead songs ever have. Almost half a million records of Bonnie's *Oh Johnny* have been sold. College boys and juke-box lovers have made Bonnie their dream girl. Now Bonnie has revived another old hit, *You'd Be Surprised* (see below), which was written by Irving Berlin in 1919, and looks as if it might outsell even *Oh Johnny*.

Born plain Evelyn Nelson in Orange, Tex., Bonnie went to school in Macon, Ga., where a local band leader heard her sing and took her on. Four years ago, she joined a band led by Orrin Tucker, who had given up medical ambitions to become a musician. He changed Evelyn's name to Bonnie Baker, found songs to fit her little voice. Now Baker and Tucker, breaking records in Chicago's Palmer House, are appearing on Lucky Strike's Your Hit Parade radio program, are just coming up into the big money.



"You'd Be Surprised" is Bonnie Baker's new hit. She starts off with a naïve look.



He looks like an angel, the song goes, and Bonnie assumes prayer-like pose.



Bonnie's smile is so infectious that her audiences almost always find themselves grinning back at her without knowing it. Bonnie is only 5 ft. tall. She weighs 98 lb.



He squeezes hard though he looks weak. When he gets you in a Morris chair...



"You'd be surprised," sings Bonnie, ending her song and looking surprised herself.

Romance hovers 'round Debs who take this Woodbury Facial Cocktail



MISS NANCY
Saunders

This lovely Newport debutante has hazel eyes, silky black hair. Of complexion care she says: "Woodbury Facial Soap gives my skin a wonderfully refreshed feeling."

says
Cholly Knickerbocker
NOTED SOCIETY COMMENTATOR

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1. "What a busy day! And tonight a dance at the Ritz! Just time for a Facial Cocktail to brisk up my weary skin."

2. "All the debs in my set take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail before every date. It makes tired skin glow."

3. "Don't be surprised if your escort starts alluding to marriage! Men go for girls with clear, bright complexions."

Bright lights, gay music and suitors galore! What debutante would dare let her complexion droop with fatigue? For evenings of romance, these popular debs make their beauty sparkle with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail at five. A rich skin-cleansing with Woodbury Facial Soap swiftly sweeps away that tired, "late-afternoon" look. Woodbury's fleecy lather is fortified by a skin-invigorating Vitamin, exhilarating to the skin's vitality. A social engagement? Then take this reviving Woodbury Facial Cocktail. Try it today!



10¢

"FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"

Life goes to a with the people of Pelham

On the first Monday in February, citizens of half a hundred Massachusetts towns, high in the Berkshires and down on the Cape, convened as their forefathers did three centuries ago to govern by the simplest and most direct of democratic processes the communities in which they lived. Fading from populous areas, the town meeting survives most hardily today in New England's windy hills. Pelham's town hall was built in 1743. It was there Daniel Shays roused disgruntled farmers to revolt against the taxes and



Going to meeting, Pelhamites pass the old Congregational Church, built in 1839, now deserted in favor of Presbyterian Church at other end of town. Meeting house (right)

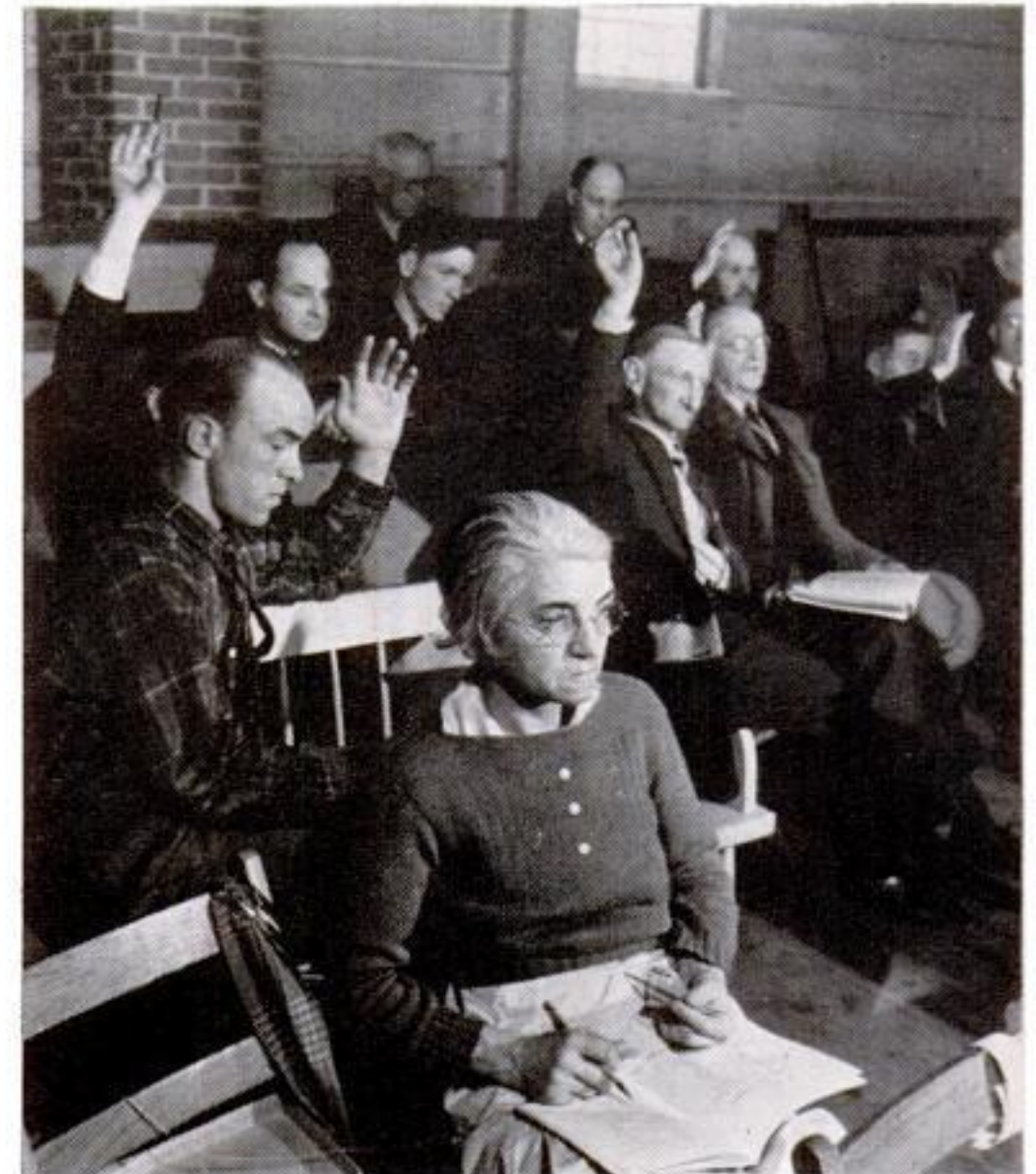
has been in continuous use since 1743, longer than any other town hall in Massachusetts. Meetings are held but once a year. Selectmen convene down the road in "Village Hall."



Proud of its history, Pelham keeps green the name of Daniel Shays, who nearly subverted State government in 1787.



Progressive Mark Aldrich, grocer, urges raising \$2,675 for school heating plant. He was voted down by conservatives.



The Opposition, Mrs. Walter C. Harris, voted "Nay" on nearly every issue considered. Note affirmative hands raised behind her.



The people of Pelham ponder well before voting to appropriate their own money. They rejected the selectmen's request for \$150

Town Meeting

in their 200-year-old hall

"tyranny" of their newly created commonwealth. In present-day Pelham, 500 people have their homes. Of these, perhaps half entered their ancient meeting house on Feb. 5. From midmorning till sundown, they rejoiced in deliberation and debate. They chose officers and voted sums for relief, education and extermination of porcupines. When it was all over, they brought in the flag, locked their hall and headed home, glowingly conscious of their role as heirs and servants of a glorious democratic tradition.



Luncheon was served by churchwomen during noon recess. Even the Opposition enjoyed menu: baked beans, coffee, doughnuts.



to move the town tool shed nearer the main road, but approved a 25¢ bounty for porcupines, a \$50 bequest for firemen's relief.



In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts the meeting is called to order. Moderator Frederick A. Harris, who gets \$3 for his annual performance, stands behind the

table. At the left sits Town Clerk Joseph F. Morgan. The painted backdrop is a new acquisition. It advertises various stores and services in the town of Amherst, 6½ miles away.



Filing past the ballot box, held by Moderator Harris, Pelhamites drop their slips. Voting on minor issues was by a

show of hands, on candidates by secret Australian ballot. Facing the camera above is Steve Warner, local carpenter.



Man...or Mouse?

Have it *your* way! But both are getting a preview of young Miss America's inner self for Spring. It's going to be knitted rayon or silk underwear...because that has a give-and-take which means comfort. And it's sure to be MUNSINGWEAR *Dainty Underlovelies*. They're young. Their fabrics are extra special...their fashioning flawless...their life expectancy longer and lovelier. Panties in three lengths...at pinch-penny prices. At better stores.

MUNSINGWEAR

Fit That Lasts

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THIS MONTH IN FORTUNE

West Coast Politics . . . revealing just what manner of man is likely to capture the votes in the three states that constitute America's best-equipped laboratory of the independent vote.

War on the Sea . . . the story of the grim struggle of submarines *v.* the convoy system, of mines *v.* minesweepers, of pocket battleships *v.* cruisers—told in a way that makes coherent the communiqués of the warring nations.

McKesson & Robbins . . . the first complete story ever published anywhere of one of the most sensational swindles in modern business history.

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And: Aviation Industry . . . American Radiator . . . Barco Oil Field: A Picture Portfolio . . . A Plumber . . . Business-and-Government Editorial.

FORTUNE is sold by subscription only at 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.
The Price is \$10 a year.

Town Meeting (continued)

The New England town meeting has been called the molecular unit, the quintessence of democracy. Historians trace its origin back to 13th Century Swiss assemblies and the ancient folkmoot of Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic tribes. Some scholars look still further back to the ecclesia of ancient Athens, pointing out that early New Englanders were highly conversant with the traditions of classic Greece. An opposing school insists the town meeting "grew by the exercise of English commonsense," applied by liberty-loving men dwelling in the lonely detached communities of colonial America.

Whatever its derivation, the town meeting proved the incubator in which the American Revolution was hatched. At meeting, articulate discontents aired their views and the wish of the majority prevailed. There rabble-rousers like Sam Adams roared against the



The secret ballot was used for election of selectmen. Here voters stand in booths to record their choice. In foreground: Mrs. Elza Carto checks off the electorate.



Watching democracy work, children from the neighboring school perch quietly in a rear pew. Upper grades were released from their classes to attend the town meeting.

Crown and heard his opinions underlined with strident cheers and groans from well-coached claque. The colonial governors of Massachusetts saw in the town meeting a dangerous revolutionary weapon. Trying to suppress them, they merely fanned the fires of rebellion.

As population increased, town meetings became unwieldy. Communities elected selectmen and finance committees to carry on administrative work between increasingly rare assemblies. Many elected "town meeting members" who alone had the right to vote. It is in small rural municipalities that the open unlimited town meeting has best survived. Of these, Pelham is a distinguished example. Any registered voter within its town limits may attend, orate, vote. Its people meet but once a year. But if any authority in the land tried to terminate this right, there would be another rebellion in the hills.



The new officers are sworn in. Left to right: Treasurer F. A. Shepard, Constable H. J. Whipple, Assessor H. C. Moore, Constable B. C. Page, Town Clerk J. Morgan.



After the town meeting, the flag is brought inside and draped over the scarred and ancient pews. The stove is the hall's only heating facility. The chimney is new.

Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR says

**"YOUR SKIN GETS EXTRA DRY
IN WINTER —
NEEDS EXTRA SOFTENING"**

OH, HONEY, I JUST CAN'T GO TOBOGGANING TONIGHT—

WHY NOT, ALICE? IT'S YOUR BIG CHANCE TO MEET DICK!

I KNOW, BUT—LOOK! MY FACE AND HANDS ARE SO DRY AND CHAPPED AND RED. I LOOK AWFUL. I'VE GOT TO STAY INDOORS—TO SAVE MY SKIN!

NONSENSE! INDOOR DRY HEAT CHAPS SKIN, TOO. BUT WAIT A MINUTE—I CAN MAKE YOU LOOK LOVELIER IN A JIFFY

HERE—SMOOTH HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM ALL OVER YOUR FACE AND HANDS, NOW—AND AGAIN BEFORE YOU GO OUT-DOORS TONIGHT

THANKS, HONEY, I'LL TRY HINDS...

HINDS IS THE MOST SOOTHING LOTION—MY HANDS AND FACE FEEL SMOOTHER ALREADY

IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY, EXTRA-SOFTENING, ALICE. SEE YOU TONIGHT!

ALICE, THIS IS JIM'S BROTHER, DICK

I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU FOR A LONG TIME—

THE MOMENT I SHOOK HANDS WITH YOU, I KNEW YOU WERE THE GIRL FOR ME—YOU'VE GOT SUCH SOFT, TINY HANDS—THEY THRILL ME

OH, DICK!

I'M SO GRATEFUL TO HONEY—AND HINDS—FOR HELPING ME TO RELIEVE THAT AWFUL CHAPPING

WANT THRILL-SOFT HANDS?

NO matter how tough the weather or how hard you work, you *can* have the soft hands that thrill a man. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to ease away chapping—help tone down redness. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Every creamy drop does chapped skin good. Coaxes back the softness that cold weather and indoor heat take away! A grand powder base, too—not sticky. Contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢.

TRY HINDS HAND CREAM. NEW! QUICK-SOFTENING, FRAGRANT, NOT STICKY. IN JARS—10¢ and 39¢.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT'S
FUN NIGHT
**BURNS AND
ALLEN**
GRACIE SAYS:
"I USE HINDS, TOO!"
Columbia Network
Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E.S.T.
See newspaper radio
columns for exact time
on your local station

Chapping
Dryness
Rough skin,
elbows, arms
Weathered skin
Hangnails
Calloused heels
Powder base
After-shaving
lotion
Body-rub



HINDS FOR HANDS

Copyright, 1940
by Lehn & Fink Products
Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

EX-LAX MOVIES

A Skeptic is Converted



ANN: I dread taking this awful-tasting medicine. It always leaves me weak as a kitten.

RUTH: You're foolish to take a cathartic like that. Try my stand-by... Ex-Lax.



ANN: Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?

RUTH: Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is thorough and effective—yet it doesn't upset you.



ANN: Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.

RUTH: I knew you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Many of **LIFE's** best pictures come from its contributors. Newspictures used are paid for at professional rates and offer an increasing market for amateurs.

Camera fans over America are invited to submit their news and human-interest pictures to **LIFE's** Contributions Department. Here they receive equal attention with those of professional photographers.

Contributions Editor

LIFE

Time and Life Building
Rockefeller Center New York City

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



COCOA COLORED

Sirs:

In a recent letter to **LIFE** (Feb. 19), John W. Pound of the Cocoa, Fla., *Tribune* brought attention to Cocoa (pop. 3,000).

I was in Cocoa recently during its annual Indian River Orange Jubilee. Part of the four-day celebration was a Negro baby parade in costume. About 150 children, ranging in age from six

months to 10 years, marched past (above). Most of them were children whose fathers work nearby as orange pickers and citrus-grove workers and whose mothers are maids, cooks and laundresses in local homes.

First prize was a doll. Nine other prize-winners won new one-dollar bills. The baby paraders took the affair very seriously and some seemed quite frightened.

HANS KNOPF

New York, N. Y.



FINGER-SUCKING BABY MAGNOLIA WENT AS "DAUGHTER RULER OF ELKS"

Take
GOOD CARE
of YOUR HAIR
while you
have it...

JERIS
is a Good Hair Tonic

IT'S ANTISEPTIC

Remember the old adage, "an ounce of prevention"! Look to the health and good-grooming of your hair NOW. Use JERIS, the common-sense hair tonic to pep up scalp circulation, so vital to hair health... JERIS will positively remove unsightly, loose dandruff, and keep your hair glowing, handsome—easy-to-manage.

AT DRUG STORES AND BARBER SHOPS

Ease
THE
DISTRESS
OF COLDS

Many of your friends will tell you that Alka-Seltzer is the fast, effective and pleasant way to ease the distress of colds.

Try it yourself and you will be convinced that it IS fast and that it IS both pleasant and effective. You will also find that its smooth, balanced action stays with you and sees you through.

Take
Alka-Seltzer

AT ALL
DRUG
STORES

NAIL CLIP for BUSY MEN!

Closes to fit vest pocket. Extra leverage, keen edges. Clips nails easily, cleanly. Leaves nails smooth. High-carbon steel, hardened and tempered. At drug, cigar and 10¢ stores. Demand WIGDER.



10¢

Wigger quality costs no more
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

AMAZING

new tooth brush
has 6 times longer
life than before



regular 50¢ value, now
23¢

JOHNSON & JOHNSON GUARANTEE
This is the same, improved-quality Tek, introduced last year at 50¢. By an exclusive process, Tek lasts 6 times longer than before.



**FINEST BLADE MONEY CAN BUY
— OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**



GIRL IN DUST CAP WAS VOCIFEROUS



"UNCLE REMUS" LOOKED TROUBLED



"FATHER DIVINE" WORE A TOP HAT



THIS MISS WAS A "BATHING BEAUTY"



AWE-STRUCK FIRST PRIZEWINNER, DRESSED AS A MAID, WON A BIG DOLL



*Here's the
Recipe
in Rhyme!*

The incomparable Bacardi, most civilized of cocktails, is expected of you when you're host. Make it correctly:

- A little sour (juice of half a lime)
- A little sweet ($\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of sugar)
- The tropic sun (a jigger of Bacardi Rum)
- Without the heat (ice and shake well)

There are four popular Bacardi types: Bacardi Gold Label and Bacardi White Label, the finest rums of Cuba... Bacardi Amber Label and Bacardi Silver Label, Puerto Rico's finest, at a saving.

BACARDI
The world's finest RUM. 89 Proof

**THERE'S A DIFFERENCE
WORTH KNOWING!**

Distributed by Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.C. Copr. 1940

TOO TIRED TO TALK!



American housewives raise families, cook three meals a day, sew. They belong to clubs. They garden. They pick up toys. They chauffeur. And they get tired! Out of a group of them who volunteered to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days, 30 completed the test. Does Knox work for women? Here's the answer!

93%
LESS WORN
OUT



Each figure represents 2 women

After 28 days, every one but two of the housewives completing the test said they definitely noticed they were less tired. For 18 of the 30 who drank Knox, there was a great decrease in tiredness...while 10 said they were noticeably benefited.

90%
TO KEEP
ON KNOX



Each figure represents 2 women

14 days later, a check-up showed 27 of the housewives were going to keep on drinking Knox to ward off any slump in energy. Of these, 10 had stopped temporarily, but said they'd start again before they lost the extra endurance Knox had given them.

KNOX WORKS
FOR 92% WOMEN
IN ALL JOBS



Over 100 women doing modeling, typing, clerking, acting, teaching, etc., took voluntary tests on Knox Gelatine. For 9 out of every 10 women completing their tests, Knox Gelatine cut down fatigue.

COLLEGES PROVE
WOMEN BENEFIT
FROM KNOX



Scientific reports by the physiologists of leading colleges, after clinical experiments, prove women as well as men frequently have their endurance more than doubled after drinking Knox Gelatine regularly!

TIRED? Why be tired? And why force yourself with temporary stimulants? The better way is to build up your endurance. This is now very simple...thanks to this amazing discovery. Just drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine every day for 2 weeks, then 2 envelopes a day for 2 weeks. After that, drink as required.

The secret is to drink Knox Gelatine regularly. Keep a supply in your bathroom. Drink in the morning when you get up, again at night. And don't forget.

Cost? Less than a pack of cigarettes a day.

Be sure to drink plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.) in Knox sanitary envelopes. Knox is the only gelatine proved to increase endurance. It is bacteriologically controlled and sealed in

sanitary envelopes, protected until you use them. Buy the regular 4-envelope kitchen package, or the new money-saving 32-envelope package. At your grocer's. Or write the Knox Gelatine Co. Also send for new Bulletin E. Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, New York, Dept. 71.

HOW TO DRINK Knox Gelatine for endurance: Empty 1 envelope (1/4 pkg.) Knox Gelatine in glass 3/4 full of water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly and drink quickly. If it thickens, stir again.



Fight Fatigue! Drink KNOX GELATINE

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

TEETH ON HALF-SHELL

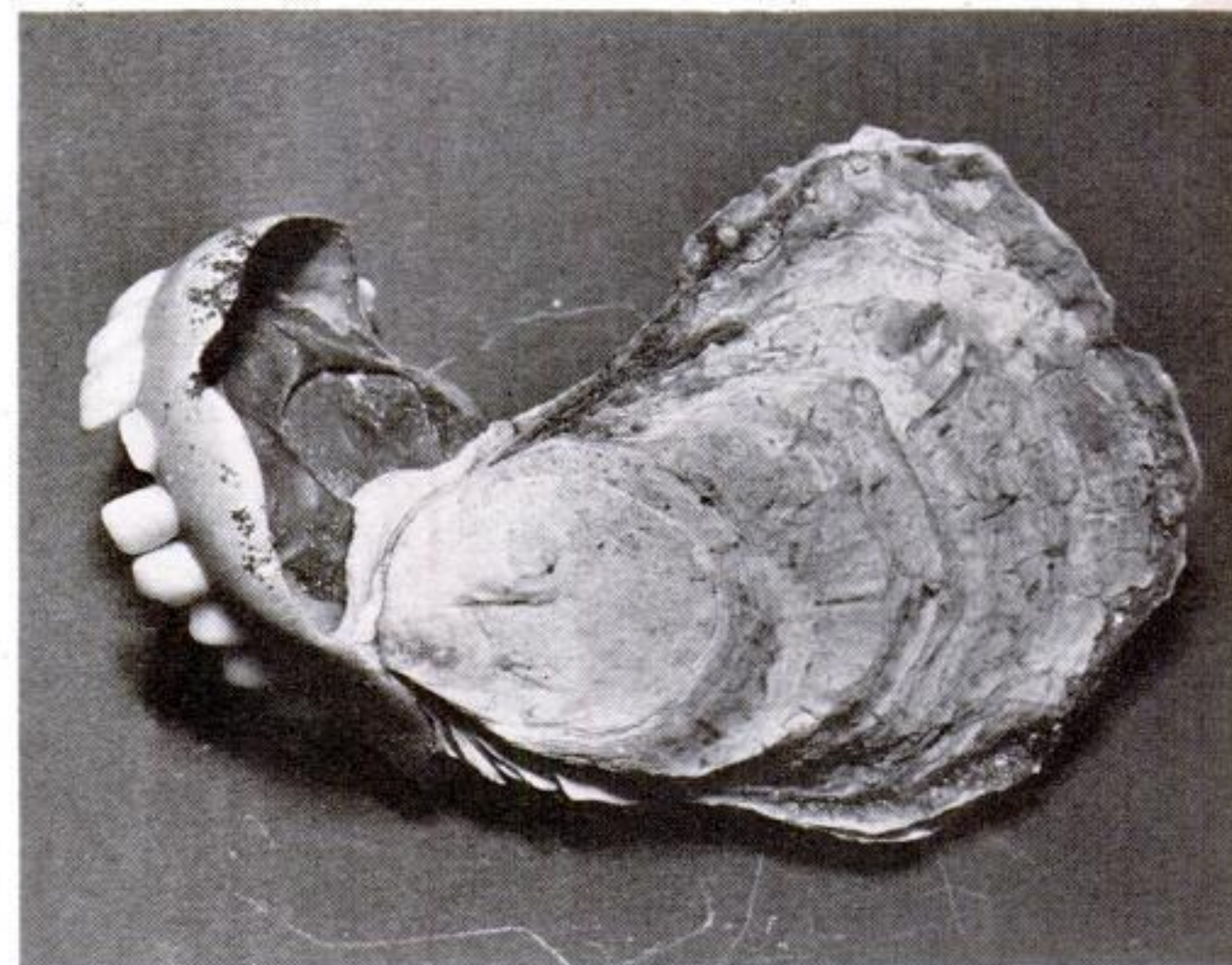
Sirs:

This oyster, raked up from the bottom of Narragansett Bay, was the lucky owner of a set of false teeth. The fact that oyster is over two years old eliminates the possibility that he inherited the teeth from a victim of the 1938 hur-

ricane. Instead, they were probably lost by a bather or by a passenger on a boat.

True, they didn't help the oyster eat his food, but they did serve their purpose in holding him firm against tides and currents.

A. MORGAN STEWART
New London Evening Day
New London, Conn.



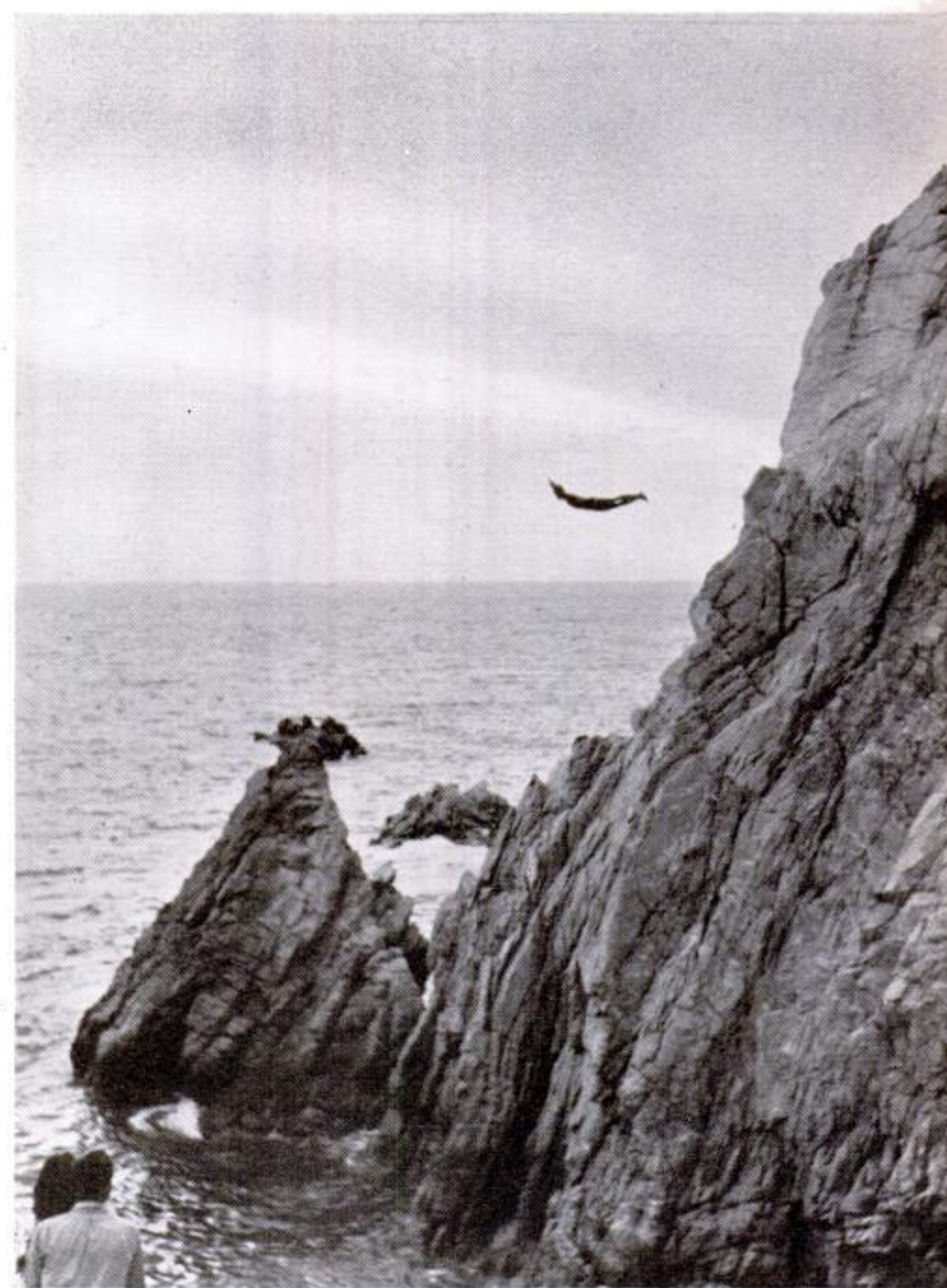
PLUNGE

Sirs:

Near Acapulco, Mexico, there is a majestic cliff called *La Quebrada* (meaning "the ravine"), which is 250 ft. high. For a few pennies, Mexican boys climb

the steep cliff and dive into the sea. On a recent trip I photographed this boy diving gracefully off the cliff into the Pacific Ocean from a height of 200 ft.

LUIS G. AVELEYRA
San Bernardino, Calif.



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EVERY HOUSEKEEPER NEEDS A GOOD RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING!



GRANDMA'S CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING

- 2 squares Baker's Un-sweetened Chocolate
- 3 cups milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla
- 6 slices stale bread, cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes
- 2 egg whites
- 4 tablespoons sugar

1. Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Add salt.

2. Combine brown sugar and egg yolks; add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring vigorously. Add vanilla.

3. Combine bread and chocolate mixture; let stand 10 to 15 minutes, stirring occasionally.

4. Turn into greased baking dish, place in pan of hot water, and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes, or until almost set.

5. Beat egg whites until foamy throughout; add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended. Then continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks.

6. Pile meringue lightly in mounds to form a border around edge of pudding. Sprinkle meringue with shaved chocolate and continue baking 8 minutes longer, or until meringue is delicately browned. Serve warm or cold. Serves 6.

(All measurements are level.)

FOR PERFECT RESULTS, FOLLOW THIS TESTED RECIPE EXACTLY, USING BAKER'S CHOCOLATE



FOR RICH, REAL CHOCOLATE FLAVOR AND COLOR get Baker's Chocolate—the quality famous since 1780! Look for the "Baker Chocolate Girl" on the label.

"Many's the time it saved the day for me!" twinkles Grandma. "My family loved this easy, inexpensive dessert I made with **BAKER'S CHOCOLATE**"

GRANDMA'S reputation for setting a wonderful table wasn't based entirely on a lavish hand with the eggs and butter, or a disposition to spend her life in the kitchen. Grandma knew an easy trick or two about eye appeal and flavor!

So—when Grandma made bread pudding she made it *crispy* on top . . . *creamy* inside . . . "dressed" with meringue . . . and *rich* tasting as all get-out with Baker's Chocolate!

And why did Grandma set such store by Baker's Chocolate? Because Baker's is rich! It contains *all* the richness of choice cocoa

beans, blended with skill and care. Nothing is removed—nothing added. That is why you can depend on Baker's always to give that delicious, red-brown "real chocolaty-ness" which makes the simplest foods taste *grand*!

Tell your grocer you want the chocolate with the "Baker Chocolate Girl" on the label—famous since 1780. Then try the recipe on this page—treat your family to Grandma's Chocolate Bread Pudding this week!

Baker's Chocolate is a product of General Foods.



TRY ME, TOO! I TASTE LUXURIOUS, BUT I'M THRIFTY IN THE FULL-POUND SIZE!

BAKER'S COCOA has been famous for generations for the richness which gives it such color and smooth, luscious flavor. Yet today this luxury cocoa is far from luxury-priced. The money you save by ordering Baker's in the full-pound size makes it amazingly economical. And Baker's richness makes it go farther, too! Do try a pound can of Baker's Cocoa this week.

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Free!

WANT TO BE A POPULAR HOSTESS? SEND TODAY FOR THIS HELPFUL BOOK!

Beautiful new "Party Book" of delectable chocolate foods for every jolly occasion on the calendar! 28 illustrated pages—59 recipes carefully tested for you at our chocolate headquarters. Yours free! Just mail this coupon today to—GENERAL FOODS, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Your name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.) (Offer expires Oct. 15, 1940)

"Uncle Sam sure did help—

make tobacco better than ever

... and Luckies always buy the finer grades," says H. H. Scott, 12 years an independent buyer

IN A NUTSHELL, here's why we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

1. The world has never known finer tobacco than American farmers have grown in recent years with the scientific help of Uncle Sam.

2. Among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Experts like H. H. Scott point out that Luckies have bought the choicer grades of these better-than-ever tobaccos. So *Luckies* are better than ever!

3. These finer tobaccos have been aged from 2 to 4 years, and have been *further* mellowed by the "Toasting" process, which takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco.

We believe that no smoker who has *not* tried Luckies lately can know how fine a modern cigarette can be. So try them for a week. Then you'll know why...WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company



Actual color photographs. Before the harvest—inspection of a crop of better-than-ever tobacco grown at Willow Springs, N. C., by U. S. Gov't methods. (Below) H. H. Scott looks over some fine leaf after it's been cured.



*Have you tried a
Lucky lately?*